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PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE.



HENRY IV. FROM A CONTEMPORARY MS.

KARL SIMROCK,
ON
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE.
AND
SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY IV.

FROM A CONTEMPORARY MS.

BOTH EDITED

By J. O. HALLIWELL.

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THE REMARKS
OF
M. KARL SIMROCK,
ON THE
PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS

BY J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,

HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., F.R.A.S., ETC.



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P R E F A C E.

An opinion has been gaining ground, and has been encouraged by writers whose judgment is entitled to respectful consideration, that almost if not all the commentary on the works of Shakespeare of a necessary and desirable kind has already been given to the world. We are told by the late Mr. Barron Field, a gentleman who had paid minute attention to Shakespearian criticism, that "enough, and more than enough," has been produced of contemporary illustration and philosophical commentary. Even Mr. Collier, though with more hesitation, evidently leans towards the same view of the question; and several able writers in newspapers and other periodicals have expressed a similar conviction.

Mr. Field's dictum is certainly to be adopted in one point of consideration. We need not be told that the spirit of most of Shakespeare's plays will be appreciated by an intelligent reader, were he compelled to read them in the most inaccurate edition that was ever printed, and without the assistance of a line of commentary. The "Tempest" will yield him pleasure, albeit he may not be acquainted with

the meaning of *scamels*, or whether *wreck* or *rack* be the adopted reading. The "rotten carcase of a *butt*" may create a momentary embarrassment; but the surpassing interest of the tale will carry him too rapidly to its development, for the *durior lectio* to be a serious obstacle. Ariel's songs, those songs of beauty, never forgotten when once heard, will be estimated were they presented with the rudest punctuation. And so of other plays. Take any edition of Shakespeare, where the dramas are to be found in their full proportions, and the author's general meaning and purpose will be understood, in defiance of a thousand difficulties of this description.

Yet, when the case is fairly exhibited, few persons would be found to deny that every fragment of Shakespeare's language is worthy of instructive explanation. If we read with pleasure where so much is obscure, shall we not receive greater delight when the meaning of every passage in his great works is fully revealed? The real question is whether this consummation has been already accomplished by the commentators and editors. Mr. Collier, in the preface to his edition, remarks, that "my main object has been to ascertain the true language of the poet, and my next to encumber his language with no more in the shape of comment than is necessary to render the text intelligible; and I may add that I have the utmost confidence in the perspicuity of Shakespeare's mode of expressing his own meaning when once his precise words have been established." But the latter observation will apply only to those portions of his

works where the language has not become obsolete, and where allusions to the manners, customs, or occurrences of the author's own age are not to be discovered.

The pages of Shakespeare are replete with forgotten allusions and obsolete phraseology, as any one may ascertain from a careful perusal of such scenes as we meet with at the commencement of "Much Ado about Nothing," and in several other plays.

Criticism on the works of Shakespeare may be classed into three principal divisions:

I. PHILOLOGICAL, including the grammatical construction used by the poet, idiomatic phraseology, explanations of obsolete words, and the systems of metre.

II. PHILOSOPHICAL, including every kind of æsthetic or psychological commentary.

III. HISTORICAL, including inquiries into the sources of the plots, local and contemporary illustration of realities (not words), costume, and all that relates to history, geography, chronology, &c.

It is no dishonour to the labours of the elder critics or modern editors to admit that much remains to be done in each of these departments, especially in the first, before an earnest inquirer can form a Shakespearian library in which all his difficulties shall be solved, or at least intelligently discussed. The consideration of the subject is not irrelevant to the preface of a work treating on a branch of criticism on which we require less information than on almost

any other. It is my desire to combat the belief that these studies are unnecessary, whatever direction they may take. If we select any play, the "Merry Wives of Windsor," for example—a very unfavourable one for the purposes of my argument, no play being better annotated in the variorum edition—we shall find amongst the unexplained words and phrases, not noticed by Mr. Collier or Mr. Knight:¹ 1, possibilities; 2, fault; 3, marry trap; 4, veneys; 5, fico; 6, intention; 7, yellowness; 8, are you avis'd of that; 9, meddle or make; 10, gally-mawfry; 11, Good even and twenty, the comma being erroneously placed after *even*; 12, his wife's frailty; 13, sith; 14, admittance; 15, *aqua-vitæ*; 16, foin; 17, traverse; 18, punto; 19, stock; 20, reverse; 21, distance; 22, Montant; 23, clapperclaw; 24, laid; 25, having; 26, tire-valiant; 27, whiting-time; 28, buck-washing; 29, make a shaft or a bolt on't; 30, slighted; 31, thrumm'd hat; 32, rag; 33, come off; 34, urchins; 35, tricking; 36, mince; 37, lewdsters; 38, scut; 39, orphan heirs of fixed destiny; 40, hodge-pudding. All these are either obsolete, used in senses not known at the present day, or require explanation, owing to the peculiar manner in which they are

¹ This list might be greatly increased, and the selecting only those words unexplained by *both the Editors* above-mentioned renders it more limited than if we were speaking merely of one edition; Mr. Knight having notes on many passages passed over without remark by Mr. Collier, and *vice versa*. But, taking a very low average, and supposing only sixty in each play are still left without necessary annotation, *we have upwards of two thousand obsolete words and phrases in Shakespeare left without any explanation by the two latest and best Editors.*

introduced. The reader must, however, bear in mind I am not by this implying any censure on the meritorious editions of Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier. Both contain many excellencies, and both have added greatly to our previous knowledge; they are, indeed, the only editions that have appeared for many years, possessing good claims to originality; but it will, I think, be evident that much remains to be done that can fairly be demanded by an intelligent inquirer.

It is with the earnest hope that the explanatory study of the plays of Shakespeare, if I may so express myself, may not be suffered to remain neglected, these few observations have been advanced. There is now an appropriate medium for the publication of any researches in this direction in the "Papers" of the Shakespeare Society, a periodical which has undoubtedly contributed much valuable information to the departments of biography and literary criticism, however much its utility may have been questioned by those who expect uniform excellence, a perfection not attained by any miscellany of the kind. We must not apply the motto, *Ex uno disce omnes*; for, even in the best works, time will discover imperfections on the surface, and haply sweep them away. How much more, then, must a magazine, formed from a mass of stray and gratuitous contributions, however skilful the Editor, be subject to the admission of essays which perplex rather than satisfy. Notwithstanding the liability to this defect, the series is a most valuable one to the Shakespearian student, and would, I sincerely believe, be far more

important, would they who have the opportunity bestow their attention on those passages of the works of our great poet which have not yet been satisfactorily explained.

There is another division of criticism, extremely important to an Editor, which is unquestionably still in its infancy: I allude to the grammatical construction of the English language in Shakespeare's time, especially of the colloquial speech so much employed by the great poet. Gifford was the only critic who had really paid any attention to the subject; for all that his successors, Dyce, Collier, and others, have accomplished, is the explanation of certain grammatical idioms previously misunderstood. None of these writers, however, have attempted to analyze the results of their reading into a system; and many of the most usual constructions in Elizabethan grammar are evidently unknown. I may mention, as an example, a well-known passage in the *Tempest*—

“ You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up *you*”—

where, if Mr. Collier had known *that the duplication of the pronoun is the rule, not the exception, in particular constructions*, he would scarcely have thought the second *you* in this passage had “ crept into the old text by mere inadvertence.” None of the Editors of Shakespeare, as far as I can find, have *explained* this and other grammatical rules of a similar description; yet surely it should be necessary for an Editor

to have a knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language in which the author wrote. The language of Elizabeth's time differed very much in its construction from that used in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Here is a field of criticism, which requires the labour of many students for many years. The materials are scattered, but not unattainable; and a collection of idiomatic phrases and peculiar constructions would soon lead to a glimpse of the system, the history of the formation of which should be collected from the time of the departure of the terminal contractions (the representatives of the vowel terminations of the Anglo-Saxon), in the fifteenth century.

Passing over a very important department, that of philosophical criticism, which has the advantage of employing the pens of some of the most able writers of the present day, we may turn to that curious branch of inquiry which is the subject of the present volume, and which indirectly illustrates the history of the poet's mind, in exhibiting to us the simple materials from which his wonderful dramas were constructed. The original tales used by Shakespeare, chiefly consisting of translations, have been collected by Mr. Collier in his "Shakespeare's Library," 1842. The work of M. Simrock will form an appropriate supplement to that excellent collection, and although, perhaps, he has too frequently entered into discussions that can scarcely be considered illustrative of Shakespeare, there is a great deal of curious matter in his Remarks, which will repay perusal. The

Germans have access to a great variety of works connected with the history of fiction, that are little known in this country, or procured with great difficulty; and M. Simrock has made very good use of them. The Remarks were published at the end of a collection of the tales used by Shakespeare, collected and translated by Dr. Echtermeyer, M. Henschel, and M. Simrock, 8vo., Berlin, 1831.

It is right to add, that the Editor of this volume is not in any way responsible for the translation, which was made by a competent person under the direction of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, and is believed to be a faithful version of the original.

J. O. H.

Avenue Lodge, Brixton Hill.
June, 1850.

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REMARKS
ON THE
PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS,
BY
M. KARL SIMROCK.

74

B

M. SIMROCK,
ON THE
PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

I. ROMEO AND JULIET.

The unhappy amour of Romeo and Juliet is related by Girolamo de la Corte, in his *Historia di Verona*, (Veron. 1594, 96, 2 vols. 4to.¹) as a real occurrence which had taken place at Verona, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Nothing is more natural than the supposition of Eschenburg, by whom this subject has been treated, that the novelists may have borrowed their tale from the historian: yet the exact reverse appears to be the truth, the historian having, in this instance, borrowed of the novelists, though Girolamo declares that he has himself seen the remains of the vault in which the lovers were laid.² A. W. von Schlegel (*Kritische*

¹ Reprinted at Venice, 4to., 1744. In the fourth volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers, p. 6, is an account of an Italian poem on the story of Romeo and Juliet, printed at Venice in 1553, which has escaped the commentators. The writer of the paper has given an interesting analysis of this rare work, but does not observe it is Bandello's story, with a few immaterial variations.—Ed.

² Breval's testimony is curious, though not of much value. "Shakespeare, as I have found upon a strict search into the histories of Verona, has varied very little either in his names, characters, or other circum-

Schriften, i., 388) had previously expressed his doubts as to the historical foundation of the story; for Girolamo continued his history of Verona to the year 1560; and the two first parts of Bandello's Tales had appeared at Lucca in 1554, in which edition the story in question is the ninth novel of the second part. Long before Bandello, (1529) Luigi da Porto¹ had told this same story in his single *Novella*, printed for the first time in 1535, and an earlier historical testimony is no where to be found.

Luigi da Porto, in the introduction to his story, quotes, as his authority, the *vivâ voce* information of his archer, a Veronese named Peregrino. He tells us that, having in his youth sojourned some time in Friuli, he was riding in company with two of his people and this archer, from Gradisca to Udino, and being in deep melancholy, arising from an unfortunate attachment, he kept aloof from his companions. The Veronese, a man of fifty, himself a victim to the tender passion, and whose forte consisted in the relation of touching love-stories, noticed this circumstance, and divined his thoughts: whereupon he rode up to him, and, partly to amuse him, partly to warn him of the unhappy consequences of love, told him the story.

Luigi's archer gave as his authority a relation of his father's, but doubted the historical truth of the occurrence, because he had read in some old chronicles that the Capelletti and Montecchi had always belonged to the same party. This appears

stances, from truth and matter of fact. He observed this rule, indeed, in most of his tragedies, which are so much the more moving, as they are not only grounded upon nature and history, but likewise as he keeps closer to both than any dramatic writer we ever had besides himself."—Breval ap. Upton, ed. 1748, p. 74. Breval reproves Otway, alluding to Caius Marius.—Ed.

¹ Who died in the year 1531. There are four editions of his book, 1535, 1539, 1553, and 1731. It is also reprinted in the *Novelliero Italiano*, 1754.—Ed.

also from the passage of Dante quoted by Schlegel, (*Purgatorio*, canto vi.) according to which both families were Ghibellines. Dante himself visited Verona shortly after the rule of Bartolomeo de la Scala, and stayed there some time, but mentions neither the story of the two lovers nor the quarrel of their family, though he relates many similar incidents, and had the opportunity of introducing it in the thirteenth canto of the *Inferno*, where he speaks of those who had committed violence on themselves. The only chronicle of this period which has remained, says as little of these dissensions as those which Luigi's archer professed to have seen. Girolamo de la Corte, on whose historical accuracy Maffei places but little reliance, appears to have made use, therefore, of this story, which two well-known novelists had related before him, only to fill a gap in his *History of Verona*, which is very obscure at the period of the sway of the house of Scala.

According to the account of a still earlier novelist, Masuccio di Salerno, whose *Novellino* was first printed at Naples in 1476,¹ a similar event happened in Sienna. It is true that most of his fifty tales contain real incidents: at least, he declares, at the end of the book, calling God to witness, that all these stories had really happened in his own times. We will here give an abridgment of the tale in question, the agreement of which with that of *Romeo and Juliet* has been already remarked by Dunlop, in his *History of Fiction*, p. 255, ed. 1845. In the edition before us, (8vo., Vinegia, 1531) it is the third tale of the fourth book.

In Sienna lived a young man of good family, named Mariotto Mignanelli, who was deeply in love with a girl named Gianozza, and had succeeded in engaging her affections. Some impediment, it is not stated what, stood in the way of their public marriage. Having, therefore, no other means of being united, they resolved upon a secret union, and effected this by bribing an Augustine monk, who per-

¹ Reprinted at Venice in 1525.—Ed.

formed the ceremony. Not long afterwards, Mariotto had the misfortune to kill another citizen of note of Sienna, with whom he had a quarrel. For this he was condemned by the Podesta to perpetual banishment, and obliged to fly to Alexandria, where he had an uncle, one Sir Nicolo Mignanelli, a rich merchant. At his departure, his beloved Gianozza promised to write often to him; and his brother Gargano also promised to give him information respecting her health and circumstances. Shortly afterwards, however, the father of Gianozza found a husband for her, and she was unable to oppose his desire for her marriage, having no reason which she dared allege against it. She pretended, therefore, to consent to the marriage, but endeavoured to escape it by means as daring as they were extraordinary. She bribed the Augustine monk who had married her to prepare a potion which should cast her for three days into a slumber resembling death. She drank it boldly, and was buried in the church of St. Augustine. Before this, she had sent to inform her lover of her purpose, but the messenger was taken by pirates, and never reached him. He received, however, another letter, written by his brother, informing him of the death of his mistress, and of that of her father, who had, indeed, died of grief for the loss of his daughter. Upon this, the unhappy Mariotto resolved to go immediately to Sienna, and either die of grief upon her grave, or suffer himself to be taken by the officers of justice, and end his life by the sentence of the law. He was taken in an attempt to open the vault, and condemned to death. Meanwhile, Gianozza had been taken out of her grave the night after her burial, and, as soon as she came to herself, had set out, dressed in men's clothes, for Alexandria, hoping there to be united to her lover. Here she learns, to her dismay, that Mariotto, at the news of her death, had gone to Sienna, and she resolves immediately to return thither also. She arrives just three days after his execution, and dies of grief, falling on the dead body of her lover.

It is easy to see that both stories agree in all their essential points; almost the only variation being that Mariotto chooses a different kind of death from Romeo. Meanwhile, this also is given us as an historical fact, but we are not on that account obliged to give credence to it. It is possible that the two stories may each have happened, the one in Sienna, the other in Verona: similar incidents must always be repeated; for the nature of love is reflected in them; but in all a proof of their historical truth is wanting.

It has been attempted to trace this fiction still further. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, (ed. 1839, p. 436, cf. Dunlop, p. 35) compares it with the Middle Greek romance of Xenophon Ephesius, and has expressed a belief that Luigi da Porto has availed himself of an extract from it.¹ Anthia, the heroine of this romance, takes a sleeping potion to escape a hated marriage. She is buried, and on waking is carried away by robbers, who had come to plunder the vault of treasure. But Luigi da Porto could scarcely have known this romance. We should rather imagine that the story, of which a single lost trait is found in Xenophon Ephesius, (the same occurring elsewhere, in a similar isolated manner, as, for example, in Cinthio, iii., 5) was already known in the time of the Greek writer. And as Luigi da Groto, surnamed Cieco d'Adria,² in his tragedy on this sub-

¹ Most readers will agree with Dunlop in the opinion that, as the work of Xenophon Ephesius was not published in the lifetime of Luigi da Porto, the resemblance is not sufficiently strong to induce a belief that it was seen by that novelist.—ED.

² The edition of this play in my possession is entitled "*La Hadriana Tragedia di Luigi Groto Cieco d'Hadria, novamente ristampata et ricorretta*," Venet., 1612, 12mo. The dedication is dated November 29th, 1578, and in the course of the Prologue the author says—

"La cui historia, scritta in duri marmi,
Ma men duri però della lor fede,
Trovò l'autor, con queste note chiusa
A te, che troverai dopò tanti anni

ject, in which also occurs the character of a garrulous nurse, refers to old annals of his country, it seems clear that an ancient love story, circulating in various forms, and appearing continually to renew itself, has taken root in all these places. In our opinion, the same features may be recognised in the three most noted love-tales of all times: those of Hero and Leander, and Pyramis and Thisbe, among the ancients; and that of Tristan and Isolde, among the moderns; and we consider them in all essential points identical with the story of Romeo and Juliet. The last mentioned is only the most modern form, the last *renaissance* of the ancient myth, which represented the idea of love, and of its tragic fate, in the simplest and most consistent manner. The idea common to all these fictions appears to us to be the following.

Love, in its concentration, knows no other law than its own, which compels it to fulfil itself. It conquers all obstacles, and breaks through every restraint of custom, to reach that object which alone is of any value in its eyes. But whilst striving after this, it so far renounces all the conditions of earthly existence, that the least accident seems sufficient to tear entirely loose the feeble bond which binds it to the world, and to avenge the external world, and the rules of custom, for the contempt it has endured. This chance, how-

La scoltura di questo acerbo caso;
 Si commette, che tu debbi disporlo
 In guisa, che rappresentar si possa.
 Porgendo un vivo esempio in quilla etate
 D'un' amor fido a i giovani, e a le don ne.
 Benche più lungo spatio ti convenga
 Stringer di tempo, che non porta l'uso
 Del che per iscusarti, hai qui licenza
 D'aggiungere una parte, anzi il principio."

This play is probably rare, for no copy of it appears to be in the Bodleian Library, not even in Douce's collection; yet, so little is this class of literature sought after, that my copy was bought at a stall for the sum of *sixpence*!—Ed.

ever, cannot affect the passion of love, so long as it remains external thereto; for then would love conquer and set it aside, as it does everything else belonging to the outward world. This obstacle must, therefore, disguise itself in the nature of love, and produce an error with regard to its object. When this has been accomplished for one, and he or she has voluntarily resigned the bond which connected him with the earth, then the error has become for the other a melancholy truth. This latter party follows, then, the one which has gone before; and both take refuge from this troubled being in a higher and happier life, where all will be fulfilled which they strove in vain to realize here. Thus the lovers perish not so much by means of the outward world as by the accidents of love itself.

It is clear that the several stories which contain this idea are not necessarily different, merely because they in one case appear to take the part of lovers and love, in another to defend parents and the duties against which the lovers have offended. The latter form is found in those versions of the story which antiquity received from the East, whilst the new forms of the fiction speak rather in favour of love, and incline to place the fault on the parents' side.

In *Pyramis and Thisbe*, the obstacle which separates the lovers is symbolized in the most simple and material manner by a wall which separates their houses. In *Hero and Leander*, it is a strait of the sea:

"Tearing Europe's shores from Asia,
It divides not love from love."

And in the German ballads which turn upon this story, (*Knaben Wunderhorn*, i., 236, ii., 252) it is a broad river, or deep lake—

Es waren zwei Königskinder,
Die hatten einander gar Lieb:
Sie konnten zusammen nicht kommen,
Dass Wasser war viel zu tief.¹

¹ "Two King's children were there—who loved each other well—but could not meet—the water was much too deep."—ED.

But love succeeds in overcoming these impediments. A secret chink is formed in the wall, through which the lovers see and converse; the strait, or the lake, is swum over.

"If thou canst but swim, love,
Swim over here to me."

In the German ballads which represent the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, (*Knaben Wunderhorn*, i. 275; ii., 243) the wall is not mentioned, but the impediment is represented as a moral one:—

"That by their parents' watching,
The lovers could not meet."

With the ancients, a moral obstacle is invariably concealed by the material one represented. Thus in the "*Metamorphoses*," iv., 61—

"Sed vetuere patres"—

and in the *Heroides*, xvij., 13—

"Non poteram celare meos, velut ante, parentes;
Quemque tegi volumus, non latuisset amor."

Schiller thus expressed it—

"But the parents' hostile anger
Sundered the betrothed pair."

Originally, this impediment was exclusively material, and the moral one is not at all mentioned in the German ballads of the story of Leander. ✕ In *Romeo and Juliet*, the obstacle certainly occurs as a moral one; but the enmity of the two families, so accordant with Italian circumstances, put instead of the actual division, has something in it natural and material; and one may find, indeed, the partition physically represented in the lattice through which the lovers speak; in the confessional with the little window; and in the garden-wall. Romeo's words in Shakespeare may serve for a confirmation of this:—

"*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither? tell me; and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;

And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With Love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold Love out.
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt;
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no stop¹ to me."

There is also a passage of the same kind in "*Erotokritos*," a modern Greek heroic poem of Vincenzo Carnara, between 1630 and 1650. Arethusa, the daughter of King Heracles, of Athens, loves Erotokritos, the son of the minister Pezos-tratos. The lovers speak through a window of iron lattice-work in the wall which divides the royal palace from that of the minister. (Compare Iken's *Leucothea*, i., 187.) This confirms the identity of Romeo and Juliet with Pyramus and Thisbe.²

In the further course of this story the resemblance with that of Romeo and Juliet is striking. The lovers, to whom the chink in the wall allows no perfect union, resolve to steal out of the city in the night, and to meet by the tomb of Ninus, under a mulberry-tree which overshadows a cool spring. In the German ballad, they write letters to each other.

"And in them there was mention made
Of a cool well and greenwood slade,
Whereby the first arrived should wait
For him, or her, who tarried late."

The danger in which they here stand is shadowed out by the mention of the tomb of Ninus, which alludes to Death, already watching, as it were, for his prey. In the story of Romeo and Juliet, the same effect is produced by the appoint-

¹ The early quarto edition reads *let*; the edition of 1609 and the folio of 1623 has *stop*. The meaning is exactly the same.—ED.

² This deduction appears scarcely warranted by the previous statements.—ED.

ment at the tomb of the Capulets, which is used as the means to effect the union of the lovers. We must imagine to ourselves the place where Pyramus and Thisbe meet, as

“*Loca plena metus,*”

as Pyramus expresses himself in Ovid: it is a wilderness inhabited by wild beasts, not less dangerous than the Hellespont, to which Leander trusts himself. But these terrors would have inflicted no injury on the lovers, had not love itself been destructive to them. A lioness, dripping with the blood of slaughtered cattle, comes to quench her thirst at the well at which Thisbe, who had arrived first, is waiting for her lover. She flies into a cave, and thus escaped the danger; but, in the haste of flight, lets fall part of her dress, which the lioness tears with her gory mouth, and thus arises the unhappy error which causes the destruction of both. In the German ballad is found an incident peculiar to it. The lioness brings forth her young on the mantle, and carries them away; and the lover, on his arrival, finds it in the condition above described.

Pyramus is now in the same error as Romeo. He imagines his beloved dead, because he finds her mantle torn and disfigured with blood. He attributes to himself the guilt of her death, and slays himself upon her mantle; so Romeo drinks the poison over what he imagines to be the dead body of Juliet. Now comes Thisbe out of her cavern, as Juliet awakes from the sleeping potion, finds her lover in his blood, and the still smoking sword by his side:—

“Into her troubled heart she drove
The gory sword, and died for love;
And God, we trust, would not deliver
Her soul to penal gloom for ever,
Since that love ruleth, as we see,
All things in this sad world that be.”

But before her death she conjures her parents to grant her and her lover a common grave; and this last wish is fulfilled. One urn encloses their mortal remains, and the Gods perform a miracle on the mulberry-tree which overshadows it; for its fruits, which their blood had sprinkled, hitherto white, are henceforth changed into red. *diff*

The coincidence in the further course of the story of Hero and Leander is not so evident. It is true that the older poems which treated on this fable are lost, and the echo of them, in the *Heroides* of Ovid, and the relation of the grammarian Musæus, is probably not without *lacunæ*. We may refer, for our instruction, to Schiller's representation. An accurate comparison of the various modes of treating this subject may be found in Valentin Schmidt's excellent work, "Ballads and Romances of the German poets Bürger, Stollberg, and Schiller," 269; but the older German ballads on this story are omitted.

In the poem of the two Kings' children, already mentioned, it is not the storm by which Leander perishes, but the extinguishing of the torch which Hero had lighted destroys him.

"Ah! love, if thou canst swim,
So swim across to me,
And I will light three candles,
A guiding mark for thee.

"There sat a nun, false sister,
And made as she did sleep;
But she blew out the tapers—
The boy sank in the deep."

In Musæus and Schiller the two causes concur; —

"And the torch, his goal and guide,
Vanished as the wild winds blew:
Terror filled the waters wide—
Terror filled the dark shores, too."

The extinguishing of the torch, however, would have been superfluous, if the storm alone had had power to overcome the strength of the lover. This circumstance can assume significance only when we premise that Leander, according to the meaning of the story, would have conquered the storm, if the torch had not been extinguished. It may be that it is to be understood thus—that Leander withstood the power of the storm as long as the torch beamed forth to him the image of his beloved, and raised his courage; and that his strength gave way when the star of Love seemed to be extinguished with the torch. But the extinguishing of the fire which the beloved object tended might, however, have led Leander into the error that she had fallen a sacrifice to the frightful storm which was raging over the head of the lover. According to the last explanation, which has the analogy of the cognate stories in its favour, the idea already mentioned would develop itself here in all its parts; inasmuch as chance, which here appears in the shape of the storm, had no immediate power over the lovers, but must first take the form of an error concerning the beloved object. Even on the first supposition, the same idea comes into action, inasmuch as Leander is subdued, not by the power of the sea, which he had so often overcome, but by his passion; the storm, which in itself could not touch him, must seek an indirect way, through his feelings, by extinguishing the torch which inspired his courage. The suicide of Hero, which closes the history, runs exactly parallel with that of Thisbe. We have another German ballad on this story, wherein the torch also occupies a conspicuous position. The lady affixes the torch to a float of wood, and sends it over the water to her lover, who holds it up in his hand as he swims to her. The accidental disappearance of this excites the idea of his death, as in the story of Hero and Leander.

In a novel of Straparola, (vii., 2) which perhaps we shall give afterwards, it is the maiden who swims over the strait.

Her brothers, who disapprove of the acquaintance, and wish to punish her for it, suffer her to follow a false light, and to travel so long through the waves, that her strength fails her, and she sinks.

In the story of Tristan and Isolde, with which the reader is probably acquainted, the impediment is represented as a moral one; for Isolde is King Mark's wife, or at least passes for such; and Tristan's connexion with her, if not adultery, is at least treason against his friend.¹ On the other hand, the duty of vengeance for blood enjoins upon Isolde to hate Tristan, because he has slain her uncle Morolt. Besides this, the lovers have to encounter a large number of external impediments, which, however, cannot be considered as symbols of moral hinderance. We may, however, discover such a symbol in the naked sword which Tristan has laid between himself and Isolde, when Mark finds them sleeping in the cavern in the forest. This placing of the sword, as is known, recurs in many stories,² but every where signifies the duty,

¹ Here the story of love touches upon that of friendship. The collision of these two passions is handled in three stories, originally identical, namely, those of Tristan, Sigurd, and Amicus and Amelius. In Tristan, the collision is decided in favour of love: in Amicus and Amelius, in favour of friendship. The story of Sigurd and Gunnar halts between the two. All three stories have in common the fight with the dragon, the goblet of love, and the laying down of the sword. The story leaves us in doubt whether Sigurd did not break his faith to Gunnar; the daughter, (Aslaug) who was born from his intimacy with Brunhilda, seems to show that he was not more in earnest with the placing of the sword than Tristram was. In the further course of the story, Gunnar conceives against Sigurd, for this same cause, a suspicion perhaps not wholly groundless; and in consequence of this, Sigurd is betrayed. Here it remains undecided whether he fell a victim to injured friendship, or wounded love. The further consideration of this view is reserved for a treatise on the "friendship-fable."

² The incident is familiar to every reader, occurring in the tale of "Aladdin," who lies down by the side of the princess with the sword betwixt them, to show that he deserved to lose his life if he attempted

or the law which separates those who lie side by side. So in the story of Sigurd and Gunnar, of Amicus and Amelius, &c., where it is the duty towards his friend and step-brother which separates Sigurd, &c.; in the shape of a naked sword from Brunhilda, &c. In the friendship-story, this law is regarded; for the sense of this story is, that love itself, otherwise the mightiest of all passions, cannot move the friend to falsehood against his friend. In the love-story, on the contrary, it is set aside, like every other obstacle, and serves only to blind the good-natured Mark, who now trusts fully in their innocence and continence. We are authorized in making this emblematic application of the sword to the *separating* influence of moral causes, as we have already applied the wall and the stream in the foregoing stories, since the *uniting* influence, love, appears emblemized in the love potion which Tristan drinks with Isolde. This symbolical application of the obstacle in the sword is supported by the circumstance that Tristan's end is produced by a wound, though, as the story now stands, this has no farther relation with the incident in the cavern; but at his death are found all the peculiarities, answering to the main idea, which we have already noticed in the preceding stories. For Tristan, in a combat, had been struck in the old wound, which Isolde has once healed, and Isolde only can heal again. He sends a messenger to her with a ring, as a token, bidding him hoist a white sail if he brings her back, and a black one, if she remains behind. Isolde follows the messenger; the white sail waves from the ship; but the other Isolde, named the white-handed, brings to Tristan, through jealousy, the false report that a black sail is mounted. At this news, Tristan sinks back in despair, his heart breaks, and his beloved, who had been hastening to him, falls senseless upon his corpse.¹ Both

her chastity. A burlesque allusion to the custom occurs in the old play of the "Jovial Crew."—ED.

¹ See the metrical version of Sir Tristrem, edited by Sir W. Scott, p. 315, and the notes to that curious poem.—ED.

were laid together in one grave, and over Tristan's body was planted a vine, over Isolde's a rose-bush, and these grew one into the other, and could not again be separated. Here, also, love would have conquered all impediments, had not chance or malice had the power to create an error with regard to the beloved object; and hereby the lovers perished, not so much by means of the external world as by means of themselves. The coincidence of this with the preceding stories, already considered, is self-evident: the sail may be compared with the extinguished torch in Hero and Leander; and the white-handed Isolde with the "lewd nun" who blows out the candles in the German ballad. The story of Tristan and Isolde has also this external resemblance with that of Romeo and Juliet, that Isolde, like Juliet, dies of grief on the body of her lover, while Thisbe and Hero put an end to their existence by suicide. But this is wholly accidental, for, in truth, distress destroys both Thisbe and Hero, as it had already slain the lovers entangled in the unhappy error, Romeo, Tristan, Pyramus, and (if our formerly mentioned theory as to the extinguished torch be tenable) Leander also, though some of them anticipated its effect by suicide.

How popular, also, and universally prevalent is the story which expresses the above thought,¹ is shown (among other proofs) by a tolerably widely-circulated "people's book," entitled "The remarkable history of the Imperial Austrian officer, Herr von Friesland, and of the Lady Theresa von Hartenstein, which happened at Prague in the year 1819—Berlin, Zürnigibel," where the same result is found, without any visible external derivation.

¹ This subject might be extended to an indefinite length, and illustrated by references to English stories; but not being quite as enthusiastic as the author, or so well able of bearing in mind the remote connexion between the tales and Shakespeare's drama, perhaps it will be better to pass them over with the remark that English readers will, in general, fail to see the utility of tracing out these very remote resemblances.—ED.

If the above analysis, however, has shown the coincidence of the four best known love-stories in their most essential points, we must not, on that account, refer them to the same original, nor suspect an external operation of one upon the other. We must rather explain the common features from the idea previously mentioned, which binds all these stories. Doubtless, an unprejudiced consideration of related stories would lead, in the greater number of cases, to a similar result, and would far oftener show an inward connexion, through a common thought, than an outward one, through tradition and relation; though this last case may often occur, and not unfrequently both may act in concert.

With regard to Shakespeare, the comparison we have instituted shows that the story handed down to him, though it was represented simply and unworthily enough in the state in which he received it, yet had in itself an infinitely high value; for it expressed an imperishable true thought, in a highly poetical manner. That Shakespeare's treatment first gave full right to this story, and surrounded it with the lustre in which it deserved to shine, redounds so much to the praise of the poet, that we need not have recourse to improbable conjectures to palliate his close adherence in his tragedy to the material already provided. For instance, according to A. W. von Schlegel, Shakespeare knew only Arthur Brooke's wretched¹ metrical version of our story, ("The tragical history of Romeus and Juliet, 1562," newly published, 1582; reprinted in the edition of Johnson and Steevens); according to others, only this and the translation of Painter, in the second volume of "The Palace of Pleasure." Arthur Brooke,

¹ Mr. Collier, who has reprinted this poem in his *Shakespeare's Library*, has a very different opinion of its value as a literary composition. He says it is a production of singular beauty for the time, full of appropriate and graceful imagery. The only notice of the edition of 1582 or 1583 is found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. No copy bearing that date appears to be known.—Ed.

like Painter, took his materials from Boisteau's work, continued by Belleforest, *Histoires Tragiques, extraites de* [sic] *œuvres Italiennes du Bandel*; and Boisteau again, as the title of his work intimates, copied from Bandello, but he made many variations from his original. Though Shakespeare has most of these variations, in common with Painter, a list of which would only fatigue the reader, (Eschenberg has collected them all) yet we must not conclude, with Dunlop and others, that Shakespeare was unacquainted with the works of Bandello; he might have given the preference to these variations from reasons of art, as Schlegel has shown from this very circumstance. Above all things, we have been lately compelled to give up the English notion of Shakespeare's ignorance. If he was no man of learning, (and he would have mistaken his calling had he sought to become such) yet he lived in a time and at a court where literary cultivation and knowledge of languages were much extended, and a spirit like his, so surrounded, could not remain behind. Even at this day, he would have passed for a well-educated man. He knew Latin currently; was not wholly unacquainted with Greek; and was fully versed in Italian, (at the court of Queen Elizabeth, this was unavoidable); and of his knowledge of French, which was then a rarity, no one can doubt, who has read his Henry V. We do not know how it was with Spanish,¹ but it is probable that he understood this language also. We could bring proof for this conjecture, but we leave this for a more able hand, referring our readers to Ludwig Tieck's anxiously expected work on Shakespeare and the old English theatre. To give only a small proof of Shakespeare's

¹ One of the comedies of Lopez de Vega, *Los Castelvies y Monteses*, was founded upon the same story as Romeo and Juliet; but the Spanish dramatist has evidently borrowed his tale from Bandello, and has changed the names of the characters. The catastrophe, also, is altered. Another play in the same language, by Don Francisco de Roxas, called *Los Vandos de Verona*, is formed on the same relation.—Ed.

knowledge of Italian, we may remark that the exquisitely beautiful words in which Romeo first addresses Juliet, at the masked ball, and her reply, contain an allusion to his name, which signifies a *pilgrim*; a fact which many a one does not know who is yet familiar with Italian.¹ Probably Romeo visited the feast of the Capulets in a pilgrim's dress; but even without this aid, Shakespeare might rely upon his hearers understanding the allusion; the *idea* of a pilgrim was not yet so remote, that they should be ignorant of the word for one.

We do not know whether Shakespeare was acquainted with the *novella* of Luigi da Porto; it is probable that he was; but we cannot, with Voss, make our conclusion from the circumstance that in this *novella* the death of certain friends provokes Romeo to attack Tybalt, as in Shakespeare the death of Mercutio gives occasion to this attack.

Of the value of the *novella* of Bandello, in a literary point of view, we say nothing; compared with Shakespeare's treatment of the same subject, it must fail. But however small may be its merits, its style deserves the preference over that of Luigi da Porto, who seems to have had still less feeling of the power of love, which yet the *novella* ought to set forth. The delay of the lovers till they have removed every impedi-

¹ If the play mentioned by Brooke should ever be discovered, we shall perhaps ascertain whether the incident here referred to was Shakespeare's own idea. We cannot doubt that Romeo appeared in a pilgrim's dress. See the first conversation between the lovers in act i., sc. 5. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, in reference to the observation made in the text on the probability that the exact meaning of *romeo* is not known to many well read Italian scholars, that the Quarterly Review, in a recent number, absolutely denied the fact that *romeo* did mean a pilgrim. Mr. Talbot suggests whether the term may not be connected with the Latin comic name of *Dromio*. The same writer adds, "English Etymologies," p. 403, "*Juliet* is properly the diminutive of *Julia*; but it has apparently united itself with another name, *Juliet*, or *Joliette*, the diminutive of *Jolie*, pretty."—Ed.

ment, and their resolving, *at last*, to give love its just due, are here intolerable. If the Italians prefer the story of Luigi, this preference is grounded solely upon the greater polish of his language.

Note by the Editor.

Bandello's novel was translated into French by Boisteau, and from the latter into English, in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure." This last production, and Arthur Brooke's poem, both of which are reprinted in Mr. Collier's Shakespeare's Library, must be referred to by those who are desirous of tracing the originals of Shakespeare's drama. There are too many coincidences of incidents and expressions to leave any doubt but that the great poet must have been well acquainted with these works. We need not suppose he took the black-letter volumes with him to the Mermaid or Boar's Head, and, dragging them from his pocket, meditated a tragedy over a quart of sack. Such would be a "mechanical salt-butter" opinion, worthy only the most prosaic critic. There is no improbability in the suggestion that Brooke and Paynter, the Bulwer and Scott of their day, had been read by Shakespeare in Henley Street, and that the stories had made sufficient impression on his retentive memory to enable us to account for the verbal similarities between the poem and the drama. The beautiful structure Shakespeare has created from these insipid novels creates a greater surprise, after their perusal, than would be experienced by a reader who was unacquainted with the poet's sources, and regarded the plot as an invention. Some have dared to say that the catastrophe would have been improved, had he followed the original of Luigi da Porto, instead of the English version of Bandello; but surely the drama is sufficiently adapted in its conduct to the tale on which it is founded. The reader may, however, be interested in the conclusion of the Italian tale, which, *as a novel*, is certainly superior to Paynter or Boisteau. The *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto ends as follows:—

"So favourable was fortune to this his last purpose, that, on the evening of the day subsequent to the lady's funeral, undiscovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now, perceiving that all was silent, he betook himself to the monastery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church where these monks then dwelt was in the citadel, though since, for what reason I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place,

which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet it is certain that their former mansion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himself. Near the walls of this church, on the outside, were at that time certain buildings, such as we usually see adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient sepulchre of the Capelletti family, and in this the fair damsel had been deposited. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of superior strength, by force raised the stone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpose, having so propped it that it could not be fastened down contrary to his desire, he entered, and reclosed the entrance.

"The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after closing the vault, he drew forth, and opened; and there, amidst the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence suddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: 'O, eyes, which, while it pleased the heavens, were to my eyes the brightest lights! O, lips, by me a thousand times so sweetly kissed, and from whence were heard the words of wisdom! O, beauteous breast, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell!—where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how, without you, do I see, do I speak, do I live? Alas! my miserable lady, whither hast thou been conducted by that love, whose will it now is that this narrow space shall both destroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah, me! an end like this my hope promised not, nor that desire which first inflamed me with love for you! O, unfortunate life, why do I support you!' And so saying, he covered with kisses her eyes, her lips, her breast, bursting every instant into more abundant lamentation: in the midst of which he cried, 'O, ye walls which hang over me, why do you not render my life still more short, by crushing me in your ruin? But since death is at all times in our power, it is dastardly to desire it, and not to snatch it:' and, with these words, he drew forth from his sleeve the vial of deadly poison, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: 'I know not what destiny conducts me to die in the midst of my enemies, of those by me slain, and in their sepulchre; but since, O, my soul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here let us die!' and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his bosom; when, embracing the beloved maid, and strongly straining her to his breast, he cried—'O, thou beauteous body, the utmost limit of all my desires, if, after the soul is departed, any sentiment yet remains in you, or, if that soul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be displeasing to you that,

unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the least I should die with you sadly and secretly;—and holding the body straitly embraced, he awaited death.

“The hour was now arrived when, by the natural heat of the damsel, the cold and powerful effects of the powder should have been overcome, and when she should awake; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, she awoke in his arms, and starting into life, after a heavy sigh, she cried, ‘Alas! where am I? who is it thus embraces me? by whom am I thus kissed?’ and, believing it was the Friar Lorenzo, she exclaimed, ‘Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo? is it thus you safely conduct me to him?’ Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pygmalion, he said, ‘Do you not know me, O, my sweet lady? See you not that I am your wretched spouse, secretly and alone come from Mantua to perish by you?’ Julietta, seeing herself in the monument, and perceiving that she was in the arms of one who called himself Romeo, was well nigh out of her senses, and pushing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, she instantly knew him, and embracing, gave him a thousand kisses, saying, ‘What folly has excited you, with such imminent danger, to enter here? Was it not sufficient to have understood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Friar Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I should shortly have been with you?’ The unhappy youth, then perceiving this fatal mistake, thus began: ‘O, miserable lot! O, wretched Romeo! O, by far the most afflicted of all lovers! On this subject never have I received your letters!’ And he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real; whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even there, close by her, taken the poison, which, as most subtle, he already felt had sent forth death through all his limbs.

“The unfortunate damsel, hearing this, remained so overpowered with grief, that she could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruise her innocent breast; and at length to Romeo, who already lay supine, kissing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than ashes, and trembling all over, she thus spoke: ‘Must you, then, O, lord of my heart, must you then die in my presence, and through my means! and will the heavens permit that I should survive you, though but for a moment? Wretched me! O, that I could at least transfer my life to you, and die alone!’ To which, with a languid voice, the youth replied: ‘If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O, my best hope! by these I conjure you, that after my death, life should

not be displeasing to you, if for no other reason, at least that you may think on him, who, penetrated with passion, for your sake, and before your dear eyes, now perishes!' To this the damsel answered: 'If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours, which is real! It only grieves me that here, in your presence, I have not the means of death, and, inasmuch as I survive you, I detest myself! yet still will I hope, that ere long, as I have been the cause, so shall I be the companion of your death.' And, having with difficulty spoken these words, she fainted, and, again returning to life, busied herself in sad endeavours to gather with her sweet lips the extreme breath of her dearest lover, who now hastily approached his end.

"In this interval, Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damsel had drunk the potion, as also that, upon a supposition of her death, she had been buried; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder should cease to operate, taking with him a trusty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, seeing a light within, he was greatly surprised, and imagined that, by some means or other, the damsel had contrived to convey with her a lamp into the tomb; and that now, having awaked, she wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which she was surrounded, or perhaps from the apprehension of being for ever immured in this dismal place; and having, with the assistance of his companion, speedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all dishevelled, and sadly grieving, had raised herself so far as to be seated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus addressed himself: 'Did you then fear, O, my daughter, that I should have left you to die here enclosed?' And she, seeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, answered: 'Far from it; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive! Alas! for the love of God, away, and close the sepulchre, that I may here perish—or rather reach me a knife, that, piercing my breast, I may rid myself of my woes! O, my father, my father! is it thus you have sent me the letter? Are these my hopes of happy marriage? Is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo? Behold him here, in my bosom, already dead!' And, pointing to him, she recounted all that had passed. The friar, hearing these things, stood as one bereft of sense, and, gazing upon the young man, then ready to pass from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he called to him, saying, 'O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me! Speak to me at least! Cast your eyes a moment upon me! O, Romeo, behold your dearest Julietta, who

beseeches you to look at her. Why, at the least, will you not answer her in whose dear bosom you lie?' At the beloved name of his mistress, Romeo raised a little his languid eyes, weighed down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, reclosed them; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convulsed, and heaving a short sigh, he expired.

"The miserable lover being now dead, in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation, the friar thus addressed the young damsel: 'And you, Julietta, what do you mean to do?' To which she instantly replied, 'Here enclosed will I die.'—'Say not so, daughter,' said he: 'come forth from hence; for, though I know not well how to dispose of you, the means cannot be wanting of shutting yourself up in some holy monastery, where you may continually offer your supplications to God, as well for yourself as for your deceased husband, if he should need your prayers.'—'Father,' replied the lady, 'one favour alone I entreat of you, which, for the love you bear to the memory of him'—and so saying, she pointed to Romeo—'you will willingly grant me; and that is, that you will never make known our death, that so our bodies may for ever remain united in this sepulchre: and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying should be discovered, by the love already mentioned, I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miserable parents that they should make no difficulty of suffering those whom love has consumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the same tomb.' Then, turning to the prostrate body of Romeo, whose head she had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully closed his eyes, and bathing his cold visage with tears, 'Lord of my heart,' said she, 'without you, what should I do with life? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death? Certainly, nothing more! in order that death itself, which alone could possibly have separated you from me, should not now be able to part us!' And having thus spoken, reflecting upon the horror of her destiny, and calling to mind the loss of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, she suppressed her respiration, and for a long space holding in her breath, at length sent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body."

II. THE STORY OF HAMLET.

The relation given in Saxo's Danish History must be considered as the original and oldest source of Shakespeare's Hamlet, though the poet may have been more immediately indebted to an older tragedy on the same subject, ascribed to Thomas Kyd,¹ and from an English tale which appeared several times in a separate form, under the title, "The Hystorie of Hamblet,"² 4to., which was immediately taken from Belleforest's Tragical Relations, the fifth volume of which contains it, under the title, *Avec qu'elle ruse Amleth qui depuis fuit Roi de Dannemark vengea la mort de son pere Horvendille, occis par Fengou, son frère, et autre occurrence de son histoire.* The English relation which Shakespeare had in his view had probably received many arbitrary additions; for, according to Capell, all the chief circumstances and the most important characters of the tragedy lie in the germ, as it were, in this

¹ This is mere conjecture. If, as is most probable, an older play on the subject of Hamlet existed at the time when Shakespeare wrote his tragedy, we have no evidence whatever that will lead us to believe it was written by Kyd.—ED.

² The only perfect copy of this work known to exist was published at London in 1608, and has been reprinted by Mr. Collier. The original is preserved in Capell's rich collection, in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was procured by him from the collection of the Duke of Newcastle. I have seen a fragment of this rare book, which, as far as one can offer an opinion, without comparing it with the perfect copy, appeared to be earlier than the date above mentioned. Dr. Farmer had only two leaves of the book, not an imperfect copy, as stated by Mr. Collier.—ED.

story:¹ an assertion which could hardly be made of the original relation of Saxo-Grammaticus.

Yet, even in this last named author, we can distinguish the figures out of which Shakespeare has formed some of his characters. Horatio, Hamlet's fellow-student at Wittenberg, may be recognised in the foster-brother of the Prince; Polonius, in the bold courtier; and Ophelia in the young lady. The last passage may serve for a confirmation of Tieck's well known opinion respecting Hamlet's relation to Ophelia. The companions of Hamlet, in his journey to England, appear in Shakespeare as Rosenkranz and Guildenstern.

We have not succeeded in finding the origin of the interlude which Hamlet causes to be represented in the second scene of the third act, before his uncle. That there is such a source² may be suspected from Hamlet's own words:—"The piece is the representation of a murder which happened in Vienna: Gonzago is the name of the Duke, his consort Battista; the history is extant, and is written in choice Italian." This, to be sure, may be merely a pretence, which Shakespeare makes Hamlet use, to conceal the allusion to his uncle; but the mode of Gonzago's death, by poison dropped into his ear during sleep, does not occur in Saxo, and our great dramatist may certainly have taken this circumstance from an Italian story now lost to us. Shakespeare knew that Battista is a man's name, as is proved by the list of the *Dramatis Per-*

¹ I fear that Capell's words have been misinterpreted; for, with a trifling exception, the tale of Saxo-Grammaticus furnishes the same particulars as the novel of Belleforest.—Ed.

² In a play called "A Warning for fair Women," supposed, by Mr. Collier, to have been written before 1590, it is stated that a woman who had murdered her husband witnessed a tragedy acted at Lynn, in Norfolk, which expressed a similar crime so perfectly, she was conscience-stricken, and confessed the transaction she had been guilty of. Heywood, in his "Apology for Actors," 1612, relates the affair more circumstantially. Perhaps some of our Norfolk antiquaries will be able to tell us whether it has any foundation in truth.—Ed.

sonæ of the "Taming of the Shrew;" but that it may be a woman's name, also, seems not to have been noticed by those English critics, who thence deduce Shakespeare's ignorance of the Italian language.

The Hamlet of Shakespeare has been compared with the Orestes of Æschylus and Sophocles, in order to develop the difference between the modern and ancient world. The resemblance rests in the similar external action; as in the Greek play, the mother is married to the murderer of the father, whom the son avenges upon both. In Hamlet, as in Orestes, is found the incident of madness, with the difference that Orestes is tormented by the furies for a deed pitilessly done from the impulse of feeling; whilst Hamlet, who can never actually approach the deed, owing to the sense of justice which keeps him weighing its propriety, is driven to madness by his irresolution. Hamlet is the reverse of Orestes; consideration comes to him before the deed, to Orestes after: the furies follow him for having acted too tardily; Orestes, for having acted too hastily. In Hamlet, feeling punishes consideration, because it had delayed the execution which feeling demanded; in Orestes, consideration punishes feeling, because feeling had hastened the deed which he disapproved. It is remarkable that in some representations of the story of Orestes and Clytemnestra, we meet with such a net as Hamlet makes use of to destroy the partisans of his uncle. Clytemnestra's words, in Æschylus—

"I did it, and will not deny my deed,
So that no flight and no defence remained:
First round his limbs I threw an endless coil,
Garment of misery, like a fisher's net;
Twice then I struck him; twice he groan'd and fell,
His limbs all palsied; as he lay, I struck
The third and fatal blow"—

Do not correspond with those of Homer's Agamemnon, Odyssey, xi., v. 417-420—

"But most of all thy heart would there have grieved,
Where by the goblets and the loaded board
We lay, and all the pavement swam in blood."

If both relations are taken together, Clytemnestra revenged the sacrifice of Iphigenia by the same stratagem as Hamlet employed in avenging the death of his father. The fishing-net appears here specially as a symbol of deceit.

The *Amleth* of Saxo-Grammaticus merely pretends madness,¹ to gain time for carrying out his finely-woven stratagem; but of his eventual success he is certain. The Hamlet of Shakespeare suffers from the madness which he counterfeits, but he has no plan, and therefore no hope of success; and this sense of inactivity, in the face of every challenge to action, drives him to actual insanity. Here, also, Shakespeare has deserted the fiction, and invented something new, the idea of the play being quite different from that of the popular story. The results, also, are different; for Amleth perfects his stratagem, and retires triumphantly from the contest; but Hamlet falls a victim to his inactivity at the moment when a higher power is acting through him. The germ of this alteration lays only so far in the story, that Amleth had sufficient coolness to defer his revenge; and it is Hamlet's want of passion which gives his reflection too great preponderance over the impulses of nature.

Belleforest has already remarked the resemblance between Amleth and Brutus; and he mentions also a parallel² between Amleth and David, because the latter also counterfeited madness. This latter instance is a mere accidental coincidence

¹ "Falsitatis enim (Hamlethus) alienus haberi cupidus, ita astutiam veriloquio permiscebat, ut nec dictis veracitas deesset, nec acuminis modus verorum iudicio proderetur." M. Simrock appears to underrate the method of Hamlet's madness.—Ed.

² He scarcely goes so far as to institute any parallelism between the characters. David is merely cursorily introduced, as a sort of illustrative remark on the counterfeited madness of Amleth.—Ed.

in a single circumstance, which does not warrant us in assuming an internal or external connexion. As little does Tristan belong to this part of our subject, though he profited by his assumed madness to take vengeance on his enemies. On the contrary, Amleth and Brutus are very nearly connected. We shall best give the proof for this in the words of Niebuhr:—

“The King sent two of his sons, Titus and Aruns, to Delphi, to consult the oracle; sending with them, as a companion and subject of derision, L. Junius, who, for his assumed stupidity, was called Brutus. This was a son of a sister of the King, a child when he caused his elder brother, with many others, to be put to death on a false accusation, that he might possess himself of his riches. As Junius grew up, he saved his life by the continuous stratagem of representing himself as idiotic; and prepared for his revenge by the unshaken patience with which he permitted himself to be mocked as a fool. Thus he dedicated to the god what seemed to be the offering of a fool, a staff of cornel wood; but which, *as an image of his secret*, was filled with gold. The princes questioned the Pythian God for themselves also. ‘He of you will rule at Rome,’ answered the Pythoness, ‘who first kisses his mother.’ The sons of Tarquin decided this between them by lot; Brutus ran like an idiot down the mountain, so that he fell down and pressed with his lips the earth, in the middle point of which lay the temple of Apollo, as its original sanctuary.”

According to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Tarquinius had also put to death the father of Brutus and his eldest son, Brutus’s brother, because this youth, who showed a great mind, would not have left his father’s death unavenged. Whichever account we follow, vengeance for blood determined Brutus, like Amleth, to pretend insanity; both have suffered the same wrong, have the same purpose, and make use of the same means. That Amleth has claims upon the throne, which are wanting in Brutus, is unimportant to the argument; for Amleth is impelled far more by the desire and duty of revenge than by the love of rule. In addition to

this, however, Brutus also takes the sceptre from the aggressive party, and bears it himself, but in another right. The original narrative must be freed from the alterations which it underwent, when it became fixed as a portion of history. The story of Amleth has been taken into the Danish, that of Brutus into the Roman history. This could not happen without more or less changing their form. If we are not mistaken, both stories were wholly alike before they were woven into history; but the connexion with the history of two different countries necessarily occasioned an adaptation to different relations; but that both forms of the story were founded upon one ancient popular story, is rendered probable, amongst other things, by the cornel staff filled with gold,¹ which Brutus offers to the oracle as a symbol of his own mind and being. Such symbols occur frequently in fictions and popular stories; and we have already noticed in *Romeo and Juliet* the tendency of the unconscious popular poetry to such emblematical representations. It is startling to find this gold-filled staff again in *Amleth*; though here its symbolical signification is less clearly exhibited. *Amleth* has had the money which he received as expiation for the murder of his companions melted and poured into hollow sticks; and when he is asked, at his return, where his companions have stayed, he shows the hollow sticks which he has brought back with them. Here, also, the hollow staff stands in nearer relation to the dire vengeance which forms the turning point of the story; but its emblematic meaning thereby loses in clearness, because it is no longer employed to signify before the god the essence of the hero. *Amleth's* journey to England, and that of Brutus to Delphi, had probably a common foundation in the original story, before the latter was com-

¹ English readers will, I fear, consider portions of this discussion irrelevant to Shakespearian criticism. The primary sources of this incident may illustrate Saxo-Grammaticus, but the wildest commentator would not introduce them into an essay on Shakespeare's play.—ED.

pelled to accommodate itself to history; but yet we are not obliged to assume an actual tradition, to account for the resemblance between the two stories, although this explanation might appear the most natural. Similar causes produce similar effects; and in the primitive time when fiction arose, the most distant nations have much in common. Thus vengeance for blood is common to the traditions of all early nations, and this compels the injured to conceal his natural spirit, that he may not fall a sacrifice to the crime which duty and feeling call upon him to avenge. This counterfeiting a senseless character can in no place be more clearly expressed than by the image of a wooden staff, whose interior conceals gold; and thus we must not be surprised if the same thought form for itself a similar image, however remote may be the time and place.

The suspicion might be raised that Saxo-Grammaticus, who was not only acquainted with Livy, but imitated him, had borrowed the gold-filled staff, and perhaps also the madness of Amleth, from his model, and thus have himself first introduced a portion of the resemblance. But this supposition is repelled by the consistency of all the features of his story which stand in connexion with Amleth's fictitious madness. The influence which Livy had upon his account is clearly to be traced, but it shows itself only in the *form* of the narrative. In the *substance* of it, he suffers the stream of tradition to flow unadulterated. The story of the staff filled with gold is not so presented as to render it probable that he borrowed from Livy. We meet with many traits in Saxo's story which occur again in other popular tales. Thus a change in the Urias letters, as here in the Rune tablets, is so frequent in well known German and Italian tales, that it is needless to make any more particular reference to it. Many of the proofs which Amleth gives of his wisdom are in fact only evidence of acuteness of the senses—more a characteristic of an animal than a man. But it is in accordance with

the opinion of old time, when the story sets forth wisdom as an acuteness of the senses; as, indeed, our German word for mental acuteness has its origin in this physical conception. Thus the seven wise masters, to convince themselves whether their pupil, Diocletianus, had learned any thing in his seven years' instruction, lay an ivy leaf under each foot of his bed;¹ and when he wakes, he looks with astonishment at the coverlet, and cries—"Either the roof of the chamber has sunk during the night, or the earth has risen." Of this kind are the proofs of wisdom which Hamlet gives to the King of England, finding fault with his food for a circumstance which, on examination, is found to be the truth. In the story of the two connoisseurs in wine, to this day a popular jest, one maintains that the wine tastes of iron; the other, of leather: on examination, a key is found at the bottom of the vessel, tied to a leathern thong. When Amleth finally suspects the purity of the King's descent, and notes also servile manners in the queen (manners betraying a menial

¹ This story is very amusingly told in the early English metrical version of the Seven Wise Masters:—

"The child yede to bedde anight,
And ros arliche amorewen aplight.
Hise maistres him bfore stode,
Open hefd, withouten hode.
The child lokede here and tar,
Up and doun, and everiwhar.
Hise maistres askede what him was.
'Parfai!' he seide, 'a ferli cas!
Other ich am of wine dronke,
Other the firmament is i-sonke,
Other wexen is the grounde
The thickness of four leves rounde;
So muche to-night heyer I lai,
Certes, thanne yisterdai.'"

I quote from Weber's edition, *Met. Rom.*, iii., 10, 11. Mr. Wright has edited an early version for the Percy Society, accompanied with an interesting introduction on the sources of the tales.—ED.

origin) popular story again offers many analogies. For example, in the German Popular Stories, (Grimm, ii., 127) the supposititious princesses are discovered by their menial discourse (cf. iii., 220). In an old Walloon story, (*Alt: Walder*, i., 69) the shape of an amputated finger betrays the coarse labour of the waiting-maid, who has been substituted for a King's daughter; and in the *Volsunga Saga*, ch. 21, when Queen Hiordys, Sigurd's mother, has changed clothes with her waiting-maid, King Alf asks them the question, "How do you women know when day is breaking, and night passing away, when there is no star in the sky?" The serving-maid answered, "In my youth, I was wont to drink mead in the early morning, and since I ran away from my home, we wake early for that cause, and that is my token." The King smiles, and says, "That is an evil custom for a King's daughter." When the same question was addressed to Hiordys, she replied—"My father gave me a little gold ring, with the property of growing cold on my finger in the early morning; and that is my token at night." Alf knows now how matters stand, and marries Hiordys.

In the *Cento Novelle antiche*, ed. Manni, a sage recognises that a horse has been suckled with asses' milk; that a jewel has a worm in it; and that the King is the son of a baker: an examination of the first two points shows the justice of the conjecture; and at last the mother of the King confesses the truth of the last assertion. Though the further course of the story shows that the sage discovered all this more by observation and reasoning than by corporeal perception, still there remains a striking resemblance to Amleth's proofs of wisdom. The story, also, of the King and his son, in the Arabian Nights, (xv., 28, 3rd night of the Vizier) coincides with this in all its features. In the second part of the story of Amleth, the action is reversed, and Amleth himself becomes the object of vengeance. We confine ourselves here to the part which may serve for a comparison with Shake-

speare. The writer has kept as closely as possible to the original,¹ not even omitting the repetitions in the speech of Hamlet, by which, perhaps, Saxo meant to express the youth's irrepressible desire of vengeance, and that long stifled rage which, when once allowed to break out, can no longer govern itself. It may not be uninteresting to remark how the ancient *naïve* tale looks under the treatment of a writer of the middle ages, who prided himself no little on his acquired classical cultivation and learning. It is known that Göthe had formed the purpose of treating the story of Amleth freely from Saxo-Grammaticus; and certainly the tale is capable and deserving of a treatment differing from that which it could receive from Shakespeare, whose higher purposes justified him in taking that part only which he could make subservient to them.²

¹ M. Simrock here refers to the collection of Echtermeyer, who has translated the story of Saxo-Grammaticus into German. *Quellen des Shakespeare*, 1831, i., 67.—Ed.

² Mr. Collier, (*Hist. Dram. Poet.*, iii., 210) notices some slight similarities between Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" and Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet; but I do not know how far this circumstance may have led to the random conjecture that Kyd was the author of the "old Hamlet," always supposing there was such a play; for Mr. Knight thinks it likely Shakespeare was the only writer who dramatised the tale. In Kyd's play, says Mr. Collier, "the old father is always meditating the punishment of the guilty, and always postponing the execution of his project; so that, in this respect, his character in some degree resembles that of Hamlet: the insertion of a play within a play gives the whole tragedy a still greater appearance of similarity to that of Shakespeare." Perhaps a discovery will some day be made which may tend to elucidate this subject.—Ed.

III. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi ovvero cento novelle*, &c., appeared first in 1565 at Montereale, in Sicily, 2 parts, 8vo., and in a more complete form in 1566, at Venice, in one volume, 4to.¹ In this edition, as well as in that which appeared at Venice in 1593, in two quarto volumes, the Shakesperian tale is the fifth of the eighth decade which treats of Ingratitude. Giraldi himself has brought the substance of it upon the stage, under the name *Epitia*; and the sources of all his dramatic works, consisting of six tragedies, may be found in his *Hecatommithi*. It is uncertain whether Shakespeare had seen the story of Cinthio; but we have no grounds for denying it, unless we recur to the opinion that he was ignorant of the Italian language. It is, however, certain that, if he was not acquainted with Italian, the substance of the tale was accessible to him through the twofold labours of Whetstone. This author published, in 1582, a collection of stories under the title of *Heptameron*, in which he included a translation of this story of Cinthio; but he had also treated the same matter dramatically four years earlier. This piece, noticed in the "Six old plays on which Shakespeare founded,"²

¹ And again at Venice, 2 parts, 4to., 1584. The first edition is very rare; there is a copy in the Bodleian Library. Steevens has reprinted the play of *Promos and Cassandra*, founded by Whetstone on Cinthio's novel, and Mr. Collier has judiciously included the prose tale from the *Heptameron*, 1582, in his *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii. Both these sources being thus so readily accessible, I have not thought it requisite to add much annotation to this chapter.—ED.

² Published by J. Nichols, at the suggestion of Steevens, in 1779. The play of "*Promos and Cassandra*" should be consulted by the reader, as

&c., bears the title, "The right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra, divided into commical discourses. In the fyrste parte is showne the unsufferable abuse of a lewde Magistrate, the vertuous behaviours of a chaste ladye, the uncontrowled leawdenes of a favoured curtisan, and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious parasyte. In the second parte is discoursed the perfect magnanimitye of a noble Kinge, in checking vice and favouringe vertue, wherein is showne the ruyne and overthrowe of dishonest practises, and the advauncement of upright dealing."

Slight as the value of this piece may be, we find in it the deviation from Cinthio's novel which Shakespeare adopted—that Vieo, whom Whetstone makes Andrugio, and Shakespeare Claudio, is not in reality put to death, though the governor has given his order for it. In other respects, however, Whetstone does not differ essentially from Cinthio; so that the many excellent alterations which are met with in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" are solely due to the poet's invention. Amongst these we include the deciding circumstance that the Duke of Vienna (in the story, the Emperor Maximilian) is always present, disguised as a monk, and leads the whole action, undiscovered, to a happy termination. The introduction of the betrothed of Angelo, who keeps the promise given by Isabella in her place, and thenceforward plays the part of Epitia in the tale, while Isabella preserves her chastity, and is married to the Duke, is another

in all probability the *immediate* source of Shakespeare's play. It is dedicated to Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, in an address which deserves a careful perusal. Speaking of plays, he says—"The Englishman, in this quality, is most vain, indiscreet, and out of order: he first grounds his work on impossibilities, then in three hours runs he through the world, marries, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters, and bringeth gods from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell." He proceeds to say that all decorum is sacrificed to effect, and observes it was usual to bring clowns on the stage as companions for kings.—Ed.

equally great improvement of Shakespeare's. Remarkable is the art with which he has so contrived to weave in these alterations, that at the same time the original course of the novel is kept in the consciousness of Angelo; for he believes to the end that he has broken the law with Isabella, and caused her brother to be put to death, as the novel relates it. Hence Isabella also makes the same complaint against him; before the Duke, on his entrance, as Epitia makes against Juriste, in the story. One might conclude, from this circumstance being retained with the alteration, that Shakespeare had been acquainted with the tale of Cinthio,¹ were it not that the story of Whetstone, in the *Heptameron*, was precisely similar in its form.

The alteration of Whetstone, according to which the life of the condemned is preserved, though adopted by Shakespeare from him, is, in accordance with Shakespeare's purpose, turned to a different end. In Whetstone, Promos (Angelo) has ordered the gaoler to bring to Cassandra (Isabella, Epitia) the head of her brother. The gaoler, however, out of compassion for Andrugio, brought her the disfigured head of a malefactor who had been executed shortly before, and which Cassandra cannot distinguish from that of her brother. In Shakespeare, on the contrary, it is the governor who has ordered the execution who is deceived by the substituted head; and this departure from one tradition is fully in accordance with others. The circumstance is continually occurring in popular stories that kind-hearted servants, commissioned to perform cruel acts, have contrived to deceive their masters with false tokens of the fulfilment of their commands. Equally popular, and in accordance with the stream of fiction, is the substitution, due to our poet alone, of Mariana for Isabella. Thus, to quote the best known example, in *Tristan*, Brangene is laid by the side of Marke, instead of Isolde. A

¹ I cannot understand this deduction. The incident is also found in Whetstone's play.—Ed.

similar incident occurs in the poem of the two merchants, *Alt: Wälder*, i., 34) and in a modern Greek ballad (*ibid.*, ii., 181). We choose the last two examples among innumerable others, because they will both be spoken of afterwards in "Cymbeline." Shakespeare, however, must¹ have been led to this idea by the substitution of Giletta di Narbonne, instead of the lady's daughter with whom Beltram was in love, told by Boccaccio in the story which was the origin of "All's Well that ends Well." Here the circumstances are almost identical, for the substituted lady is not, as in the former examples, a maid, but the lawful wife of the object of the deceit: that Marianna is only Angelo's *betrothed* makes no essential difference.

By these alterations, in themselves so excellent, Shakespeare has given a proof how dear popular fiction was to him, and what advantages he could derive from it. And here it must not be forgotten that the world of fable and tale was in Shakespeare's time adopted by the mass of the people: it was their peculiar property; and therefore there was nothing which they more loved to see in the theatre than this reflection of its being, even though it had been cast from a mirror less artfully polished than Shakespeare's. And this may explain, also, why Shakespeare borrowed so much from popular fable, that we have been able to fill three volumes with stories that he has used for the foundations of his plays. With respect to the present story of Cinthio, however, we meet with the remarkable circumstance, that it has in itself little of the character of popular fiction, and that Shakespeare has drawn it within the compass of this kind of literature. Meanwhile, however, a few points of comparison offer themselves.

Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, i., 153, and after him Dunlop, ii., 429, have quoted a number of historical

¹ Not necessarily. The poet had a barbarous story to dramatise, and used every effort to purify it. This will account most naturally and quite sufficiently for all his variations from the original.—ED.

incidents of a similar kind, of which the most important are the following.¹ Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, compelled one of his nobles to marry a young lady for a similar offence, and ordered him to be executed immediately after. (*Lipsii monita et exempla politica, Antwerp, 1613, 4to., cap. 8.*) This is the subject of a French tragedy by Antoine Marechal, *Le jugement équitable de Charles le Hardi*, 4to., 1646. Olivier le Dain, the barber and favourite of Louis the Eleventh, committed a similar crime, and expiated it with his life. Belleforest gives a story as of his own invention, which looks, however, too like that of Cinthio, to allow us to believe his assertion unconditionally. In this tale, a general seduces the wife of a soldier, under a promise to save the forfeited life of her husband, whom he shows her immediately after, through a window of the chamber, hanging on the gallows. His commander obliges him to marry the widow, and then condemns him to death. The same barbarity is attributed to the infamous Colonel Kirk, how justly is doubtful. In Goulart's *Trésor d'histoires admirables, &c.*, this circumstance is twice varied, pp. 300, 304. In Cooke's "Vindication of the Professors and Profession of the Law," 4to., 1640, p. 61, the whole story of Cinthio is related of Don Garcias, the Governor of Milan during the war between Charles V. and Francis I.; but here the dishonoured woman is the wife of the captive, and the beheading of the seducer actually takes place after the marriage with the widow. To these examples we have to add the following.

In the stories of Masuccio Salernitano it is related (iv., 7, p. 47) that the King of Sicily, the son of Don Juan of Arragon, was once staying at Vagliendoli, at the house of

¹ Omitting, however, somewhat unaccountably, the curious tale in Lupton's *Siquila*, 1580, of a woman who permits herself to be seduced by a judge, to save the life of her husband. The incident is often repeated; and a similar atrocity is asserted to have been actually committed within the last century.—Ed.

a nobleman of rank, who received and entertained him in the most festive manner. This nobleman had two beautiful daughters, and two of the King's first courtiers became enamoured of them during his stay in the house. By means of a servant girl whom they bribed, they were admitted at night into the young ladies' chamber, where they gained their wishes without awaking them. Soon, however, they were convinced of the violence which had been committed, and made their complaint to the King, their guest, against the robbers of their honour, who had meanwhile fled. He promises them satisfaction, but conceals his anger, and obliges the two courtiers to take in marriage the two injured women, giving the latter a rich dowry. When this has been done, the King goes solemnly into the judgment hall with the courtiers, and commands them to be beheaded, which is done, in spite of the remonstrances of the newly-married ladies. The King now declares them heiresses of the whole inheritance of their husbands, and marries them on the spot, without respect to the year of mourning, to two of the highest nobles of the city.

Still more terrible was the decision of the Emperor Otto, in Lombardy, (Grimm's German Stories, ii., 169) which perhaps is the foundation of Cinthio's story. A woman came to the Emperor, and made her complaint against a man who had done her violence. The King said, "I will right thee, when I return."—"My lord," said the woman, "thou wilt forget it." The King pointed to a church, and said, "This shall be my record." When the King, after a time, returned to Lamparten (Lombardy), his way led him by the church which he had shown the woman; and, ordering her to be called, he bade her make her complaint. She said, "My lord, he is now my lawful husband, and I have dear children by him." But the Emperor swore an oath, and said, "He shall taste my axe:" and he ordered that the man should be

capitally punished, according to the law. Thus he did the woman justice against her will.

In Cinthio's story, Maximilian has a similar barbarity in design, but Epitia persuades him to a better purpose. The pardon of the offender, it is true, is given, not for his own sake, but for that of his wife; but still there is always a guilt unattoned; and we are not pleased that the offender should have found such an intercessor. Shakespeare has avoided this difficulty by the smaller culpability of Angelo, and by the circumstance that neither of the crimes, the dishonour of Isabella, and the execution of her brother, against his promise, are actually committed.

IV. THE MOOR OF VENICE.

In the story just treated of, the commentators on Shakespeare considered it certain he was not acquainted with the original, because there were translations in English from which he might have derived his materials: but in the present instance, as no translation of the story can be produced so old as Shakespeare's time, recourse is had to the supposition that such a translation may have been extant, and have been since lost. Probably, it is said, there was only one edition, that this was borrowed from the French translation of the story of Cinthio made by Gabriel Chapuys, which appeared in Paris in 1584. And all these conjectures are only for the sake of persisting more conveniently in the supposition that Shakespeare was wholly ignorant of languages;¹ as if it had not been a mere recreation for such a genius to acquire such languages as Italian and French.

In the edition already cited of the stories of Cinthio, the one quoted is the seventh of the third decade. The name of Othello does not occur in it, any more than that of Iago; but, according to Steevens, they may both be found in a story in "God's revenge against Adultery," which may have been known to Shakespeare.² As this relation, like the play,

¹ M. Simrock here places the opinions of the commentators in somewhat too positive a light. It is quite consonant with what we know to have been Shakespeare's usage in other instances, to regard the *probability* of his having used the translations, and the *possibility* of his having employed the originals. It is not concluded that Shakespeare could not read Italian, merely because in most instances he read English versions; but this is the fallacy in many arguments on the subject.—ED.

² The "Revenge against Adultery" was first added, I believe, to the sixth edition of Reynolds' "Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murder,"

treats of jealousy, the borrowing of the names, which are common ones, is probable enough.

It is probable that the relation of Cinthio was founded on an historical fact, as on a popular story. According to an assertion of the late Wilhelm Waiblinger, in the *Taschenbuch Penelope* for 1831, there is an Italian ballad on this subject: we have looked for this in vain in Wolff's *Egeria*. At all events, the cast of the story renders it not improbable that it is derived from a popular romance, such as itinerant minstrels sing before painted tables. This story is certainly among the best of Cinthio's, whose merits as a narrator we cannot rate very highly. The popular story of Othello, if such a one must be supposed to exist, would belong, from its subject, to the cycle of which we shall have to treat more at length in considering the tale of Cymbeline.

fol., Lond., 1679, edited by S. Pordage, who dedicates the work to the Earl of Shaftesbury. I do not quite understand whether Reynolds was also the author of the additional stories; for, although written in the same style, his name does not appear on the second title-page, nor does Pordage absolutely affirm that they were written by him, though he may wish to imply as much. In the tale to which Steevens alludes, which is the eighth history of the additional book, and called "an Italian history," Jocelina, Countess of Chiety, marries Don Iago, who turns out false, and is beheaded by the Countess. She afterwards marries Othello, "an old German soldier," who discovers her infidelity, and "leaves her in discontent." Beyond the identity of these names, I can trace no similarity between this story and the play.—ED.

V. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Eschenburg commences his dissertation upon this piece with a consideration of the three unities, and the neglect of the unity of action in the pieces of Shakespeare; a neglect, says he, which is rather a merit than a defect, inasmuch as he knew how to weave in the episode with the main story, that the latter suffers nothing by the introduction of the other, but rather seems to be first set in its full light by it. This seems, also, he proceeds to say, to be the case in this piece. Both actions, the cruelty of the Jew and the love of Bassanio, have been most happily united in one event; and this merit is so much the greater, as in all probability he has made use of two stories, and has united their very different contents in one piece.

This part of Eschenburg's treatise must have been written before he gave the story here quoted of Giovanni Fiorentino,¹ for the real source of Shakespeare's drama, as the English critics had previously done; for here he seems to suppose that Shakespeare had been the first to combine the story of Bassanio's love with that of the merchant brought to judgment, when this combination finds a place in *Il Pecorone*, and, as we shall see, in a still older production. Shakespeare kept most closely to the already existing story, and only changed the test by which Gianetto must gain the lady of Belmonte, with another, more apt for the purpose, which he

¹ The Adventures of Gianetto are reprinted, with an English translation, in Mr. Collier's Shakespeare's Library, vol. ii. An abridged translation of it is given by Dr. Johnson, and is found in the variorum editions of Shakespeare.—ED.

also borrowed from a story, the second of those here quoted. We say this, not to lessen the merit of the poet, but to show wherein it consists; in the treatment, not the invention of the material, which, as we have seen, had been put into his hands. Shakespeare has frequently shown his genius in the combination of different materials; we are far from doubting it: but Eschenburg's dissertation would have been more appropriately prefixed to another of his pieces—"King Lear," for example, or "The Taming of the Shrew"—than to the "Merchant of Venice."

The *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino was written in 1378: the first edition was printed at Milan in 1558.¹ Our story is the first of the fourth day. Giovanni again probably borrowed from the well-known *Gesta Romanorum*, from the English version of which the second quoted novel, "The Three Caskets," is borrowed. Eschenburg has taken the narrative belonging to this from a German translation, printed in 1538. In this story, a knight at the court of the Emperor Lucius in Rome has fallen in love with his daughter: he twice buys for a thousand marks the privilege of passing a night with her, but each time falls asleep without having obtained his desire. The third time, he has to borrow the money from a merchant, pledging *all* his flesh for the repayment, and giving him at the same time a bond written in his blood. But this time a wise philosopher (Virgilius, in the English translation) warns him, and teaches him to overcome the enchantment which had held him bound in sleep in the two first nights. The rest of the story agrees with that of Giovanni, to whom belongs little more than the invention that a *friend* of the needy man borrows the money for him, under that terrible condition, by which the narrative certainly gains much interest. It is thus taken into the list of stories of friendship, to which it did not originally belong; and it

¹ This is not quite correct. A copy dated 1554 is in the Douce Collection. It is reprinted in the *Novelliero Italiano*, 1754.—Ed.

closely approaches to the Greek form of the story, as Schiller has treated it in *Die Bürgschaft* (The Suretyship). Shakespeare has laid great stress upon this circumstance, and his play is a true code of friendship in all its degrees.

From the story of the English *Gesta Romanorum* appears to have arisen a play which was established on the English boards before Shakespeare's time. Stephen Gosson mentions it in his "School of Abuse," under the title of "The Jew," which, he says, was played at the Bull Theatre, and "represented the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and the bloody minds of usurers." Gosson praises this piece, and Steevens conjectures that Shakespeare has remodelled it, or taken it as the groundwork of his own play.¹ On the other hand, from the story of Giovanni Fiorentino has arisen the old ballad of Gernutus, the Jew of Venice, which Dr. Percy has preserved in his *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*, and Eschenburg has translated; the ballad itself at least claims an Italian origin.² This ballad, however, confines itself to the single circumstance of pledging a pound of flesh, and omits every thing relating to the love of the friend for whom the money has been borrowed. The age of this ballad cannot be distinctly ascertained; it is concluded that Shakespeare was acquainted with it, from the incident of the whetting of the knife. This incident, however, occurs in "Blue Beard" and "Poor Henry," and may be considered as an element of popular fiction.

¹ The coincidence between the subject of the play of "The Jew," as mentioned by Gosson, and Shakespeare's play, is so remarkable, that I am inclined to believe the story was the same. I do not think it has been remarked, *in connexion with the subject*, that Shakespeare's play was also called the *Jew of Venice*. This fact appears from the entry made by Roberts on the Stationers' Register for 1598.—ED.

² The ballad itself says, "as Italian writers tell;" but balladists were not always the promulgators of truth, and no ballads of the time are good evidence in such matters.—ED.

In Lessing's second letter to Eschenburg, the former claims the discovery that Shakespeare has borrowed from Giovanni Fiorentino, and the latter, again, from the *Gesta Romanorum*. Lessing, unquestionably, made both discoveries independently, but in the first the English critics had anticipated him. Our predecessor in the collection of the sources of Shakespeare, Mrs. Arabella Lennox, Fielding's unkind sister, had, it is true, overlooked them in her "Shakespeare Illustrated, or the novels on which the plays of Shakespeare are founded," 3 vols., London, 1754; but as early as 1755¹ a little work appeared in London, which undertook to give the sources of the "Merchant of Venice," and contains a translation of the story of Giovanni, and the three tales afterwards quoted from Boccaccio. The English commentators on the poet, Farmer and Tyrwhitt, made the second discovery later than Lessing, but independently of him. With respect to the first, they hesitate not to remark here, also, that a translation of the story of Giovanni was extant in Shakespeare's times, and must have been since lost; an opinion to which, we are sorry to say, Eschenburg subscribes.² They have not succeeded, however, in showing the existence of such a translation. Besides the ballad already mentioned, no representation of this story has been found in the English language, but what occurs in the old book bearing the title, "The Orator: handling a hundred several discourses in form of declamations: some of the arguments being drawn from Titus Livius and other ancient writers. Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P." London, printed by Adam Islip, 1596.³ The real name of the com-

¹ Entitled, "The novel from which the play of the Merchant of Venice, written by Shakespear, is taken," 8vo.—ED.

² M. Simrock would now have to add the name of Mr. Collier to his grievances.—ED.

³ The ninety-fifth declamation "of a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian" has been reprinted by Mr. Collier,

poser, who called himself Lazarus Pyot, was, according to Ritson, Anthony Munday. This book might have been known to Shakespeare, for his play did not appear till two years later, 1598. It contains only a very short account of the course of the story, and two speeches, wherein first the Jew and then the merchant plead their right before the second judge: for the purpose of this book was only to show examples of practical eloquence, and to explain how the *pro* and *con* is to be found in every case of dispute. It does not appear that Shakespeare has made any use of either of these speeches.

If we now ascend to the sources from which the *Gesta Romanorum* derived the above-mentioned story, we must separate two narratives which are even here connected. These are: first, the lawsuit about the promised pound of flesh and its decision; secondly, the relation of the Knight to the Emperor's daughter, or, in Giovanni, the relation of Gianetto to the lady of Belmonte. Both are independent, and originally unconnected, stories.

I. With regard to the lawsuit for the flesh, the English translator of Gregorio Leti's Life of Pope Sextus V. (Ellis Farnsworth, 1754) has offered a conjecture that an historical event related by Leti may be the foundation of our story.¹ The Italian author gives a precisely similar occurrence, which is said to have happened on the taking of St. Domingo in Hispaniola, by Drake, (which would carry the date to 1585)

from an edition said to be printed in 1598; but Mr. Collier tells me this was a mere printer's oversight for 1596. Skottowe has produced passages to show that this work may have suggested several hints for the conduct of Shylock before the court; but the similarities, though very curious, can scarcely be considered as conclusive. Our author has evidently overlooked them.—ED.

¹ See the editor's note, p. 293. The similarity occasioned much controversy in the periodicals of the time; and in the "Universal Magazine" for December, 1754, is a letter which gives the conflicting opinions of several writers on the subject.—ED.

between the merchant Paul Secchi and the Jew Sampson Ceneda: but here the parties are transposed, and it is the Jew who wagers a pound of his flesh against a thousand crowns if the news of this capture should prove true. But Percy has remarked that the older play already quoted, "The Jew," had been brought on the stage before 1579; consequently, the later incident in Rome could have had no influence upon the already developed fiction. This is the more certain, as we know two much older representations of it in the *Pecorone* and the English *Gesta Romanorum*. If, then, Leti is to be believed, of which Douce has expressed considerable doubts, those two merchants took their hint from the story, and designedly changed the form of the wager.

According to Malone's account, there is found, in a Persian MS. which was in the possession of Thomas Munro, a similar account of a Jew and a Mussulman. Unfortunately, this MS. is defective at the beginning and end; so that its age, which, however, could not be very great, cannot be determined with certainty. The following is an abridged analysis of the story.

In a city in Syria lived a poor Mussulman near a rich Jew. The former begged of his neighbour the loan of one hundred dinars, on condition of a share in the gain. The Mussulman had a beautiful wife, whom the Jew loved; and he consented to the request, because he considered this a favourable opportunity for obtaining his wishes. The Mussulman, however, is required to give him a bond, that he will repay the money within six months, and that if he is only a day over this term, the Jew shall cut a pound of flesh from what part of his body he pleases. The Mussulman sets out on his journey with the borrowed money, and is so successful in his transactions, that, before the expiration of the term fixed upon, he is able to send back the money to the Jew by a trusty messenger. This money, however, falls into the hands of his needy family, who

use it for their subsistence. So, when the Mussulman returns from his journey, the Jew demands the hundred pieces of gold *and* the pound of flesh. The first judge before whom they come decides for the Jew: when the Mussulman objects to this decision, they go before a second, and afterwards a third, which last was the Cadi of Emessa. When the Cadi had heard the complaint, he ordered a sharp knife to be brought. The Mussulman is frightened; but the Cadi now turns to the Jew, and orders him to cut out neither more nor less than a pound of flesh, and that, if he does otherwise, he must pay for it with his life.

This story, a similar one in Gladwin's Persian Moonshee, 13, and a third, also Oriental, in "The British Magazine" for 1800, p. 159, establishes with the English critics (Douce and Dunlop, for example) the opinion that our story must be of Oriental origin. But this conclusion is too hasty; for the East has in many forms received reflex impressions from the West, and has taken back, for the fictions which it lent, a rich return of others transplanted thence. The internal form of the story must decide its origin.

The brothers Grimm have expressed two opinions on the origin of our story, the later of which seems to be at variance with their earlier one. In the edition of "Poor Henry," (Berlin Royal School Book Establishment, 1815) it is said that the Jew, according to the original tale, wished to buy heart's blood, to cure himself of a bad disease which could not be otherwise healed. According to this, our story will connect itself with that of "Poor Henry" and "Blue Beard," with both of which, as we have already seen, it has the whetting of the knife in common. It is known that Poor Henry was to be cured of leprosy by the blood of a pure virgin; but it is less generally known that the brothers Grimm supposed in Blue Beard the purpose to cure himself, by the blood of his wives, of the sickness which caused his blue beard. When, besides, according to the popular belief, the Jews lay in wait

for Christian children, to obtain their blood, whereby one must suppose the purpose to heal themselves with it, this conjecture has much probability; the more so, as we can show that there was, even in Shakespeare's time, the notion of such a use of the purchased flesh. In the ninety-fifth declamation of the book already mentioned, called "The Orator," the Jew adduces in his speech many purposes for which he might possibly want the flesh: among others, he says: "I might also say that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certain malady (leprosy, for example) which is otherwise incurable."¹ But, though it readily occurs to the mind to imagine such an application of the flesh, the foundation of the story must be sought deeper: at most, this by-thought may have had the effect of ascribing to a Jew the desire for Christian flesh, because we most readily imagine in this nation, whatever the truth may be, those evil diseases which spread the leprosy in the East. But just as well may the other cause have operated—namely, the hatred of the Christians attributed to the Jews, with which so horrible a desire after Christian flesh fully agreed. It is not a Jew who makes this agreement either, in all forms of the story. We have seen that in the oldest representation of this tale, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a Christian merchant makes the compact with the Knight.

Another view is found in Jacob Grimm's *German Law Antiquities*, S. 616. It is well known that, according to the Roman law of the twelve tables, the creditor had the right² over the debtor assigned to him (*addictus*), if no payment were made after the lapse of sixty days and a threefold pro-

¹ "Or that I would have it to thereby terrify the Christians for ever abusing the Jews any more hereafter." I quote this for the purpose of remarking that the ground of the "Merchant of Venice" appears to me to be rather *religious animosity* than any particular satire.—Ed.

² A right, however, which does not appear to have been ever put in practice.—Ed.

clamation of the debt, to *kill* him, or to sell him on the other side of the Tiber (*postea de capite addicti pœnas sumito aut si volet uls Tiberim venum dato*). If he was assigned to several creditors, they might cut him to pieces, according to the uncial proportion of their debt, without having, like Shylock, to fear a punishment if they did not accurately observe this proportion. (*Si pluribus addictus sit, partes secanto, si plus minusve secuerint se [sine] fraude esto*. Cf. Niebuhr's Roman History, first edition, ii., 314). This horrible right, thinks Grimm, is met with in old stories, transplanted into the middle ages, but so different therefrom, that they must have arisen from other sources. For instance, because the twelve tables appoint the *sectio corporis* without previous stipulation, and only in the case of several creditors, and declare that the cutting more or less is not punishable, Grimm imagines that he must ascribe an influence upon the formation of the story to the German law, which allowed even to a single creditor the mutilation of the debtor. But the Roman law gave even to a single creditor a right over the life and death of the debtor; consequently, he was allowed also to mutilate him: the German law, which expressly declares this, does not, therefore, in this respect, differ from the Roman. It is natural, also, that the *sectio corporis* in our story should only happen upon an express stipulation; because the old common right, at the time when the story appears, was already forgotten, and therefore the assumption of a special agreement was needful to revive it again in its complete severity. But such an agreement might have been met with, even in the time of the twelve tables. Lastly, if, in the story, the cutting too much or too little is made punishable, it is because here a later and milder law comes into force in opposition to the older and more severe form.

Here we first approach the meaning of the story. It is one of law-history, and represents the triumph of the *œquitas* over the *jus strictum*—in other words, over the essential

content of the whole Roman law-history. This *œquitas*, the milder principle of law, rests here upon the fundamental principle that human blood should not be shed; a respect which the Roman law, allowing to the creditor the mutilation of the debtor, had neglected with unexampled barbarity. The creditor, here the Jew, demands this old, severe justice; and, with an obstinacy peculiar to his nation, "will have his bond." The judge, also, cannot deny severe justice; he must have what the bond promises, but neither more nor less. Here his obstinacy is met by an equal obstinacy: he will allow no *œquitas*, and demands his *jus strictum*; but the judge binds him down to a *jus strictissimum*, and that also in favour of this *œquitas*, which, like every later principle of law, acts in the form of an exception, annihilating the substance of the old law, without formally repealing it. In fact, the old law is observed as to its form, in the permission given to the Jew to cut as much flesh as the bond promises; whilst the exception, "no more and no less," absorbs its whole substance, and decides at once the triumph of equity and the rights of humanity.

Doubtless it will be objected to me that, after all, wrong is done to the old law, inasmuch as the clause expressly mentioned in the twelve tables, *si plus minusve secuerint, se fraude esto*, is disregarded by the Prætor when he gives the defendant the benefit of such an exception. But the Prætor might avoid this clause, if, instead of the exception, no more and no less, he had given that which stands first in Shakespeare and alone in the *Gesta*, without shedding blood. The story did not take that clause of the twelve tables into the bond given to the Jew, which represents the strict law, but placed both principles in their universality one against the other: for, in truth, that clause was not in accordance with the spirit of severe justice which ought rather to have confined each creditor strictly to the uncial proportion of his debt. This clause was added to the law only for the sake of making it practi-

cable. Whoever is in any degree familiar with the Roman law must confess that the story represents very sufficiently the march of development of the Roman law, from the opposition of the more severe and the milder principle to a single event. That this event is connected with the right of compulsory servitude is not without meaning, as no ordinance of the twelve tables is more revolting and inhuman than this; and for this reason it was adapted to represent abstract severe justice in the story.

On account of this relation to the Roman law-history, which the internal form of the story makes known, we can neither, with the English, believe in an Oriental origin, nor, with Grimm, recognise in it a native German story. In the German law, the old, severe justice was not preserved even formally, but had been superseded by another *jus strictum*. The judge, therefore, would not have said, "Cut, but beware of spilling any blood;" but, "The bond is invalid; cut not, on pain of thy life." Yet in these words of the Roman Prætor lies the whole sense and spirit of the story.

We cannot either allow the fact upon which Grimm rests, that the story first took its rise in Germany and Lombardy. The *Gesta Romanorum*, in which it first appears, belong to Southern France, where, as Grimm himself confesses, (Popular Stories, iii., 371) and Douce doubts without sufficient reason, it was composed by Bercheur de Poitou. Grimm certainly remarks (Law Antiquities, S. 616, Note) that the Latin text does not contain this story, but it is well known that the editions, as well as the manuscripts, differ much one from the other; and, as the story is found in the German and English translations, it may probably have been in the Latin original. Lessing asserts this in the second letter to Eschenburg already mentioned; and Tyrwhitt has made use of an old Latin manuscript, (MSS. Harl., 2270) which he praises as the most perfect which he has ever seen, in which

the forty-eighth chapter contains this story, out of which he quotes several passages *verbatim*.¹ Even the copy which Douce made use of in his dissertation on the *Gesta Romanorum*, must have contained the story (compare Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii., 385, i., 281). It is true, this chapter may have been translated from the German, and may be an addition of a later German translator of the collection; but what proof is there that this German text again was not founded upon a Latin original?²

Our opinion that the story contains an old law anecdote, and that one full of the most meaning and incident that can exist, is supported by the form of the fable in the old *Meistergesang* of Kaiser Karls Recht, printed at Bamberg in 1493, the contents of which are thus given in the "Old German Museum," ii., 279-283:—

"A rich merchant left his whole possession to his son, which he squandered in the first year. He then borrows a thousand guilders of a Jew, to try his fortune abroad. The condition is the one already known. He returns with great gain, but does not find the Jew at home, and so overstays the time; at least, the Jew maintains that he has not fulfilled the contract, because the time has elapsed. They conclude to travel to the Emperor Charles, (this must be Charles the Great) that he may decide the dispute. On the road, the merchant falls asleep on his horse, and runs over and kills a child who was in his way. The child's father proclaims him for a murderer, and follows him, to make good his accusation to the Emperor's court. Here the merchant is taken into custody, but by a new misfortune falls out of the window,

¹ I have given these, with extracts from another manuscript, in a note at the end of this chapter.—ED.

² Douce was inclined to derive the process for the pound of flesh from the twelve tables, if it had not occurred in Oriental sources (i., 290). Besides, we find in Douce a long list of places in which this suit is mentioned (p. 279).

and kills an old Knight who was sitting below upon a bench. The son of this Knight now comes forward as plaintiff against the merchant, so that the Emperor has three causes to decide. The dispute with the Jew is settled in the well known manner; the claim as to the child he decides in a less satisfactory way. 'Send him to thy wife, that he may beget thee another child.' — 'Nay,' said the man, 'I will rather say nothing more of my loss.' He advises the son of the old Knight, as the most satisfactory manner of avenging his father, to go up into the chamber, have the merchant placed upon the bench, and the young man may then fall upon him and kill him. But the young Knight fears he may fall beside him, and so gives up his claim to vengeance."

Here also are introduced some law anecdotes, very inferior in depth, however, to the one in question. The last of them is a jest still current among the people against the *Jus Talionis*, which is met with also in *Bidermann's Utopia*, Dillingæ, 1691, p. 310.

II. The other part of the story of Giovanni, and of that of the *Gesta Romanorum*, the courtship of the Emperor's daughter, or of the lady of Belmonte,¹ reminds us most im-

¹ Warton has referred to the ancient romance of Barlaam and Josaphat as the remote but original source of Shakespeare's caskets. According to the Greek original, which has not been printed, "the King commanded four chests to be made, two of which were covered with gold, and secured by golden locks, but filled with the rotten bones of human carcasses. The other two were overlaid with pitch, and bound with rough cords, but replenished with precious stones and the most exquisite gems, and with ointments of the richest odour. He called his nobles together, and, placing these chests before them, asked which they thought the most valuable. They pronounced those with the golden coverings to be the most precious, supposing they were made to contain the crowns and girdles of the King. The two chests covered with pitch they viewed with contempt. Then said the King, 'I presumed what would be your determination; for ye look with the eyes of sense. But to discern baseness or value, which are hid within, we must look with the eyes of the

mediately of the German Brunhild, who chooses to be wooed in the same manner; but it still more reminds us of many German and Italian popular stories, where costly jewels are given for permission to pass one night only in the chamber of the beloved object, and every time a sleeping potion frustrates the lover's purpose, until at last he receives advice to pour out the drink secretly (compare Grimm's *Hausmärchen*, ii., 88, iii., 159).

In the story of the *Gesta Romanorum*, this is wrought by no sleeping potion, but by a magic writing which the maiden has laid under the pillow, and which the Knight must draw out and throw from him, in order to remain awake. Probably it was originally sleeping-Runes cut in a tablèt or staff which wrought this enchantment. Such Runes laid under the pillow often occur; for example, in the *Egilssage* (compare Legis, Mines of the North, i., 17). In *Tristan*, it is the pillow itself which puts the good Kaedin to sleep, when he is with the beautiful Kamele. (Heinrich's Continuation, verss. 4910-20; Ulrich's Continuation, v., 1690-9.) That the first coy, nay, cruel King's daughter, after the condition is fulfilled, and the marriage accomplished, changes her feeling, and loves her husband, is entirely with the story, and is of the deepest meaning. It is an excellent addition that it should be she, who by undertaking the judge's office, frees her husband and his friend from the obligations which they had undertaken on her account.

This story, moreover, occurs by itself in the tale of Abdallah, the son of Hanif, which Sandisson translated into French from an Arabic manuscript which he professed to have found in Batavia, and from which there is an extract in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, Jan., 1778, A., p. 104. The

mind.' He then ordered the golden chests to be opened, which exhaled an intolerable stench, and filled the beholders with horror." Compare also a copy of the Latin *Gesta* in MS. Harl., 2270, and the other manuscripts cited by Warton.—ED.

princess is here bound by the will of her aunt, who left her her kingdom and crown, to subject her lover to such a test. This, however, is foreign to the connexion of the story: but the native prudery of the maiden makes this condition, and discovers the artifice of the sleeping potion, or magical writing; and only when this is overcome does "the virgin's mind change, so that she becomes wholly kind towards him," &c. But if, in Shakespeare, Portia is obliged, by the will of her father, to subject her suitors to the trial of the coffers, still we must not object to the incident; for here he has changed the condition of the story for a totally different one, the purpose of which was not to deceive the suitors of the coy maiden, but to find out the most worthy husband for her.

The story from which he borrowed the trial by the three coffers is doubtlessly the second here given, which is found only in the English *Gesta Romanorum*.¹ Our third (Dec. x., 1) had long passed for Shakespeare's source, but they are both related, and return in many forms. That the third also was known to Shakespeare is probable, as Valentine Schmidt has remarked, (Beitrage, S. 101) from a passage in "As You Like It;" for here is clearly an allusion to the words which Ruggieri addressed to his horse, when he added water to the water. We refer our readers especially to the comparison instituted by the learned author, in the passage already mentioned, between the stories relating to this incident; only subjoining, in respect to the story of Boccaccio, that it appears to have been a common subterfuge of penurious masters in the middle ages, that the ill fortune of the servant was to blame, not the illiberality of the court, if he carried away no gift therefrom. Walther von der Vogelweide expresses his

¹ It seems strange that M. Simrock should not have referred to the curious tale of the caskets in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, which, though clearly not the original Shakespeare has followed, bears a great similarity to the incident in the play. I think, however, it is nearly the same tale we find in Boccaccio.—ED.

indignation on this subject (*Lachmann*, 70, 13):—"One speech shalt thou take heed of making. I mention this for my esteem of thee; for even if thou saidst it, I must hate it, as the niggards say when one asks his wages—'had he good luck, I would do him good.' They are themselves unhappy who speak thus, for they would not do as they say."

To give force to this pretence (had he good luck, I would do him good), the King, in Boccaccio, makes the trial of the two coffers: he succeeds in showing that fortune does not wish well to the Knight, as she suffers him to miss the one which is filled with gold: but afterwards he amends the fortune of the Knight by his kindness, in order to give a positive proof of his liberality. In *Lehman's Chronicle of Spire* (S. 788), the same story is told of a servant at the court of the Emperor Sigismund. Here, however, the Emperor does not undertake to amend the acts of fortune, but contents himself with having shown that his servant was wanting in good fortune, not himself in liberality. (Compare *Gräturs Bragur*, vol. v., pt. 2, 50.) In *Straparola*, xii., 5, is the same story of Sixtus V., with a new conclusion.

This idea enters in a very remarkable manner into an Oriental story of friendship. (Compare "Thousand and One Days," vol. iv., 184-6.) Of two friends who have mutually made for one another the greatest sacrifices which friendship can suggest, one is obliged to flee from his country, and comes to the court of the other, who is the King of Mosul. Here he hopes to find a sure asylum; but, to his great astonishment, he is refused admittance, and sent away with two hundred gold sequins, which he is to spend in trade, and he is not to return for six months. At the expiration of this period, he returns, and has only a hundred and fifty sequins remaining. When he now returns to his friend's court, and relates, at his request, what has happened to him, he is again refused admittance, and receives only fifty sequins, with the order to return again after another six months. When these

have passed, he has gained nearly a hundred sequins: he returns to the court; and now the King receives him affectionately, and excuses his former conduct with these words—"Thou knowest that misfortune is infectious. I had heard of thy misfortune, and dared not give thee a refuge, nor even see thee, for fear thy misfortune might impart itself to me, *and put me out of condition to do thee good when thy ill fortune had ceased.* Now that misfortune has departed from thee, nothing hinders me from following the impulse of friendship." And of this friendship he now gives him the most undoubted proof, by sacrificing to him his love. Hence, it clearly appears that the former dismissal during his misfortune was meant only for his friendly advantage. This idea of the infectious power of misfortune, which also moved the guest of the too happy Polycrates to give up his friendship, may very possibly lie in the background of our story, and may not unfrequently have served penurious masters as an excuse for their avarice.

[*Note by the Editor.*]

Tyrwhitt's notices of the tales in the Latin *Gesta*, referred to in the preceding pages are so necessary to the proper understanding of the argument, that the reader will not be displeased to have the opportunity of perusing them. The first tale, *Of the Bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of MS. Harl., 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his flesh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge, the *knight's mistress*, disguised, *in forma viri et vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the Judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c., to all which his answer is—"Conventionem meam volo habere.—Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium super his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per literam nisi quod mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, *sine sanguinis effusione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam et omnem actionem ei

remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum, abscessit; et sic vita militis salvata est, et nullum denarium dedit.” The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A King of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an Emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose) she is brought before the Emperor; who says to her, “Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro purissimo* et lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, et plenum *ossibus mortuorum*: et exterius erat subscriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit*. SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento puro* et gemmis pretiosis, plenum *terra*; et exterius erat subscriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit*. TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretiosis exterius et gemmis nobilissimis*; et exterius erat subscriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod Deus disposuit*. Ista tria ostendit puellæ, et dixit, Si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum, et proficuum est, filium meum habebis. Si vero eligeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis.” The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chooses the *lead*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the Emperor says: “Bona puella, bene elegisti—ideo filium meum habebis.”

The bond story is found in a variety of forms, and Mr. Wright discovered the following very curious version of it in MS. Harl., 7322, a manuscript of the early part of the fourteenth century, *written in England*, a collection of Latin stories for preachers. The scene of the tale is laid in Denmark:—“In Dacia erat quidam homo habens duos filios, quorum senior est maliciosus et parcus, junior autem non tantum liberalis sed prodigus. Cum autem junior hospitalitati omnia quæ habuit expendisset, accidit ut duos homines peterent ab eo hospitium. Ille autem, quanquam nihil haberet unde honeste eos reciperet, propter tamen verecundiam eos recepit. Cum autem nihil haberet unde cibaria eis pararet præter unam vaccam, eam occidit. Deficiente igitur pane et potu, fratrem seniore adivit, subsidium ab eo requirens; qui respondit se sibi nihil penitus daturum, nisi emeret. Contestante autem juniore se nihil habere, respondit senior, ‘Immo,’ inquit, ‘carnem tuam habes, vende mihi ad latitudinem manus meæ de carne tua in quibus et in quadruplum ubicunque voluero recipere.’ Junior parvipendens pepigit cum eo, testibus adhibitis. Modus autem et istius patriæ est sic vel alibi sub quavis falsitate

scripti vel chirographi ita nisi sub teste licet emere vel vendere. Recedentibus igitur hospitibus et consumptis cibariis, pactum poposcit senior frater. Negat junior, et adductus est coram rege, et sententiatus coram juniore ut ad locum suppliciorum deducatur, et accipiat senior tantum de carne quantum pactum est vel in capite vel circa cor. Misertus autem sui populus eo quod liberalis erat, nunciaverunt filio regis quæ et quare hæc facta fuerant, qui statim misericordia motus, induit se, et palefridum ascendens secutus est miserum illum sic dampnatum; et cum venisset ad locum supplicii, videns eum populus qui ad spectaculum confluxerant, cessit sibi. Et alloquens filius regis fratrem illum seniore crudelem, et dixit ei: 'Quid juris habes in isto?' Respondit: 'Sic,' inquit, 'pacti sumus, ut pro cibariis tantundem de carne sua mihi daret, et condemnatus est ad solutionem per patrem tuum regem.' Cui filius regis, 'Nihil,' inquit, 'aliud petis nisi carnem?' Respondit, 'Nihil.' Cui filius, 'Ergo sanguis suus in carne sua est;' et ait filius isti condemnato, 'Da mihi sanguinem tuum,' et statim pepigerunt, insuper fecit sibi condemnatus homagium. Tunc dixit filius regis fratri seniori, 'Modo cape ubicunque volueris carnem tuam; sed si sanguis meus est, si ex eo minimam guttam effunderis, morieris.' Quo viso, recessit senior confusus, et liberatus est junior per regem."

VI. CYMBELINE.

It is not certain whether the novel of Boccaccio (Dec. ii., 9) is the immediate or only the remote source of our play. Grimm (*Altdeutsche Wälder* i., 27) expressly denies it. Meanwhile, no story has yet been found which has more traits in common with our author's "Cymbeline." Though Benda gives as Shakespeare's undoubted original the second story in the work entitled "Westward for Smelts," which appeared at London in 1603,¹ and which story he has translated *verbatim* in the remarks to this play, yet this assertion is quite ungrounded. The greater number of the English critics decide for our story; and even Malone remarked that far more circumstances agree with Shakespeare here than in that story, which besides is nothing but a direct imitation of Boccaccio's story, adapted to English manners. With this Dunlop agrees, ii., 255 *et seq.* It mentions nothing of the chest whereby the traitor contrives to introduce himself by night into the chamber of the faithful wife—nothing of the pictures in it—nothing of the mole on her bosom—instead of this decisive token, a crucifix is represented as sufficing to convince the credulous husband of his wife's guilt. This defect is not counter-

¹ This date is given solely on the authority of Steevens, but Mr. Collier is of opinion that it was first published in 1620, being entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in that year. Mr. Collier says the only copy known of the edition of 1620 is preserved in the Capell collection, but I have recently purchased a fine copy of the work, which certainly has no indication of having been a republication. A curious woodcut of a barge occurs on the title-page. I am inclined to believe Steevens' assertion, because he refers to the entry in the Stationers' Register as containing information not found in the edition he used.—Ed.

balanced by other traits which are wanting in Boccaccio,¹ and which might show that Shakespeare had known only this form of the story. Probably the tragedy was written before the publication of the story; for though Malone conjectures the former was composed in the year 1605, because the stories of *Lear* and *Cymbeline* stand near each other in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, yet Benda remarks, very justly, how insufficient this datum is to determine the age of the piece: but he is not more successful himself, when he maintains with confidence that the piece was not composed before 1603, because the story first came out in that year. Tieck assumes that this piece is a work of the poet's youth, resumed in his after-life.

That no English translation of this play can be produced of Shakespeare's age is no decisive proof whether our supposition be allowed that Shakespeare could read it in the original; or we suppose, with the English, that the translations have been lost.² The Italian names, *Philario*, *Pisanio*, and *Iachimo*, would imply a borrowing from an Italian source; though the episode of the stolen sons of the King, *Guiderius* and

¹ The tale in the *Decameron* is unquestionably, in some measure, the source of Shakespeare's play, but it had probably been translated into English in other forms besides that contained in the "*Westward for Smelts*." One translation of the story was published as early as 1518, under the title of "*Frederyke of Gennen*," a copy of which was in Captain Cox's library. I have seen only a fragment of this tract; and should feel much obliged if any reader would refer me to the existence of a complete copy.—ED.

² Two similarities are mentioned by Mr. Collier between an early French miracle-play and the play of "*Cymbeline*." In the former, the seducer boasts that, if he could speak to the lady twice, he would conquer her virtue. This boast also occurs in Shakespeare's play; but it seems to me a natural coincidence, and similar to what would be placed in the mouth of any libertine. The second similarity is in the seducer assaulting the virtue of the lady by pretending that her husband had set her the example of infidelity. This incident is also much too universal to be considered in this case as any remarkable coincidence.—ED.

Arviragus, and a great part of the fate of Leonatus Posthumus, give ground for the supposition that Shakespeare had previously met with another story, and amalgamated it with this. Perhaps this union of the fate of Imogen with the old British popular story, as told by Holinshed, and before him by Geoffrey of Monmouth and others, had already taken place in a popular story then current, and of which Shakespeare made use. This would remove the reproach, on which English critics lay so much stress, that Shakespeare has peopled ancient Rome with modern Italians: for if he found those Italian names already existing in a popular romance, he could not change them for others without prejudice to the popularity of his piece. Douce, (*Illustrations*, ii., 199) imagines that he finds in the romance of Xenophon Ephesius, "Abrocamas and Anthia," which he also considers as the earliest source of "Romeo and Juliet," two incidents which also occur in "Cymbeline." The first is as follows:—When Anthia has become the slave of Mantos and her husband, the latter becomes enamoured of her; the jealous Manto, discovering this, orders a trusty servant to take Anthia into the wood, and put her to death. The servant, however, like the servant in Boccaccio, and Pisanio, in Shakespeare, pities the unfortunate Anthia, and spares her life. This incident, which occurs perpetually in stories of all times and of all nations, proves nothing, especially as it is found in Boccaccio in much nearer connexion with the fortune of Imogen. The other incident is that of the sleeping potion, which Imogen drinks like Anthia and Julia, after taking which she is judged dead by Arviragus and Guiderius, and then awakes to enter into the service of the Roman General. It is not to be denied here that the sleeping potion has more analogy in its operation with "Cymbeline" than with "Romeo and Juliet," and therefore it is very possible that, in the popular relation which we have already supposed Shakespeare to have made use of, the romance of Xenophon may have been incorporated with the

story of Boccaccio, if, indeed, Shakespeare himself did not undertake this incorporation.¹

In the story of Cymbeline and his two sons, related by Geoffrey of Monmouth, there are but few incidents to remind us of Shakespeare. "When Cymbeline had ruled ten years over the Britons, he begat two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus: to the first of these he left the kingdom at his death. He refused the Romans their tribute, whereupon Claudius landed with an army, and besieged Porchester. With him was a man named Levis Hamo, on whose counsel he relied in matters of war. When it came to a contest, Guiderius performed prodigies of valour, and Claudius was flying to the ships, when the cunning Hamo threw his arms from him, clothed and armed himself as a Briton, and so fought against the Romans. He encourages the Britons to follow the enemy, and gain a full victory; for he had learned their language and manners, having grown up among the British hostages at Rome. In this manner he drew near to King Guiderius, who suspected no treachery, and slew him unawares with a stroke of the sword. He then fled again to the Romans. When Arviragus saw his brother slain, he put on his armour, and led the Britons against the Romans, as if he were Guiderius himself." Thus, in Shakespeare, Leonatus Posthumus twice changes his armour: once to fight with the Britons, when he had come with the Romans; the second time to be taken captive by the Britons as a Roman. But it is exactly his fortunes which give most foundation for the suspicion that a popular form of the story lay between Geoffrey of Monmouth's account and Shakespeare's representation.²

¹ This is, I think, most unlikely. If the Greek romance had any influence at all on the story employed by Shakespeare, it can at best be supposed to be a very remote original.—ED.

² Even the name of Imogen occurs in Holinshed and Geoffrey of Monmouth; not, however, in the story of Cymbeline and his son, but at the beginning of the Chronicle, in the history of Brutus and Locrine.

Meanwhile, it is certain that the story of Cassibelan, which is given in the *Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans*, 1781, (Janv. A., p. 21) without any note of the source, has been in no way used by Shakespeare; for, although this agrees with his representation even to the minutest points, this agreement is far too close to allow us to deny that the composer has rather drawn from Shakespeare. In some notes subjoined to this story, even the English commentary on Shakespeare is made use of; for example, p. 64, where the passage quoted from Erasmus is borrowed from a note of Warburton. We cannot, therefore, doubt that the editors of the *Bibliothèque* have copied Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," and, contrary to their usual custom, have omitted to mention the source whence it was taken, to conceal the departure from the plan of their work, which was only to contain extracts from romances,¹ not from plays.

The story of Boccaccio has probably taken its rise from a Latin original, which is most likely that of the German folk-book, which appeared first without date or place, under the title, *Ein leipliche history und Warheit von vier Kaufmendern* (a pleasant history and truth of four merchants); and was afterwards printed at Nuremburg, under the title, *Ain lipliche historie von fier Kaufleuten*. In Sweden and Denmark this book is still popular; in Germany it has gone out of use, but has been lately replaced by an entirely modern work, which has arisen out of Boccaccio's novel. It bears the title of "The beautiful Caroline a Captain of Hussars, or the magnanimous merchant's wife," 8vo., 1826. Upon the earlier work, compare Grimm, *Altdeutsche Wälder*, i., 68.

¹ Mr. Collier, in his *Shakespeare's Library*, gives an account of two old French romances, which contain the incident of the wager. In one of these, a secret hole in the wall of the room where the lady takes a bath enables the man to discover a peculiar mark on her body; in the other, tokens are stolen by a perfidious attendant. These tales prove the popularity of this incident, but only remotely illustrate Shakespeare's plot.—ED.

Augustus von Schlegel gives as the idea of "All's Well that Ends Well," that female truth and submission conquer the misuse of male superiority. Thus expressed, the same thought is the foundation also of the present play, and of several others of Shakespeare's; among these we place King Lear, The Winter's Tale, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Much Ado about Nothing, Pericles of Tyre, and Othello: though, in the last, the triumph of pure womanhood takes a tragic turn. In "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare scarcely found this idea ready to his hand; but, by the alterations already noticed, he contrived to draw his material into the same circle, and even to duplicate the principle in Isabella and Mariana. In "The London Prodigal," falsely attributed to Shakespeare, it is the wonderful fidelity of the woman which reforms the villain of the piece. We should never finish our task, if we were to enumerate all the fictions on this subject; we therefore confine ourselves to the most important. Schlegel has already quoted, in illustration, the story of Griselda, which, under the name of "The Margrave Walther," has become a popular German story: but we may as justly reckon among the number those of Lucretia, in Livy; of Bertha with the broad foot, the wife of Pipin (compare Valentine Schmidt, on the Italian heroic poems, 1-42, and Grimm, "Old German Forests," iii., 43); of Hildegard, the wife of Charles the Great, (Schreiber's "Tales of the Rhine," 63) which agrees in almost every point with that of Crescentia (*Kolosza Codex*, edited by Count Mailath, Pest. 1817, 241). The two last stories are merely the Oriental tale of the Cadi and his wife, "Arabian Nights," ii., 243 *et seq.* Even the confession is found here, but not the leprosy. (Compare chap. ci. of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, according to the extract in Douce, Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii., 416.) The popular tales of Hirlanda, Helena, and Kaisar Octavian, again belong to this cycle; and these are connected, as well with one another, as the last mentioned is with the French tale of Valentine and

Orson. To these we must add the stories of Genofeva and Siegfried, connected with the tale of Siegfried's birth, as told in the *Wilkinasage*; and finally, the new popular book of *Itha von Toggenburg*, whose fortunes are related in the last volume of the German "Thousand and One Nights," 168. The romance of Sir Galmy in the "Book of Love," of which an abridged popular form has been preserved, forms the connexion between these and Fridolin. Still later comes *Küthchen von Heilbronn*, which is closely connected with *Giletta di Narbonne*, and with an English ballad in which the dream under the elder tree heard by the Knight occurs, which has given so much pleasure on our stage. The Scottish ballad of Child Waters is more similar to Griselda. The *Roman de la Violette*, the origin of Spohr's *Euryanthe*, stands between our tale and that of Crescentia. Finally, the old German heroic poem of Chautrun, and the Indian tales of Damajanti and of Sacontala, have the same tendency.

In this great family of stories, a narrower cycle is formed by those which, like our tale, begin with a husband who is at first well disposed, and convinced of the virtue of his wife, and who wagers with a calumniator of the whole sex that the latter shall not be able to triumph over the lady's virtue. This introduction has decided advantages; for, besides that it at once establishes the theme in question, it also serves greatly to the development of the principal idea, when the husband, at first so confident that he can venture his whole fortune upon his wife's virtue, is yet not found sufficiently firm in his belief and confidence, inasmuch as he suffers himself to be deceived by proofs and tokens surreptitiously obtained, and to be hurried into barbarities which terminate in introducing the triumph of feminine fidelity and patience. The apparent victory gained for a while by the unworthy opinion of the sex only serves at last to show the purity and exalted nature of women in brighter colours, in which even the best husband has shown too little confidence.

This may be the reason why this introduction is such a favourite, though it occurs sometimes in tales where it can have no effect, the story taking another turn. Among this number is the favourite ballad—

“There sat two companions,” &c.,

in which the divulging of the secrets of love is avenged immediately upon the person who betrays them; for his love, who has listened to the companions, shuts the door upon him, and sends him away with the well known words—“Go whence thou camest, and bind thy horse on a green bough.” Compare *Cento novelle Antiche*, nov. 61.

If we compare this with our story, it appears censurable, in the first instance, that Bernabo should so much as speak of the charms of his wife before those licentious strange merchants; and, in fact, his loquacity may be considered as the origin of all his succeeding misfortunes.

The story of Lucretia also begins with a similar wager, though Livy has left it in doubt whether it referred to the lady's excellence generally, or only to that of her chastity. Here, indeed, Tarquinius Sextus breaks the conditions of the wager, inasmuch as he gains by force what Ambrogivolo's cunning pretends to have obtained; but the shaming of the husband for his wavering faith does not occur. On the other hand, the death of Lucretia, in reference to Collatinus, may be considered as a punishment of his vainglory, or of his guilt in having so much as questioned the virtue of his wife.

The story takes another turn in the Middle High German poem of the two merchants, (reprinted in “The Old German Forests,” i., 35-66) the contents of which we give in an abridged form, as it refers not only to our story, but to Boccaccio's *Gilletta di Narbonne*, and to the alterations which Shakespeare has made in “Measure for Measure,” in the material which he borrowed from Cinthio.

In Verdun, in France, lived two merchants, who were intimate friends, named Gilot and Gillam; one of whom was

rich, and the other poor. The rich man had a daughter named Irmengart; the poor man a son called Bertram. Friendship moves Gilot to give his daughter in marriage to the son of his poor friend. When the wedding has been solemnized, and the bride taken home, Bertram is compelled by urgent business to go to the annual fair at Provins. Taking a tender leave of his young wife, he arrives safely at Provins, where he takes up his quarters at the best inn. At table he meets with many merchants, who, in the course of conversation, speak of their wives at home. One pretends that he is sure his wife is a devil, and no woman; and no one should come too near her. The other, on the contrary, praises his as kind and compassionate, and one given to taking pity on her neighbours; whereby it comes to pass that he has two bastards to support. The third has a wife who "drinks till her tongue stumbles," &c. The host then challenges Bertram to give an account of his wife, and he praises her as the flower of all women. The host, however, offers to wager with him, that within a short time he will go to bed with her. Bertram accepts the challenge, and both stake all their possessions on the wager. Bertram now sends word to his wife that he is going to Venice, and will not return very shortly; and the host betakes himself to Verdun, and takes lodgings opposite the house of Irmengart. He seeks to seduce her, first by greetings, then by presents, then by bribing messengers, and at last by great offers. Finally, when he proffers her a thousand marks for one night, all the people in the house persuade her not to lose such a sum. She seeks protection with her nearest relatives, with her parents, and those of her husband; but even these, blinded by the gold, command her to accept the offer, and threaten her with the anger of her husband, when he returns and hears that he has lost such a sum for a whim of hers. Irmengart, at these counsels and threats, falls into the utmost despair. In this distress, she turns to God, who pities her goodness, and sends

her good counsel. In accordance with this, she sends word to Hogier (for this was the host's name) that she is ready to do his will; that he must send the money, and come to her secretly in the night; but she changes clothes with her maid Amelin, whom she puts off in her stead upon Hogier. When the night is past, and Hogier wishes to depart, he asks for a token; but this being refused, he cuts off a finger of Amelin, whom he takes for Irmengart, and takes it with him. Bertram, however, will not be convinced of his wife's dishonesty, and both travel back to Verdun, where Hogier promises to show the proof that he has won his wager. When they arrive there, Bertram prepares a great feast, and invites all his relatives to it. Irmengart remarks his grief, and asks the cause: he confides to her the story of the wager, when she comforts him, and says—"His arts shall avail him nothing; all he has is ours." When the feast is over, Hogier relates the story to the assembled guests, and maintains that he has won the wager, showing as proof the cut finger. Irmengart now confesses her fault, but excuses herself by saying that all her relatives had counselled her to earn the money. When she has shamed them by this, she shows both hands, on which there is no finger wanting, and at the same time comes Amelin, and complains of her misfortune. Hogier now confesses that he has lost both the wager and his fortune; but Amelin is given him to wife, with a dowry of a hundred marks. At the conclusion of the piece, the author gives his name, Ruprecht von Würzburg.

A modern Greek ballad in Bartholdy's "Fragments for the Knowledge of Greece," (Berlin, 1805, 430-440, reprinted in the "Old German Forests," ii., 181) tells the same story; but here the brother lays a wager with the King on the chastity of his sister; and the King, in conclusion, is claimed by the sister as her servant:—

"So open now your eyes and see, both lords and lowly born,
My fingers are in number full, my head is all unshorn:

As with my servant he hath lain, therefore is he my knave;
So fill thy wallet and go out, as doth beseem a slave!
Fetch water from the well for us, so much as we require,
And on thine ass from yonder wood fetch fuel for our fire."

Finally, the often-mentioned old Welsh story of Taliesin ("Old German Forests," i., 70) contains the same fundamental features. It will readily be remarked, that in the old German poem, the wager brings no shame to the bridegroom; for he does not wholly deny his confidence in the chastity of his wife; instead of this, the parents and relatives are put to shame, who have counselled Irmengart to earn the gold; so that here also the story sets the main idea in the clearest light, by the contrast between the greedy relatives and the high feeling of the woman. This, however, does not happen immediately through the bet, which, therefore, is not so intimately connected with the story as in Boccaccio's relation. For this reason, we prefer the latter.

The connexion, moreover, with *Giletta di Narbonne* is shown even in the names. The father of Irmengart is called Gilot, her father-in-law Gillam; neither of them differing much from Giletta. Her husband is called Bertram; the husband of Giletta is Beltram, which is the same name. On the other side, Bernabo, Ginevra's husband, as Grimm has already remarked, reminds us also of Bertram; and Ambrogio of the Ambrosius of the German popular tale. This interchange can only be explained by the relationship of the two stories. The former story does not confine itself closely to the common idea; but this idea develops itself in both cases in the same manner; the deceit by the substitution of a false bride is common to the two stories. In Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," the substitution of Mariana for Isabella, if we look at the relation of the latter to Angelo, is like that of Amelin for Irmengart, in the old German poem; but if we look at the relation of Angelo to Mariana, to whom

he has promised marriage, it is the change of Giletta di Narbonne against the gentlewoman's daughter.

In conclusion, we should mention the *novella* of Bandello, i., 21, which commences also with the same wager, but afterwards takes quite another turn. The lady entices both the false lovers who have wagered with her husband into a tower, and obliges one to spin and the other to wind thread, if they do not wish to perish. The husband has a magic glass, which informs him from a distance of his wife's behaviour. Connected with this is a story in the German *Gesta Romanorum*, where the husband's shirt remains white so long as his wife keeps her faith to him. The rest of the story is very similar to Bandello. This latter has also furnished Massinger with material for his drama, "The Picture." Compare Valentine Schmidt's contributions to the History of Romantic Poetry, 14, where also are given the later modifications of Boccaccio's story.¹

¹ Daubing with honey, and exposing to the wasps and flies in a burning sun, is an old punishment. Compare Grimm's German Legal Antiquities. The passage there quoted should also be mentioned (Apuleius, *Asinus Aureus*, lib. viii., p. 180, ed. Bipont). The incident here referred to concludes the tale in the Decameron.

VIL THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

The first sketch of this play appeared in 1602,¹ soon after the poet remodelled it into the form in which we now possess it. If Malone's conjecture be correct, that this had been done in 1603, though it was not printed in the new form till 1623, then Shakespeare cannot have made use of the first story in "Westward for Smelts," which did not appear till 1603. We are sorry that we have been unable to procure this book. It might have given us information on the witch of Brentford, of which, it is said, the first story treats.

The English illustrators of Shakespeare assume that he obtained his materials from the following pieces:—

1. The Two Lovers of Pisa, in "Tarleton's News out of Purgatory," 1590. This has been reprinted in the edition of Johnson and Steevens, and is evidently taken from the story of The Ring, in Straparola.

2. The first story in "The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers." Steevens, it is true, had seen no earlier edition of this work than that of 1632, in 4to; but Malone asserts that the stories which it contains had already been published in Shakespeare's time. This story is, as the extract in Malone shows, only an imitation of the story of Giovanni.

¹ Reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, 1842. At the end of that reprint, I have given a collection of the tales on which this play has been supposed to be founded, including the story from "Westward for Smelts," which gives no information of the kind supposed by M. Simrock.—ED.

Steevens has already remarked, that stories i., 2, of Giovanni, and iv., 4, in the *Notti Piacevoli* of Straparola, bear a great resemblance to Shakespeare's comedy. Both, without doubt, treat of the same incident; and, indeed, it seems clear that Straparola, whose *novellino* appeared for the first time at Venice in 1550, must have borrowed from the *Pecorone*, which is a much older work.

Our second story¹ then shows the passage between Shakespeare's representation and that of the other novels; for in this the three women play only one trick with the student, as Shakespeare's merry wives do with Falstaff; whilst in the other stories, and in the English tales derived from them, it is rather the husbands who are bandied about. Filenio also makes propositions of love to all the three ladies, which they confide one to another, and resolve to avenge themselves upon him, just as Falstaff sends the same love-letter to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, for which they conspire against him.

It would not have been sufficient, however, to give this second story only, inasmuch as Shakespeare borrowed from the two others the relation of Falstaff to Ford, who, in his disguise as Brooke, learns from Falstaff all that has happened to the latter with his wife—a feature of the story which evidently has its origin in the first and third of our stories.²

The history of the minstrel and the dealer in herbs, in the story translated by Dr. Maximilian Habicht, from an oriental MS., (*Arabian Nights*, Breslau, 1827, xiv., 18) is either the source of Giovanni and Straparola, or the Arabic tale has

¹ The author here alludes to the tale of Straparola. The points of resemblance with Shakespeare's plot are neither numerous nor striking, chiefly consisting in the plurality of lovers, and the ladies communicating to each other the addresses of the same gallant.—ED.

² Referring here to the tale of Giovanni Fiorentino, and the second story from Straparola.—ED.

been taken from one of our stories. The resemblance of both is striking, only that in the Arabic story the introduction appears to be disfigured; viz., that the herbseller advises the musician to go through the streets of the city, and to give himself out as a singer where he smells the smell of medicinal roots and drinks. The musician follows this counsel, and is taken in and entertained by the wife of the herb-dealer himself. The rest is like our story. It is much better in Giovanni, where the Professor gives the Student instruction in the art of love, and the latter meets with the Professor's wife.

Molière also has made use of one of these tales, in his *École des Femmes*, as well as in his *École des Maris*, as has often been remarked by Frenchmen. (Vide Eschenburg's translation, Zurich, 1789, 561. Compare, too, Valentine Schmidt's Contributions, 22, who considers Boccaccio's story, iii., 3, as Molière's original.) Therewith agrees also the *Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans*, Jun. 1777, p. 160. Besides, Lafontaine's *Maître en droit* is borrowed from our first story, and a comedy of the same substance and title has given great satisfaction on the French stage. (*Bib. des Romans*, Sept., 1777, p. 99.) In conclusion, we must notice the thirtieth story of Masuccio Salernitano, which comes even nearer to Boccaccio's. Compare Dunlop, ii., 371, who also derives an adventure in Gil Blas from our first story.

In our second tale, the revenge which the Student takes upon the ladies is the common property of almost all the Italian novelists. We meet with it in Giovanni Fiorentino, ii., 2, and in several others.

In the third story, Genobbia makes herself known to Nerino as Raimondo's wife, by a ring which she throws, as Nerino's present, into his drinking vessel. This is the manner in which almost all scenes of recognition are introduced in popular fictions. Compare the story of Amicus and

Amelius, and my translation of "Poor Henry," published at Berlin in 1830.¹

¹ All criticisms hitherto published on the plot of this play are extremely unsatisfactory, and it is most probable its origin is yet to be found in some still older drama, no doubt a very slight and imperfect work, but still containing the germ of some of the incidents employed by Shakespeare. We are so accustomed to trace the great dramatist to obscure and base originals, it scarcely occurs to us to imagine any of the stories of his dramas were invented by himself. But it is not unlikely that the main part of the "Merry Wives" is in every respect his own invention; and, should the real source of any portion be discovered, it will be found to be extremely trivial and slight in the suggestions it has furnished. I am, however, almost inclined to believe with Farmer that the translation of Straparola's tale, in "Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie," 1590, furnished the idea of Falstaff's love adventures; and in the notes to my reprint of that translation, in the work quoted at p. 76, I have noticed several identities of expression which appear to confirm this opinion.—ED.

VIII. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Here it is necessary, for the object we have in view, to divide the play into three separate plots:

1. The prelude and interlude, or the induction.
2. The episode of Bianca and Lucentio.
3. The main action which the title of the piece indicates.

All three of these are found in the old piece which Shakespeare is supposed to have worked from. (Compare the *Six Old Plays*, &c., i., 159.) Probably, however, this play also is of his invention.¹ Those of our readers who cannot admit this, and yet consider the older piece as Shakespeare's original, may apply our remarks to the author of this piece.

1. We have thought it better not to admit into the text the probable original of the Induction, partly because we

¹ This opinion will not receive the assent of English readers. The crudity of the original "Taming of a Shrew" sufficiently shows it was not in any respect the work of our great dramatist. An American correspondent in Knight's *Shakespeare* has pointed out some similarities in this play to passages in the works of Marlowe; and the same argument has been followed by Mr. Hickson in some interesting papers in the "Notes and Queries," with the additional conjecture that Shakespeare's play was an anterior production, and the "Taming of a Shrew" imitated from it, and probably by Marlowe. The space limited to a foot-note prevents me from entering into this question; but Mr. Hickson must excuse my saying that his arguments may be interpreted by some as reasoning in a circle. There appears to me such a wonderful elaboration of the original in Shakespeare's play, that any imitator of it, however clumsy a worker, could have produced a much better play than the old "Taming of a Shrew." Mr. Dyce is confident, from the style, it was not written by Marlowe.—ED.

attribute to the story of Goulart, which has, so considered, no merit as a work of art; partly because it is still doubtful which of the infinite number of forms in which this story appears was most immediately present to the mind of Shakespeare. This last objection, it is true, holds good of the story which we have given for the main action of the piece; but, as it is not equally obnoxious to the first, its admission into the text seemed to us less objectionable.

Goulart relates, in his *Thrésoir d'histoires admirables et merveilleuses de notre temps*, under the head, *Vanité du monde magnifiquement représentée*, the following incident:—As Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, held his court at Bruges, he was going, one evening after dinner, through the streets of the city, in the company of some of his favourites, when he found an artisan very tipsy, lying his full length on the pavement, and in the deepest sleep. It pleased the prince to give, in the person of this artisan, an instance of the vanity of life, of which he had just been speaking with his attendants. To this end, he bade his attendants carry the sleeper to his palace, lay him in one of the most magnificent of the ducal beds, and put on him a splendid nightcap. His dirty shirt was taken off, and one of the finest linen put on in its stead. When the drunkard had slept over his debauch, and awaked, pages and chamberlains of the duke came to his bedside, drew the curtains, made several deep bows, and asked, with uncovered heads, whether it would please him to rise, and what clothes he would put on; and herewith they presented to him several costly dresses. The new-made duke, who was much astonished at all these civilities, and knew not whether he was awake or dreaming, suffered himself to be dressed and taken out of the chamber. Here he was respectfully received and welcomed by several gentlemen of rank, and taken to mass, where, amidst great ceremonies, they reached him the book to kiss, as they were accustomed to do to the duke himself. After mass was over, they led

him back to the palace, gave him water to wash his hands, and set him at a richly spread table. When this was taken away, the grand chamberlain made them bring cards and a considerable sum of money. After this, they took him to the garden, then to coursing and hawking, and at last back to the palace to a splendid supper. By the light of tapers, the instruments struck up a concert; and when the table was withdrawn, lords and ladies began to amuse themselves with dancing. After this *came the representation of a merry comedy*,¹ and a banquet, in which they offered the new-coined duke so much fine and luscious wine, confectionary, and comfits of all kinds, that he was soon overcome, and fell into the deepest sleep. At the command of the duke, he was stripped of all his rich clothes, dressed in his rags, and taken to the place where they had found him the day before. Here he spent the night; and when he woke in the morning, he remembered what had happened to him the day before, without knowing whether it had actually occurred, or whether a dream had turned his head. After many soliloquies, he decided that all had been a dream, and told it his wife, his children, and neighbours, without ever suspecting the truth of the story.

Goulart probably followed Heuterus, *De Rebus Burgundicis*, where this incident is related (in book iv.) from a letter of Ludovicus Vives, as having really happened. Ludovicus Vives professes to have heard it from the lips of an old officer of the Duke's court. But Goulart was first translated into English by Edward Grimstone in 1607, and Malone places Shakespeare's adaptation of the story as early as 1594. The

¹ "Accensis luminibus, inducta sunt musica instrumenta, puellæ atque nobiles adolescentes saltarunt, *exhibita sunt fabulæ*, dehinc comessatio quæ hilaritate atque invitationibus ad potandum producta est in multam noctam."—Heuterus, *Rerum Burgundicarum libri sex*, fol. Antv., 1584. The relations of Heuterus and Goulart are evidently derived from the same source.—ED.

same occurrence, however, is told immediately from Heuterus,¹ in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," of which the second edition, from which Percy quotes the passage in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, i., 238, appeared in 1624,² fol. *But here there is no mention of the merry comedy*, which was played before the self-supposed duke. As little does the old ballad of Percy, in the same part of the work, entitled "The frolicksome Duke, or the tinker's good fortune," make mention of this deciding circumstance, out of which the connexion of the prelude with the main piece appears to have flowed. The age, also, of this cannot be accurately settled. For those who are unwilling to believe the poet acquainted with the French language, the conjecture of Warton must be considered the most probable, that Shakespeare made use of an old English collection of merry stories, compiled by Richard Edwards, and printed as early as 1570;³ for this work contained the story in question.

The Duke of Burgundy can hardly have been the inventor of the jest which he perpetrated with the drunken artisan. It was suggested to him, as the author of the annotations to the *Thousand and One Nights* has already conjectured, (xiii., 261) by the ambassadors of the eastern princes, who had assigned to him the title of a grand duke of the West. Here he only followed the example of the Khalif Haroun Alrashid, who, according to the amusing story of the *Sleeper Awakened*, ("Thousand and One Nights") finding the latter

¹ I doubt this. Burton's account is professedly taken from Mareo Polo, and varies considerably from the narrative of Heuterus.—ED.

² The first edition of this remarkable work was published at Oxford, in 1621, 4to.—ED.

³ No copy of this edition is now known to exist, though possibly buried in some private library; but what is very likely, a fragment of a later edition, fortunately containing the story referred to, has been lately recovered and printed in the *Papers of the Shakespeare Society*, vol. ii. It quite agrees with Warton's account.—ED.

sleeping, had him taken to his palace, and ordered that he should be honoured by his court for a whole day, as if he had been the Commander of the Faithful himself. Placed in his old condition by a new sleeping potion, he finds the commands which he had given as Khalif put in force; and his old mother seeks in vain to convince him that he has not been the sovereign. They take him as a maniac into a madhouse, where he is handled in the most cruel manner, till he relinquishes his supposed delusion. Scarcely is he set free, when he is anew bewitched; but this time he is speedily disenchanted, and repaid for the torments he has suffered, by the friendship of the Khalif and the hand of a favourite female slave of that prince.

In the "Thousand and One Days," (translated by Friedrich Hein von der Hagen, 1827, v., 64-163) the same episode occurs in the story of Xäilun the Bashful, not so circumstantially, but perhaps still more amusingly.

By a similar deceit it is said that Hassan, the old man of the mountain, founded the Kingdom of the Assassins. (Compare von Hammer's *Geschichte der Assassinen aus Morgenländischen quellen*—History of the Assassins, from Eastern sources, Stuttgart and Tubingen, 1818.) He availed himself of the notions of the Mohammedans of a sensual Paradise, such as the Prophet has promised to his soldiers, flowing with milk and honey, where heavenly houris of unfading beauty and youth walk in an everlasting spring, and prepare by song and dance the highest enjoyments for the blessed heroes of the faith. According to the pattern of this paradise of the Prophet, Hassan laid out for himself a garden near the mountain fort of Alamut, and then gave the bravest and boldest youths to understand that he had power to make them participants of all the joys of paradise. When they exhibited a desire for these enjoyments, he administered a sleeping draught to them, and then had them conveyed into those brilliant gardens, where they found themselves, on waking, surrounded

by enchanting joys, and could not find time to recover from their astonishment at their splendour. Charming maidens enchanted them with song, dance, and caresses; and the taste of the most exquisite viands and wines heightened the intoxication of their senses, till they imagined themselves in Paradise, and wished never again to leave it. But after a while, a second draught tore them from all these joys; they found themselves hurled back into the sobriety of their former condition, where they pined away in longings, until Hassan prescribed to them the conditions on which the Prophet would often grant them these blessings. These consisted in unconditional submission to his will, in readiness to the most resolute devotion of life at every one of his signals; and so gathered Hassan his band of Fedavie (devoted), who by poison and dagger laid in terror the foundation of a kingdom. (*Vide* Leo's "Manual of the History of the Middle Ages," i., 369.)

There are some similar points, also, in the attempt of the tyrant Dionysius of Sicily with the flatterer Damocles, the sword over whose head embittered the enjoyment of the joys he had praised. But this should rather show misery in the midst of kingly splendour, than the vanity of human life. Steevens, however, finds the experiment of the tyrant so like that of the lord in Shakespeare, that he imagines some readers may believe that the poet owed this invention to Cicero's words (*Tusc. Disp.*, v., 21); and, in fact, the words printed in italics in Steevens' quotation¹ of the passage are found again in the mouth of the lord, when he tells the attendants how they are to behave to the drunkard when he awakes.

It need scarcely be hinted that Calderon's play, "Life a Dream," rests upon a similar idea; but Holberg's *Jeppe vom Berge* stands nearer Shakespeare's representation; and Holberg, again, copied from Jacob Bidermann's *Utopia*. The

¹ Not by Steevens, but quoted by him from Bishop Hurd's notes on the Epistle to Augustus. This is learned trifling.—ED.

author of this book, of which the third edition, Dillingæ, 1691, lies before us, was a learned Jesuit, who recommended himself by his erudition and the elegance of his Latin style. The fourth and fifth books of the *Utopia* are almost wholly filled with this story, which is here spun out to a great length. It is an addition peculiar to this form of the story, that the drunken peasant Menalcas, after a second draught has restored him to his original condition, is brought before the judge, and accused of the assumption of the royal dignity. He is also actually condemned in appearance, and the sentence of execution is in appearance also fulfilled upon him. This addition is also found again in Holberg. From this comedy it has again passed into a French melodrame, which we have seen under the title of "A Day in the Camp."

Our countryman, Christian Weise, availed himself of Goullart's story for his comedy of "The Dreaming Peasant," at the court of Philip the Good, in Burgundy. To this day, this matter has been preserved in several forms on the German stage. It is but a short while ago that the Theatre Royal in Berlin gave a version of the same story, under the title of "The Living Wine-Butt," which appears to rest on the story of a peasant who got intoxicated, and was in hell, and at the gates of Heaven, which forms the supplement to the popular story of the Cave of Xara. Travelling puppet-shows and the stationary theatres, which they call *Henneschen* on the Lower Rhine, represent the prelude in a way which almost seems to point out a connexion with the old English theatre; a connexion which may, without much absurdity, be assumed.

2. In the comedy itself, the episode of Lucentio and Bianca's love is taken from Ariosto's comedy, *I Suppositi*, which had been introduced on the English stage in 1566, according to George Gascoigne's translation. Shakespeare was never guilty of so great a plagiarism as when he took the

whole of this excellent piece into his own:¹ yet he has woven in much of his own superior invention, and contrived to make what he borrowed his own, by his connexion of it with his main subject.

3. As we have already said, we cannot be certain that the story we have given is really the source of the main action of the piece. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, i., 345, thinks he has found the main features of the comedy in an old Spanish story called *El Conde Lucanor*, 4to., 1643, the author of which was Don Juan Manuel, the nephew of Ferdinand IV. of Castile. Unfortunately, we have been unable to obtain access to this scarce book, and therefore can only regret that Douce did not think it worth while to say more of its contents, and at the same time to determine the date of its first appearance; for if the date he has given be that of the first edition,² it cannot be the original used by Shakespeare. This was, according to Eschenburgh's supposition, an Italian story, which, however, he was unable to produce. We know none which has more connexion with the main subject than Straparola's second novel of the eighth night. And as Straparola's novels in general, not merely his popular fictions, have the merit suggested by the talented translator of the last, of an ancient epic formation, (compare Valentine Schmidt's *Popular Tales of Straparola*, from the Italian, with remarks, Berlin, 1817, Dunker and Humblot, and his contributions to the history of Romance Poetry, s. 26) and which is noticed also by the brothers Grimm, ("Juvenile

¹ This is said at random, a small portion only having been employed by Shakespeare. Mr. Collier, *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, iii., 7, calls the resemblance *fancied*; but he has judiciously changed this opinion, in his edition of Shakespeare, iii., 105.—ED.

² In any case, the probability that Shakespeare could have read this work is of the slightest kind. Douce merely casually refers to it in a manner that would lead us to suppose he did not consider it of much importance to the subject. It was first published in 1575.—ED.

and Domestic Stories, iii., 272) the present novel also is not his invention, but a common property of many times and nations. It is known even in the East, though we do not mean to deduce thence its Oriental origin. In *Kisseh Khun*, the Persian Story-teller, Berlin, Nicolai, 1829, a collection of Oriental stories from the "Sketches of Persia," the story of the Cat agrees nearest with our tale, after the fabliau entitled *La Dame qui fut escoliée*. (Compare Dunlop, ii., 444.) The story is briefly as follows:—

Sadik Beg was so much distinguished by personal advantages, that he gained the hand of Husseini, the proud daughter of the nabob. As usual in such unequal marriages, he was little more than her slave. His friends pitied his misfortune, but a diminutive fellow, named Merdek, who was completely under his wife's control, rejoiced to see another in the same condition as himself, and, with malicious joy, congratulated him on his wedding. Sadik accepts his congratulations, and assures him that he really finds himself very happy. When Merdek doubts it, Sadik relates to him how he had behaved to his wife, just after the wedding. "I went, with my sword at my side, to the apartment of Husseini, who received me in a majestic posture. As I stepped forward, a beautiful cat, clearly a great favourite, came purring to meet me. I quietly drew my sword, cut off her head, and, taking that in one hand and the body in the other, threw them both out of the window. I then turned, without any confusion, to my wife, who seemed somewhat discomposed: she made not, however, the least remark, but has shown herself up to this day an exceedingly kind and obedient wife." Merdek received this as a lesson for himself, and resolved to attempt a similar line of conduct with his Xantippe. He also killed the cat in the same manner; but, as he was going to take it up, he was struck to the ground by a hearty box on the ear from the hand of his enraged partner. Some time afterwards, Merdek's wife learned whose example the poor little man had

been trying to imitate. "There!" said she, "thou wretched fellow!" giving him another box on the ear; "thou shouldst have killed the cat on the wedding day!"

In the old German poem of the Mole (Lassberg's *Liedersaal*, ii., 499), with which is connected the Scolding Wife (L. S., i., 295), we meet with the main points of our story, together with others which we recognise in the play. "A Knight had an evil wife, whom he could not govern; and she brought up a daughter with a similar temper, who soon frightened away all her lovers. At last, however, a young Knight ventured to demand her hand. The father concealed from him none of her evil qualities; but he persisted in his wish to take her home as his wife. On her departure, her mother instructs her how she shall behave to her husband, and threatens her with her curse, if she does not behave as she herself had to her father. The bridegroom mounts his horse, and takes up his bride behind him. He leads a beautiful hound by a thong, and carries a noble falcon on his fist. In this guise he rides unattended, through by-ways, in order not to meet any one. Before long, the falcon wishes to fly after a bird; at first, the Knight warns her; but, on her making a second attempt, he crushes her scull, saying—'So must all suffer who obey not my will.' Soon after, he finds an opportunity to do the same to the dog, and afterwards to the horse on which they are riding. He now proposes to the bride that she shall suffer herself to be saddled, in order that he may ride upon her, because he is unaccustomed to going on foot. She agrees to this in fear, and carries the Knight fully half a mile; she then gives him the sweetest words, and promises to obey his will through her whole life. Then he bids her stand up, takes her by the hand kindly, and leads her to his castle, hard by, where his friends are waiting for her, and she is installed in all the rights of a wife. Thus a good wife was made from a bad bride. When the wicked mother sees her meekness, she scolds and beats her daughter;

but the father begs his son-in-law to counsel him how he also may tame his wife: then the son-in-law takes to him four servants, and explains to her that she has four 'anger-moles' on her loins, and that when these are cut out, she will soon be one of the best of wives. One of these, in fact, is really cut out; then she promises amendment, and begs him to leave her the others, which are very little ones, and do not hurt her much. This is granted her, but with the reservation, that they are also to be extirpated if her complaint shows itself again. She now becomes a modest, quiet wife; and if, ever after, she spoke a word which displeased her husband, he needed only to remind her of the 'moles,' to bring her to quietness." At the end follows the counsel—

"Let him who hath an evil wife
Full shortly rid him of her strife.
Upon a snow-sledge he shall heave her—
Her blessing be an ague fever—
Then buy a rope, and on a tree
Hang her with wolves some two or three—
No living man hath ever seen
A baser gallows-load, I ween;
Unless, to make its load more evil,
They hang thereto the horned devil."

Some features in this poem come nearer to Shakespeare's representation than our novel. For example, the Knight with his bride travels by by-ways, in order not to meet any one, and takes her home before the discipline of her subjugation is completed. On the other hand, the contrast of the two sisters is so important a point in Straparola's treatment of the story, that it is probable the poet had a third representation before him, combining the *novella* and the old German poem.

Among the German stories in Grimm, that of King Drosselbart (i., 52) treats on this subject. "A King's daughter

was wonderfully beautiful, but so proud, that no wooer was good enough for her. One was too fat—'the hoghead!' said she.¹ Another too thin: 'long and small, can't go at all.' The third too short: 'Short and fat; no skill in that.' At last she was brought to reason by King Drosselbart (Thrush-beard), a name which she had given him, because he had a chin like the beak of a thrush, from poverty and privation. (Compare in the *Pentamerone* of Basile, iv., 10 (40), *La Soperbia Castegata*.) Here, however, is already the passage into the story of Grisel.

Our story is also the source of Hans Sachs' Christmas-piece, "The bad Smoke," reprinted in Tieck's "German Theatre," i., 19-28. Here, however, the battle for the breeches and the rule of the house actually takes place, and the wife has the best of it. The husband not only leaves her in undisturbed possession of them, but also girds her with a knife and pockets.

Straparola, also, inculcates the instruction here given for the taming of bad wives, namely, in the story, xii., 3 (Compare Valentine Schmidt's *Märchen Saal*, s. 188, with the remarks):—"A man who understands the speech of beasts laughs when he hears a mare speaking with her foal. The wife desires to know why he laughs; but he will not tell her, because this would be the cause of his death. She persists in her request, however, and threatens to hang herself, if it is not complied with. Then the husband promises to do it; but she must wait till he has made his will. In the mean time, he hears the house-dog lecturing the cock on his mirth, at a time when he should be in grief for the death of his master. But the cock answers, that the master is in fault, and the cause of his own misfortune; for, according to Aristotle, in the first book of his Politics, the man should be the head of the wife. He himself (the cock) has a hundred wives, and

¹ There is a similarity here to the account given of Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing," iii., 1.—Ed.

knows how to keep them all in awe and subject to him; he chastises one and then the other, and does not spare now and then a stout blow: but the master, who has only one wife, cannot govern her," &c.

This story, too, is known in the East; for it is found in the *Arabian Nights* (i., 23), so similar in every respect, that we must assume, with Valentine Schmidt, an external connexion, without, however, insisting on its Oriental origin, which we should not be too hasty in doing.¹ The same means are recommended in innumerable jests and stories; and we intend, at a future period, to quote the second novel of the fifth book of *Giovanni* as one of the best.

We have yet to speak of the kindred German play, which Eschenburg has discovered in Gottsched's collection of German dramas. It bears the title, "An art above all arts to make a bad wife good. Formerly practised by an Italian cavalier, and now fortunately imitated by a German nobleman, and represented in a very merry comedy." It agrees with Shakespeare's play so accurately, that Eschenburg is convinced that either the two writers must accurately have copied one original, or the German author taken Shakespeare's piece for the foundation of his own. Eschenburg is disposed to decide on the latter supposition; but the profession of the German composer, that his work is of Italian origin, leads him astray; for he understands this as if an old Italian comedy had been extant, of which both the English and the German play were free imitations and verbal transla-

¹ A similar story is found in Sanscrit, but with so much more simplicity, that it would appear to be earlier in that language than in Arabic. In the Indian story, the human personages are a Rajah and his bride; and the former laughs on hearing a dialogue between the rear and van of an army of white ants; the rear inquire why the march is stopped; to which the latter answer that a Rajah's bridal procession is in their way. "Take the shaft of the palanquin, and toss it out of our way," says the impatient speaker behind. "No," replied the other; "that would be a sin; for the persons of a bride and bridegroom are sacred."

tions. But this very concluding notice of the German composer leaves no doubt that he guessed at the Italian origin of this piece, delivered to him by the German comedians, only by the Italian names, which he has changed for German ones. Probably his original was the piece mentioned in Gottsched's "Necessary Provision for the History of German Dramatic Poetry," entitled, "The strange wedding of Petruvio with the shrew Catherine," in which he cannot have altered much more than the names. Both pieces show how early Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" was domesticated on the German stage.

IX. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Painter's Giletta of Narbon,¹ in his "Palace of Pleasure," 4to., 1566, i., 88, a translation of the novel of Boccace, is regarded as the most immediate source of Shakespeare's play. This tale had been previously made use of for a comedy; namely, by the Italian B. Accolti, in his *Virginia*, which was in print as early as 1513. Perhaps a translation of this play had been brought out upon the English stage, and had given the poet the hint for this theme. Farmer's conjecture that "All's Well that Ends Well" was once called "Love's Labour Won," is very probable; and an old writer ascribes a piece of that name to Shakespeare.

According to Valentine Schmidt's conjecture, (*Contributions*, s. 26) Shakespeare borrowed from the old French or Provençal; but no such source has yet been shown. Straparola's *novella* vii. is connected with it, but other tokens are

¹ Reprinted in the second volume of Mr. Collier's Shakespeare's Library, 1843. The novel is entitled, "Giletta, a phisician's daughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche kyng of a fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo, counte of Rossiglione, to husbände. The counte beyng married againste his will, for despite fled to Florence, and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbände in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two soones; whiche, knowen to her husbände, he received her againe, and afterwarde he lived in greate honor and felicitie." This is the mere outline of a plot Shakespeare has so admirably adopted, clothed, and made his own. The *Virginia* of Accolti I know only through the medium of Dunlop, ii., 271, who gives an extract from the argument prefixed to it, from which it appears that it is taken, with very little variation, from Boccaccio.—Ed.

there mentioned, instead of the ring. Dunlop's dogmatic decision on our *novella* is as devoid of taste, as the opinion of Johnson, combated by Schlegel, upon Shakespeare's play. Dunlop finds the conditions made by Beltram out of taste, though they contain, as it subsequently appears, every thing which can serve to remove his objection to the marriage.

In our sixth chapter we have treated of the family of stories to which this novel belongs, and compared many tales connected with it. The idea which connects all these—the triumph of female fidelity and submission over the cruelty of man—is here, however, more closely defined by the singular manner in which the victory is decided. Whilst, in other stories of this kind, the cruelty of the men appears from the beginning as a subject of blame, Beltram, on the contrary, has full right to dislike a wife whom an external power has forced upon him, and who neither was, nor, according to his idea, could be, the wife of his choice. The last consideration is overcome by Giletta in part only when she gains the love of his subjects to such a degree, that they blame the Count for his harshness towards his wife; and the last remains in full force, and can only be removed by the fulfilment of the required conditions. These, however, are not arbitrary, but serve to supply all that is wanting in the person of Giletta. The Count, indeed, has married her, but against his will, and only at the command of the King, to whom he has declared that external force may give his hand, but not his heart, and that he himself will never be contented with his marriage. But if Giletta possessed the ring to which the Count attached so much importance, he would have united himself to her of free will and of his own choice; for the ring which a man presents to a maid can only be understood as a vow and pledge of truth. In this manner, the demand of free choice, to which the Count is entitled, would have been satisfied, and one might imagine that he would have carried this request no further. Notwithstanding the obstinacy aroused by forcing

upon him a bride whom he did not wish, still his pride of nobility would not have been satisfied; and perhaps the hereditary prejudices of his station would even have released him from the vow made by this gift of the ring to a woman of birth so inferior to his own. For this reason, the second condition is necessary—that Giletta shall not only bear the ring on her finger, but have a child by him, if she hopes to conquer his aversion. He would then be obliged, for the child's sake, to overlook all respects; for the child is another self, his flesh and blood, as it is that of the mother with whom it is to reconcile him, and to serve as a mediator. This sentiment is beautifully expressed by Sacontala, who belongs to the same family, in the *Mahabharat* (Fr. Schlegel's Works, ix., 299 *et seq.*)—

“Garments of silk, and woman, and waves of swelling ocean,
Are not so soft to the touch as the touch of a babe's embraces.
Thus art thou soothed here by this child with his glances of fondness;
Earth has no sweeter joy than the touch of a baby's caresses.
Born of thy body is he, flesh of thy flesh begotten—
See him, a second self, like a face in the fountain mirrored.
As from the fire of the hearth they take the fire for the altar,
So is he of thyself a part, but thyself undiminished.
Oft as the spouse to his spouse approacheth, himself is renascent
Of her who becometh a mother through him, as the sages have spoken.”

Beltram's pride of nobility is compelled to give way to the irresistible charm of the child for the father, who sees himself born again in him: for the voice of Nature silences all considerations of rank and prejudice. We even overlook the circumstance that Giletta has gained the ring in a manner which makes it no longer a pledge of promised fidelity and conjugal love, for the promise was not made to her; and it was unnecessary for Boccaccio to give Beltram two children from Giletta instead of one.

We might suspect a nearer connexion of the story of Sacontala with that of Giletta, inasmuch as in the former the

ring and the child also occur, with the same meaning and operation: but the present state of our knowledge of the story of *Sacontala* does not allow this conjecture to be confirmed. We are acquainted with the story in two forms, differing considerably from each other. In the episode of the *Mahabharat*, of which we have just quoted a fragment, the ring does not occur; and it is not clear, from the fragment given by Schlegel, why Dushmanta at first rejects and denies Sacontala, until at last the recognition and reconciliation with the rejected follows that speech of hers. Perhaps, as Schlegel remarks, it was done to try her; probably because Dushmanta feared that suspicion of the child's legitimacy might arise, if he so easily consented to the recognition. In the drama of *Kalidas*, which will be known to our readers from the translation of G. Forster, Sacontala, after marrying Dushmanta, according to the form Gandharva, that is to say, by mutual agreement, without any other marriage ceremony, in her grief at the departure of her husband, has not noticed the angry saint, Durvasas, who enters her house as a guest; and for a punishment of this violation of hospitality, she is cursed by him:—

“He of whom thou ponderest,
On whom thy heart with such a worship hangs,
While the pure jewel of a true devotion
Asks a guest's sacred rights, and asks in vain—
He shall forget thee at your future meeting,
Even as the sobered reveller forgets
The senseless words his nightly wassail spake.”

But he softens this curse by the addition that the enchantment shall disappear when her husband sees his ring again. This had been given her by Dushmanta, as a pledge of his truth, when she asked him, at their parting, “How long will my lord remember me?” but Sacontala has lost it; and when she is brought pregnant into the palace of the King, to be put in possession of her rights as a wife, she cannot overcome

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the enchantment which clouds the memory of Dushmanta. She is therefore driven out of doors, but is led by her mother, the nymph Menaca, to the Palace of Aditi. The ring, which a fish had swallowed, is brought by a fisherman to Dushmanta, who at the sight of it remembers Sacontala and his vow. Here, therefore, the ring has the same signification as in the story; it is, indeed, a *decisive* ring, (it is called the *fatal* ring, in the English translation) but no enchanted ring, though it destroys an enchantment. The King has given it to Sacontala, as a pledge that he will not forget her; and this purpose it fully answers. Still it appears magical in its effects; and it does not, therefore, stand in the way of those who would consider a connexion between this and the *novella*, that in Boccaccio the ring of Beltram, according to his representation, possesses magical properties. It is worth while here to compare the story in Grimm, i. 365, and what is hereafter said of it. In *Kalidas*, Dushmanta finds Sacontala, after a long and vain search, in Aditi's palace, having before met with that son, as a young hero whom he had begotten of her immediately after their marriage. Thus the child does not appear, in *Kalidas*, in the same form as in our *novella*, and, as we have seen, in the *Mahabharat*; he does not cause the father to recognise his mother, but only makes known to him the discovery of the desired lost one. If, however, we might connect the two forms of the *Sacontala*, or assume, as is very probable, that, in its original form, the ring appeared in the same signification as in *Kalidas*, and the child in that of the *Mahabharat*, it would be impossible to doubt the identity of this story with that of *Gilette*.

X. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Mrs. Lennox, in her "Shakspeare Illustrated," has translated an episode in the fifth book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*,¹ as the probable source of this piece; but Farmer and Steevens have already remarked that the *novella* of Bandello is more similar to Shakespeare's story. In Ariosto is found only the first part of Hero's history, her false accusation: her apparent death, and final resuscitation, in which she is introduced to her former bridegroom as a relation of his first bride, and is

¹ This tale was translated into English as early as 1565, by Peter Beverley: "Historie of Ariodanto and Jeneura, Daughter to the King of Scottes, in English verse," 16mo. Printed by Thomas East, n.d. The date of 1565 is taken from the Stationers' Registers. See Collier's Extracts, i., 140. It commences as follows:—

"Amongst the vanquisht regions
That worthy Brute did winne,
There is a soyle, in these our dayes,
With ocean seas cloasde in,
That fertile is, and peopled well,
And stor'd with pleasant fieldes,
And hath for tillage lucky land,
That yearly profit yieldees."

It is of extreme rarity, and a copy was sold, at the sale of the Gordonstoun collection, for £31 10s. Mr. Collier mentions that a "History of Ariodante and Geneuora" was played before Queen Elizabeth, by Mulcaster's children, in 1582-3. This is an extremely curious fact, and gives ground for a conjecture that the incidents of Shakespeare's play had been thus early employed in the English drama. According to Skottowe, the principal incident may be traced to a period as early as the date of the Spanish romance, "Tirant the White," composed in the dialect of Catalonia, about the year 1400.—En.

married to him, are the invention of Bandello. Shakespeare, nevertheless, may have known Ariosto's representation of this first part of the story, since, in his piece, as in Ariosto, the chambermaid plays the part of her mistress at the window, a circumstance which does not occur in Bandello. This variation he might, however, have invented himself, or borrowed from an imitation of Ariosto's story, in Spenser's "Fairy Queen" (book ii., ch. 4). If Shakespeare could not read Ariosto in the original, it was accessible to him in the translation by Harrington, published as early as 1591; or, indeed, he might have become acquainted with this very episode from a separate poetical translation by George Turberville,¹ which appeared a few years earlier.

As Dunlop conjectures (ii., 456), Ariosto, whom Bandello has perhaps copied, may himself have borrowed from the chivalric romance of "Tyran le Blanc," where the substance of the first part of our novel occurs for the first time. It is not requisite to give an extract from the splendid episode of Ariosto, since Eschenberg has already done so, and the *Orlando Furioso* is in every body's hands, by the translation of Gries and Streckfuss. The ninth *novella* in the introduction to Cinthio's *Hecatommiti* also represents a similar deceit as is here practised upon Fenicie; but there it is contrived by a servant-maid, who has fallen in love with her master, against her mistress.

According to the assumption of English critics, the *novella* of Bandello was known to Shakespeare by the translation in Belleforest's "Tragic Stories" (Lyons, 1594, 12mo., vol. iii.) It is one of the best productions of this novelist; and Shakespeare has kept very close to it, in the first part of his play: the comic portion, the loves of Benedict and Beatrice, appears to be entirely his own invention.

The content of this *novella*, as a popular story, is very

¹ This translation does not appear to be extant. The information is given on the authority of Harrington.—ED.

little; but, if we assume an epic substratum, it belongs, according to the idea, to the cycle of which we have spoken at large in our ninth chapter.

The story has also been made use of by our countryman Ayrrer, a contemporary of Shakespeare, for one of his best pieces, his drama of the "Beautiful Phœnicia," which keeps very close to the story. Tieck ("German Theatre," i., 22) conjectures that Jacob Ayrrer made use of an older English play, which was also Shakespeare's model.

XI. THE WINTER'S TALE.

"The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia," by Robert Greene, was published in 1588.¹ This date, which Dr. Farmer has found upon an impression of this story, decides against the long current assumption, that it had its origin in the play. A comparison with the latter shows that Shakespeare has altered all the names, with the exception of the scene, Bohemia; and this of itself leads to the suspicion that he did not retain it without a cause. The pedantry of certain English critics is ridiculous, who value themselves far too much on their geographical knowledge, according to which Bohemia does not on any side reach the sea;² and who are so seriously alarmed by this preservation of the name. Had Shakespeare taken Bohemia for a country on the coast, this error would certainly have been canvassed at the representation of the piece; for there were doubtless people even then

¹ This edition is entitled, "Pandosto, the Triumph of Time," and is reprinted in Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. i. The later editions appear under the title, "The Pleasant Historie of Dorastus and Faunia." It has sustained its popularity as a chap-book to the present century.—ED.

² The well-known error of geography here alluded to is, of course, to be ascribed to the original novel. M. Simrock bandies words with English critics, but some of the latter would smile at the idea of Shakespeare voluntarily falling into a geographical error with the object here ascribed to him. Greene was the author of the blunder; and without any insult to the extent of knowledge on such matters possessed by the poet, we may assume the possibility of his presuming that some of the dependencies or provinces of Bohemia reached to the coast.—ED.

who would gladly have exhibited their cheap wisdom in criticising the poet. If, for instance, he had written Bithynia instead of Bohemia, as some one has proposed to read, the whole mischief would have been avoided; but, as he has neglected this, he must have had an object in doing so, and this is our conjecture. We think that this error rather suited the fabulous nature of the story, which runs into the region of fable and the age of poesy, better than the most accurate geographical definition. The same may be said of the so-called anachronisms in this play.

The most remarkable alteration made by Shakespeare, the preservation of Bellaria (Hermione), who in the story actually dies, reminds us of the preservation and subsequent discovery of Lucina, in "Apollonius of Tyre," which Shakespeare had previously made use of, in his "Pericles of Tyre." Shakespeare has also invented some persons of the play; for example, Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus. According to the Greek mythology, Autolycus was, as is well known, a son of Hermes and Chione, or Philonis. When Warburton pretends that the whole speech of Autolycus, on his first appearance, is taken from Lucian's book on astrology, where Autolycus speaks much more in the same style, he must have been dreaming. In this book, (it is by no means certain that it is rightly assigned to Lucian) the myth that Autolycus is a son of Hermes is explained thus: that the art of stealing came to him from Hermes, under whose star he was born; and, at most, the passage in Shakespeare contains only an allusion to this. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare," has already noticed this, and referred to Ovid's "Metamorphoses," xi., 291-345.

Greene's story is a mixture of popular stories and pastorals, in the ornate taste of his time, which had become the fashion by John Lyly's "Euphues," and Thomas Lodge's "Rosalind, or Euphues' Golden Legacy." With respect to

the latter work, the source of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," see the seventeenth chapter.

Our story has no epic foundation, but some popular traits of popular fiction; for example, the exposure of the child, and its preservation, are interwoven. The whole appears to be Greene's invention; and this circumstance dispenses with the necessity of further references.

XII., XIII. TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; AND WHAT YOU WILL.

We class these two pieces together, because the novel of Bandello, which Shakespeare followed in "What You Will," furnished the Spanish writer, Montemayor, with the materials for an episode of his *Diana* which again has been used by Shakespeare, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" thus Bandello's story may be considered as the foundation of the two plays of Shakespeare.

Bandello's tales were extant in 1554. Montemayor's "Diana," therefore, which was printed in 1560 in seven books, may have been indebted to the Italian novelist. That this is the case, and how it has happened, the reader will see by comparing the tale of *Felismena* with the story of Bandello. It seems to have been the first intention of Montemayor to follow his original more closely than he eventually did; at least, the introduction of the story of *Felismena* shows us that her twin brother, whose name is not mentioned, was to have answered the unfortunate passion of Celia for Felismena, disguised under the name of Valerio; as Paolo, in Bandello, indemnifies Catella. It is true that Montemayor (p. 149) lets Celia die of despair at the coldness of the page, but probably he had here another novel of Bandello's in his mind (compare X., "Much Ado about Nothing"), and meant that she should be restored, as Fenicie is, and then be married to Felismena's twin brother. Montemayor does not, indeed, mention the likeness of the twins, but probably he had reasons for not indicating this too soon; besides, in twins such a likeness is tacitly supposed. Montemayor's "Diana" was

continued, first by Alonso Perez, a physician of Salamanca (1564), and then by Gil Polo (1574), to which latter Cervantes allows even higher praise than to Montemayor himself. Neither of these continuators, however, has taken up the intention of Montemayor. Celia dies in reality, and Felismena's brother does not fulfil the purpose for which Montemayor appears to have introduced him.

If the untimely death of Montemayor has withheld from his readers an important portion of the invention of Bandello, Shakespeare (who could hardly have made use of the translation of Montemayor, which did not appear till 1598, and even Malone places the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" in 1595) went still further in this play;¹ for though he gives from Montemayor's episode the history of Felismena (Julia), from the letter of Don Felis (Proteus) and her quarrel with the chambermaid, to the infidelity of Felis (whom Felismena serves disguised as a page, and courts another woman for her lover and master); yet he suppresses still more of the relation of Bandello, since Silvia (Celia, Catella), whose heart is already occupied by Valentine, does not fall in love with the page. But it is precisely the portion of the story here suppressed which makes the main incident of his later "What You Will;" whilst in this latter the first part of Bandello's tale is wanting, inasmuch as we learn nothing of the earlier love of the Duke for Viola. In reply to the censure, in itself unjust, which English critics bestow on Shakespeare for this omission, it should be remembered that it was necessary to avoid a repetition of the same incident.

1. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Shakespeare has contrived very artfully to connect the episode of Montemayor with an action perfectly distinct from it; Proteus, while he is faithless to his beloved, also practising treason against his

¹ The similarities between the English translation of Montemayor and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" create a difficulty not readily explained. See my note at the end of this section, p. 112.—ED.

friend. The relation of the two friends to one another and to Silvia; the fickleness of Proteus (indicated in his very name), who is false to his friend for the sake of an unreturned passion, in contrast with the noble fidelity of Valentine, who is willing to sacrifice his tenderly-returned love to the friend whose falsehood he has detected, form the main incident of this play,¹ to which the love of Julia to Proteus serves only as an episodical by-play. The source whence Shakespeare borrowed his principal incident was probably one of the numerous modifications of the friendship-story, which, in its German form, has always for its subject the collision of love with friendship. Which of these was present to his imagination we cannot decide, since the source of this part of his play is not yet discovered. Tieck ("German Theatre," i., 27) suspects it, without any very weighty grounds, in an older English play, of which an imitation, he says, has been preserved in an old German tragedy, "Julia and Hypolito." It is quite possible that Shakespeare may here have followed no distinct model, and may only have drawn upon his general knowledge of the poems and popular books belonging to this cycle of ideas, but still more upon his own imagination; the beginning of the play, however, where Valentine insists upon going to the court of the *Emperor* (it is true that he is afterwards always called the *Duke* of Milan), and there falls in love with the daughter of his lord, reminds us very distinctly of "Amicus and Amelius," one of the most celebrated friendship-stories, which perhaps was the foundation of the

¹ The tale of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" is evidently based on love and friendship, the latter being the predominating influence. I am at a loss to account for the supposed necessity of explaining away the last scene in a sense different from that adopted by M. Simrock; for although this incident does not appear like the poet's own invention, it merely points more decisively to the existence of an original tale not yet discovered; and in many old novels similar instances of perfect friendship may be found. The old English romance of "Amis and Amiloun" might have been known to Shakespeare.—Ed.

tale made use of by Shakespeare. The part of the false Harderich, in whose place Thurio stands at first, is here carried out by Proteus, in whom, from this time, love triumphs over friendship; whilst Valentine ceases not to bear himself as a pattern for true friends. Tieck, in his second part of the poet's life (*Novellen Kranz*, for 1831), directed his attention especially to this play, when he makes the poet experience, with his friend Lord Southampton, something of the same painful nature which happens to Valentine with Proteus. It is very possible that Shakespeare may have represented his own experience in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" but the composition of this play falls into an earlier period than the incident with the Earl. How much, however, Shakespeare was familiar with the thoughts and feelings of friendship is shown by his noble "Merchant of Venice," which may be considered the most beautiful work that has ever been composed on the idea of that virtue.

Malone mentions, in a note to "What You Will," an eclogue of Barnaby Googe, which appeared in 1563, and conjectures that Shakespeare made use of it in this piece. This, however, is nothing more than a versified imitation of the episode of Montemayor,¹ as may be clearly seen from the verses :

" He had a page, Valerius named,
Whom so much he dyd truste," &c.;

for Felismena, as Don Felis' page, called herself Valerio. In "What You Will," however, Shakespeare kept closer to the story of *Bandello*.

As Steevens, and more recently Dunlop (iii., 219), have already remarked, those scenes of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" in which Valentine connects himself with robbers and becomes their leader had for their model a passage in

¹ This is put somewhat too strongly. The tale of Montemayor may possibly have suggested the eclogue, but it is clearly not a metrical imitation of it.—ED.

Sidney's "Arcadia," where a similar circumstance happens to Pyrocles. The resemblance, however, does not seem to us sufficiently striking¹ to induce us to separate from the context a second extract from this pastoral romance, which we had better reason to copy in "King Lear."

2. Shakespeare became acquainted with our *novella* of *Bandello* (ii., 36), according to the common opinion of his English commentators, from an English translation, now lost, of the seventh story in the fourth book of Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques, extraites des œuvres du Bandel*; but the existence of such a translation cannot be shown. When Dunlop (ii., 464) suspects that *Bandello* has copied from Cinthio's eighth novel of the fifth decade, and adds (iii., 171) that Montemayor has used, along with our story of *Bandello*, that of Cinthio, it must be remarked, on the other hand, that Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, though written earlier than *Bandello*'s novel, yet appeared later in print, and that in Montemayor's episodic relation of *Felismena* there appears not the slightest trace of an acquaintance with Cinthio's stories. Shakespeare, however, might easily have known and made use of them. The scene of this story, of which the *dénouement* rests also on the resemblance of two twins, is laid, like "What You Will," in Illyria, and commences with a shipwreck, in which a nobleman flying from Naples with his wife is separated from her, and both of them from their two children. Afterwards, the latter, who dress sometimes as women, sometimes as men, are the subjects of mistakes of identity similar to those in *Bandello* and Shakespeare. The shipwreck, in this introduction of Cinthio's story, justly seemed to Shakespeare a fitter and more poetic vehicle to introduce the separation of the brother and sister than the taking of Rome, in *Bandello*. But it is worthy of notice,

¹ The resemblance is, indeed, very slight; but there is in that work an encomium on solitude, which may be compared with Valentine's soliloquy in act v., sc. 4.—Ed.

that in the "Comedy of Errors," an earlier piece imitated from Plautus, he has also introduced a shipwreck for the purpose of separating the twins from each other and from their parents. We have not, however, thought it worth while to quote Cinthio's story on account of this slight resemblance, as Shakespeare has followed Bandello in every other particular; only Antonio's mistake, when he requires from Viola the purse which he has given to Sebastian, offers a distant resemblance to a scene in Cinthio's story, when the Velonese imagines he has discovered his fugitive foster-son in the disguised sister of the latter, and has her put in prison. With respect to Bandello's story, one is surprised at the laxity of Italian manners, which permitted such pictures to be drawn by a bishop; for such was Bandello from 1550. Setting this aside, the rich invention of the novel has great merit, though the representation is faulty, and the first long visit of the disguised Nicuola to the Signora Pippa is entirely purposeless.

It is impossible to deny entirely an epic foundation to the story, though it is not immediately visible. Not to mention the resemblance of the twins, Lattantio's forgetfulness of Nicuola is a genuine trait of popular fiction, recurring very frequently in tales and ballads: we need only mention "Sigurd and Dushmanta." In general, such forgetfulness in these stories is caused by a philtre, which is here wanting; but Montemayor introduces it with a reverse effect, Don Felis being cured of his passion for Celia, and given back to Felismena by means of a magic draught. The same draught may have a lethal operation in Montemayor, as Don Felis needs only to forget Celia in order to remember Felismena. The frequent use which is made in the "Diana" of this potion reminds us strongly of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," where the juice of a flower dropped on the eyelids of a sleeper makes him enamoured of the first being that meets his eyes on waking, on which enchantment the whole mechanism of the play rests.

The resolution of Nicuola to enter the service of her faithless lover disguised as a page frequently occurs in tales, in close connexion with this forgetfulness. In the German story of the "Twelve Hunters" (Grimm, i., 365), the forgotten bride of the prince enters his service with twelve other maidens, disguised as hunters. "Now it happened that they were in the chase, and the news came that the King's bride was on her way. When the true bride heard that, she was in such grief that her heart almost broke, and she fell senseless upon the earth. The young King thought that something had happened to his favourite huntsman, ran to him, and would help him, and pulled his glove off. And then he saw the ring which he had given to his first bride, and, when he looked in her face, he recognised her." Just in the same manner Julia swoons, when the magnanimous Valentine offers himself to gain Sylvia for Proteus, in whose service she is. When she is asked what is the matter with her, she speaks of the ring which Proteus has commissioned her to give to Sylvia, but, instead of it, she shows that which Proteus had first presented to her. When Proteus sees this ring, he recognises her, is touched by her fidelity, and gives his heart to her again; so that this episode of the play ends very similar to that of the story. Shakespeare found this conclusion neither in *Bandello* nor in *Montemayor*, and it would have been very singular if he had invented the old conclusion without knowing the story. It is more probable that this story was known to him as well as to *Bandello*, and that, as the latter departed from it, the former returned to it. It would be more difficult to show the source of the trait in *Bandello*, where the new mistress of the faithless lover falls in love with the disguised bride of her admirer, and her disappointment is atoned for by the twin brother of the disguised maiden. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Shakespeare omits this invention of *Bandello*; and hence it happens that the history of Proteus and Julia, in this play,

has a resemblance with the story, which is not unlikely to lead to an erroneous impression.

Note by the Editor.

The "Diana" of George of Montemayor was one of the books which had the rare merit of escaping the flames that consumed the greater portion of the library of Don Quixote. "I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia and the enchanted water, as also all the longer poems, and let the work escape with its prose, and the honour of being the first in that kind." The "Diana" deserved the praise of Cervantes; and it appears to have been extremely popular in England during the later years of the sixteenth century. It was translated by Bartholomew Yonge somewhere about 1582 or 1583, by Thomas Wilson in 1595 or 1596, and parts of it were rendered into English by Edward Paston and the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney;¹ but Yonge's version was the only one published, and that did not appear till 1598, the year in which we first hear of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" in the pages of Meres.

The fact of the popularity of the "Diana" in England at this period is of considerable importance; for, although it would seem that Shakespeare could not have read the printed translation by Yonge before he composed the play, there are similarities between a story contained in the former and the drama too minute to be accidental. Mr. Collier says the incident common to the two is only such as might be found in other romances, and limits the resemblance to the assumption of male attire by the lady. But the most striking similitude is contained in the account of the incident of bringing the letter, and the waywardness of Julia; and I subjoin an extract from the "Diana," which will exhibit even several of Shakespeare's own expressions, and prove that Mr. Collier's opinion is untenable:—

"When he had, therefore, by sundry signs, as by tilts and tourneys, and by prancing up and down upon his proud genet before my windows, made it manifest that he was in love with me—for at the first I did not so well perceive it—he determined in the end to write a letter unto me; and having practised divers times before with a maid of mine, and at length, with many gifts and fair promises, gotten her good will and furtherance,

¹ This fact, hitherto unnoticed, is obtained from the later editions of the "Arcadia."

he gave her the letter to deliver to me. But to see the means that Rosina made unto me—for so was she called—the dutiful services and unwonted circumstances before she did deliver it, the oaths that she swore unto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and worthy the noting. To whom, nevertheless, with an angry countenance I turned again, saying, If I had not regard of mine own estate, and what hereafter might be said, I would make this shameless face of thine be known ever after for a mark of an impudent and bold minion; but because it is the first time, let this suffice that I have said, and give thee warning to take heed of the second.

“Methinks I see now the crafty wench, how she held her peace, dissembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceived by my angry answer, for she feigned a counterfeit smiling, saying, Jesus! mistress, I gave it you, because you might laugh at it, and not to move your patience with it in this sort; for if I had any thought that it would have provoked you to anger, I pray God he may show his wrath as great towards me as ever he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many words more, as she could do well enough, to pacify the feigned anger and ill opinion that I had conceived of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This having passed thus, I began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and love, methought, did put a certain desire into my mind to see the letter, though modesty and shame forbade me to ask it of my maid, especially for the words that had passed between us, as you have heard. And so I continued all that day until night in variety of many thoughts; but when Rosina came to help me to bed, God knows how desirous I was to have her entreat me again to take the letter, but she would never speak unto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once think thereof. Yet to try if by giving her some occasion I might prevail, I said unto her: And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me? These are things, mistress, said she demurely to me again, that are commonly incident to love; whereof I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought to have angered you with it, I would have first pulled out the balls of mine eyes. How cold my heart was at that blow, God knows, yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer myself to remain that night only with my desire, and with occasion of little sleep. And so it was, indeed, for that, methought, was the longest and most painful night that ever I passed. But when, with a slower pace than I desired, the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to

help me to make me ready, in doing whereof of purpose she let the letter closely (*secretly*) fall, which, when I perceived—What is that that fell down? said I; let me see it. It is nothing, mistress, said she. Come, come, let me see it, said I. What! move me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, mistress, said she, why will you see it: it is the letter I would have given you yesterday. Nay, that it is not, said I: wherefore show it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so, but she put it into my hands, saying, God never give me good if it be any other thing; and although I knew it well indeed, yet I said, What? this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy lover's letters: I will read it, to see in what need he standeth of thy favour."

It is by no means impossible that the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," as we now possess it, has received additions from its author's hands to what was perhaps originally a very meagre production. This conjecture would well agree with what we know to have been the dramatic usage of the time; and it seems difficult to account on any other supposition for the use Shakespeare has made of the tale of *Felismena*. The absolute origin of the entire plot has possibly to be discovered in some Italian novel. The error in the first folio of Padua for Milan, in act ii., sc. 5, has perhaps to be referred to some scene in the original tale.

Should the original novel, supposing one to exist, ever be discovered, it will probably be found to assimilate more to the ancient tales of perfect friendship than might be suspected from Shakespeare's play. In venturing upon this conjecture, I have been guided in a great measure by the romantic generosity of Valentine in the last act, which scarcely looks like a free result of the poet's own invention. It is quite true he might have found similar instances in several old friendship tales, but it seems more natural to suppose that he transferred it from the same source to which we are indebted for the play, than that the incident was introduced from another copy. That any editor can have a doubt as to Shakespeare's intention to represent Valentine's generosity so great, that, in the excess of his rapture for the repentance of Proteus, he gives up to him all his right in Silvia, would be improbable, had we not two late instances of attempts to explain the scene in a different manner; but any interpretation which destroys the literal meaning of Valentine's gift—

" And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee—

renders Julia's exclamation—"O me unhappy!"—which immediately follows, entirely unmeaning. Mr. Collier thinks Valentine suspected Silvia's purity from her position with Proteus in the forest, and is therefore giving his friend a present no longer desirable to himself; but, if this supposition were adopted, it would completely destroy the poetry and romance of Valentine's character.

XIV. PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

The English critics who either altogether deny Shakespeare's authorship of this piece, or attribute to him a very small portion of it, ascribe the great approbation¹ which it has received from its first introduction upon the English boards to the great interest of the story upon which it is founded: and this certainly not without reason; for even if we consider Shakespeare as the author, still it is one of his earliest and weakest works, and this immoderate approbation can hardly be otherwise explained. Even the fact that the poet kept so close to his original shows his respect for it, if only on account of its popularity.

The romance of "Apollonius" has been translated into all languages; and the great number of manuscripts, editions, and imitations of it, which are found among all nations, justify the opinion of its internal value.

The labours of such distinguished writers as Velser, Fabricius, Douce, and others, have not been successful hitherto in discovering the author of this romance, but all

¹ There scarcely appears to be sufficient authority for this assertion. The poems and epigrams in which the play is mentioned seem to be somewhat contradictory on this point. Mr. Knight has collected them in an interesting paper at the close of his edition of the play. The difficulty is to decide whether it is insinuated that the drama was not well received, or that it is a bad production of the author. Flecknoe's epigram would seem to imply that it met with success far beyond its merits; but this testimony, which is clearer than any of the others produced by the commentators, is the only one omitted by Mr. Knight.—ED.

agree that it was written in the fifth or sixth century after Christ, and *in Greek*. Godfrey of Viterbo seems to have considered it as a portion of real history, for he relates it at full length, in his "Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle," as an event which happened under the rule of the third Antiochus. The form of the versified representation is curious; two rhyming hexameters are separated by a pentameter. The Latin prose versions appear to have been taken, partly from Godfrey's relation, partly from the Greek original: one of these is to be found in the *Gesta Romanorum*. Velsar printed another without knowing this; and a third appeared in a separate form, without date or place, in the latter part of the fifteenth century. These three forms of the story differ from one another in words, not in incidents; but Eschenburg considers the first to be the model of the two others. An old German poem of *Apollonius von Tyrland*, by Heinrich von der Neuenstadt (at Vienna), was already extant in 1400; probably founded upon the story in the *Gesta Romanorum*: compare Hagen's and Büsching's Sketches, 206. The later variations in German prose, which were for a long time favourite popular books, appear to have been derived from Godfrey of Viterbo's Pantheon; at least, this source is assigned for the edition of Augsburg, printed in the year 1471, and that of Strasburg, small quarto, 1516 (according to Eschenburg's specimens, a very corrupt form of the story). That of 1556 in 12mo., of which we have made use, appears more correct. We have faithfully translated from it *Tharsien's Lied*, evidently an old Meister leid, with its two parts (the *aufgesang* and *abgesang*—the *aufgesang* falls into two, the *abgesang* into three artificially rhymed stanzas), but we could do this only with the first strophe of the poem, as the second, singularly enough, proceeds with the story, which seems to confirm our supposition that an old Meister song has been interpolated. We considered ourselves under the necessity of taking greater liberty with the riddles, which

have not been so well handled in the popular form. There is a list of the MSS. and printed editions of this romance, in all languages, in Douce, ii., 140 *et seq.*

In England, the romance of "Apollonius of Tyre" was early treated both in prose and verse. Gower,¹ who is introduced in Shakespeare's "Pericles" as the relator, interwove it into his *Confessio Amantis*, which was completed as early as 1393. His authority, as he himself professes, is Godfrey of Viterbo. But Dr. Farmer possessed a fragment of an English poem on the same circumstance,² which, according to the writing and language, appeared to be older than Gower. In English prose, the romance of "Apollonius" was published by Wynkyn de Worde, as early as 1510, translated from the French by Robert Copland. In 1576, William Howe had a privilege for an edition of this popular romance, of which the translation of T. Twine,³ which appeared in 1607, by Valentine Sims, appears to have been only a reprint.

Gower's *Confessio Amantis* is considered as Shakespeare's immediate source, because this ancient poet is introduced speaking in Pericles. But from the notes of the English annotators, who produce frequent quotations from the popular books, we can see that the poet often departed from Gower's work, and followed the latter, where Gower is wanting.⁴ It

¹ The story in Gower has been judiciously included in Mr. Collier's Shakespeare's Library.—Ed.

² This extremely curious fragment was written by a priest of Wimborne Minster, co. Dorset. It has escaped the researches of Mr. Collier, but has been recently printed by the Editor of this work in a volume intended for private circulation.—Ed.

³ Not Thomas Twine, but his brother, Lawrence Twine, as Mr. Collier has remarked. This romance has been reprinted in Collier's Shakespeare's Library.—Ed.

⁴ Instead of the game at ball, by which Apollonius gains the favour of the King of Pentapolis, Shakespeare has a tournament; it cannot be shown that he owes this alteration to any model. It is doubtful whether there was not an English form of this romance, having the altered names, which was used by Shakespeare.

appears also, from these passages, that the English people's book agrees very nearly with the German one, and this justifies us in keeping more immediately to that and to the *Gesta Romanorum*. We should have made use of the last only, but that the story was best fitted for an antique and popular form, which Shakespeare has taken pains to give it by the introduction of "ancient Gower;" and we found this could be best preserved by keeping close to the German popular form. We conceived, also, that we ought to give the songs and riddles in rhyme, according to the popular work, and not in hexameters. We must be excused for a somewhat freer treatment of the story than we should have allowed ourselves elsewhere, having to reconcile two distinct models. In this necessary liberty, we confined ourselves to the form of the story, without arbitrarily altering any of the incidents.

Many traits of popular fiction occur in our romance, but it can hardly be thought to rest entirely on a popular fiction. The incestuous love of Antiochus for his daughter is derived also by the German book from the *Helena*, and from Straparola's kindred novel of the "Maiden in the Coffin." Compare Valentine Schmidt's *Märchensaal*, 115, with the remarks, 303, and the *Pentamerone*, ii., 6 (16). But here, that is to say, in the tale, this love has a motive; while in "Apollonius" it is entirely without foundation. The preservation of Lucina in the chest reminds us of that of Doralice in the coffin. The riddle, on the solution of which the possession of the princess is made to depend, is a trait which perpetually recurs. The stay of Tharsia in the house of the Pander returns in a similar form in many ecclesiastical legends; for example, in that of St. Agnes, and the fisherman who shares his coat with the shipwrecked Apollonius is St. Martin. For the rest, the adventures of Apollonius are very much in the manner of the Greek romance, where voyages and pirates act the chief part. Yet a poetical style and an alluring

invention are not to be denied to this poem, and certainly our readers will thank us for preserving it.

It has been already remarked, in Chapter XI., that the discovery of Lucina, as Priestess of Diana at Ephesus, was probably the model for the preservation of Hermione in the "Winter's Tale." But much more does the preservation and discovery of Emilia, the Abbess at Ephesus, in the "Comedy of Errors," remind us of Apollonius and Pericles; as, on the other side, the catastrophe of the "Comedy of Errors" has a great resemblance to the event of the novel of "Cinthio," mentioned in Chapter XIII.

XV. KING LEAR.

It is well known that there is an older tragedy on the subject of King Lear,¹ which Tieck has translated in his "Old English Theatre," vol. ii. The author of it has doubtlessly taken his materials from Holinshed, or his predecessor, Geoffrey of Monmouth. The episode of Gloucester and his sons, Edmund and Edgar, however, as the source of those who have given the adventure out of Sidney's "Arcadia," does not occur here, and the conclusion in the chronicle is much more scanty. Tieck ascribes this older piece, which is judged by the English much too depreciatingly, and still more unjustly by Voss, in the remarks to his translation, to Shakespeare. It is known that Tieck considers many other plays as works of Shakespeare's youth, and we trust he will not withhold the proofs. We consider his opinion with regard to this older King Lear, which has great beauties,² as less bold than many of his others.

The author of the older play has clearly not made use of the old ballad of "King Leir and his three daughters," given by Percy, and translated by Eschenberg; the newer piece, however, has several things in common with the ballad; for example, Lear's madness, Cordelia's death, &c., and thus arises

¹ Our author here refers, of course, to "The True Chronicle History of King Leir," 1605, reprinted by Steevens.—Ed.

² The inability of German writers to appreciate the poetry of our old drama, however deeply they understand its philosophy, is nowhere so clearly exhibited as in their observations on such works as these. The old play may certainly be compared with advantage to its contemporaries, but very few English critics would discover the "great beauties" in it, which M. Simrock appears to have found.—Ed.

the question, whether the author of the ballad copied from the play, or Shakespeare from the ballad. We decide for the first supposition, partly on account of the modern tone of this spiritless fabrication, partly because the poet, to whom the older piece, or at least Holinshed's Chronicle, was accessible, could find all the ideas determining the treatment of the subject in his own mind, which was not the case with the ballad-writer. That nothing is said in the ballad of the "Night-Storm" cannot prove Johnson's opinion that it is older than the play, for it is clear that the author of the ballad did not mean to give an extract from the play.¹ He meant, as the name Aganippus shows, to guide himself by the Chronicle, but could not keep himself free from the influence of the play.

Cordelia's words in Holinshed are singular:—"So much as you have, so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more." In Monmouth—

"Quantum habes, tantum vales, tantumque te diligo."

The old ballad more clearly—

"My love shall be the duty of a child."

And in the older play—

"What love the child doth owe her father."

In Spenser's "Faerie Queene," where the story of Lear is related in few words, Cordelia says, that she loves her father as much as is becoming; and in the *Gesta Romanorum*, as much as he is worthy. The latter seems also to be the meaning in Monmouth and Holinshed.

The story takes another turn in the popular tale of the history of Ina, King of the West Saxons, which Camden relates (Remains, p. 306, ed. 1674). "This King had three

¹ The writer evidently copied Holinshed, but includes an incident not occurring in the pages of that historian, but found in the play.—Ed.

daughters, to whom he once put the question if they loved him, and would always love him above all other things. The two elder answered this question with high and deep oaths; but the youngest and most prudent said to him, openly and without flattery, that she valued and honoured him as highly as nature and filial duty could command, and would do this as long as she lived, but that she believed a time must come when she must love another more tenderly than him. Hereby she understood her future husband, whom she was bound by God's command to follow, and to leave father, mother, and brothers, for his sake." This turn is not strange to Shakespeare.

"Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty;
Sure, I shall never marry, like my sisters,
To love my father all."

Camden's book appeared shortly before 1605, when the second *Lear* was composed, and Malone hence believes that this story was in the poet's mind when writing Cordelia's answer. This can neither be affirmed nor denied; but yet one must allow to Shakespeare that he was quite capable of inventing this answer for himself. For the same reason, we cannot with Steevens assume that he borrowed the behaviour of Oswald from the "*Mirror of Magistrates*," 1587.

The English *Gesta Romanorum* contain (ch. 21.) a story belonging to this subject, which was probably the source of Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, who decorated his fabulous Chronicle with those tales which pleased him. The *Gesta Romanorum*, it is true, were collected later than Monmouth wrote, or rather invented, but the story we are going to give is evidently older than the collection.

"Theodosius, a mighty Emperor of Rome, had three daughters, whom he once asked if they loved him. The eldest

said, More than myself; the second, As myself; the third, As much as you are worthy, and no more. Hereupon he married the first to a king, the second to a duke, and the third to a count. Now it happened that the Emperor fought a battle with the King of Egypt, and the King drove the Emperor out of his realm, so that he had not where to lay his head. In this necessity, he turned to his eldest daughter, and begged for help. She took counsel with the king, her husband, who was willing to come to his help with a great army. But the daughter thought it would be enough to send him five knights, who should keep him company in his banishment, and so it was done. When the Emperor heard of this, he was very melancholy, having set all his comfort on this eldest daughter, because she had said that she loved him better than herself. Now he turned to the second, who had said she loved him as herself, and begged her to help him. But she did nothing but send him meat and drink and befitting clothing. Then he resolved also to visit the third, begged her help, and told her how her sisters had treated him. Then this third daughter, who loved her father according to his worth, turned to her husband, and begged him to help her in this necessity, for that her father was driven from his kingdom and inheritance. 'And what shall I do therein?' said the Count. 'As quickly as possible gather a great army, and help him against his enemies,' answered the daughter. The Count did this, gained the victory, and set the king again in his ancestors' kingdom. Then said the king, 'Blessed be the hour which gave me this my youngest daughter. I loved her less than her sisters, and now has she helped me in my need, when the others forsook me; therefore, after my death, shall the kingdom also be her portion.'

In the new King Lear, the behaviour of the two elder daughters, and their *liaison* with Edmund, remind us of the two daughters of Servius Tullius; of whom the good one was married to the wicked Tarquinius, and the wicked one

to the good brother, until the good husband and wife were removed, and the bad came together. This resemblance is most striking in the relation of Goneril to Albany. He is the good Tarquin who has married the wicked Tullia; but she wishes to remove him out of the way, not for the sake of the wicked husband of her sister, but for the more wicked Edmund. The relation of Livy may not have been unknown to the poet.

XVI. MACBETH.

Shakespeare follows Holinshed, and that historian followed Hector Boethius. Buchanan, on the contrary, in his Scottish history (*Rerum Scoticarum Historia, Edimburgi, 1528, fol. 60 et seq.*), refuses to believe anything of the marvels and appearances which form the main part of the tale of Macbeth; but he cannot keep himself wholly clear of them. He turns the first appearance of the witches, and their prophetic greeting, into a nocturnal vision, which is afterwards fulfilled: the promised future greatness of the descendants of Banquo he considers as a report maliciously (*per maleficos*) spread abroad, which tempts Macbeth to have him murdered: the boughs which Malcolm's soldiers carried in their hands he considers as a sign of their joyful hope of conquering, by which, confidence being destroyed, Macbeth took to flight (*ed perterritus hostium fiducia, Macbethus confestim in fugam se dedit*); all the rest of the miraculous he gives up entirely—*quia theatris aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historicæ.*

Malone has noticed that there is a hint, in these words of Buchanan, that the tale of Macbeth is adapted to theatrical representation. But he prudently adds, that in Shakespeare's time there was no translation of Buchanan's work in existence. Though we are not of his opinion that Shakespeare was ignorant of the Latin language, still we think he had no need of the opinion of Buchanan to find that this subject was poetic and dramatical. Farmer is still more inconsistent. He suspects that Shakespeare may have become acquainted with his subject matter, not improbably, from a

small piece, of similar tendency, which was played in 1605 before King James at Oxford (Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, according to Malone, was written in 1606). Wake, in his *Rex Platonicus*,¹ says: "The subject of the play was an old tale of the Scots of their royal house, according to which three Sibyls appeared on a certain time to the two Scottish nobles, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, and prophesied to them that the former would be King, but beget no King; the latter would not be King, but beget many. That the event had fulfilled this prediction, since the glorious King James was sprung from *Banquo's* race." Further on, Farmer adds, that he has been reproached with ascribing to Shakespeare an acquaintance with the Latin language; for the above-mentioned interlude was performed before the King in that language.² But he perceives, from an old book by Anthony Nixon, 1605,

¹ "Fabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de Regia prosapia historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus, *Macbetho* et *Banchoni*, et illum prædixisse Regem futurum, sed Regem nullum geniturum, hunc Regem non futurum, sed Reges geniturum multos. Vaticanii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit; *Banchonis* enim est stirpe Potentissimus *Jacobus* oriundus. Tres adolescentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti, è Collegio prodeuntes, et carmina lepida alternatim canentes, Regi se tres esse illas Sibyllas profiterentur, quæ *Banchoni* olim sobolis imperia prædixerant, jamque iterum comparere, ut eadem vaticinii veritate prædicerent *Jacobo*, se jam et diu regem futurum Britannæ felicissimum et multorum Regum parentem, ut ex *Banchonis* stirpe nunquam sit hæres Britannico diademati defuturus. Deinde tribus Principibus suaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis carminum vicibus succincentes, veniamque precantes, quoddam alumni ædium *Divi Johannis* (qui præcursor Christi) alumnos *Ædis Christi* (quo tum Rex tendebat) præcursoria hac salutatione antevertissent, Principes ingeniosa fictiuncula delectatos dimittunt; quos inde universa astantium multitudo, felici prædictionum successui suffragans votis precibusque ad portam usque civitatis Borealem prosequitur."—*Wake, ibid.* This work seems to have been popular. The fifth edition appeared at Oxford, in 1635.—ED.

² A more particular account of this interlude will be found, by the curious reader, in Gwynne's *Vertumnus*, 4to., 1607.—ED.

that this piece was played first before the King, in Latin, and afterwards before the Queen and the English princes, in English; and so all is explained. We mention this merely for our reader's amusement.

The story of Boethius can hardly be founded on history, but certainly it has a deep foundation in popular story. The gaps in the story have here, too, been clearly supplied from popular tales. Grimm, in his remarks on the story of the Fisherman and his Wife, has compared Lady Macbeth with the Etrurian Tanaquil, who, also, like Eva, incites her husband to aim at high things. In Livy's relation, this appearance is repeated in Tullia, the wife of the gentle Tarquin, of which we have spoken in our chapter on King Lear. The incident of the wood is found related in fiction in various other ways. There is a great coincidence in the story of King Grünewald, which Professor Schwarz has preserved in his Hessian *memorabilia* from the mouth of old people. "A King had an only daughter, who possessed *wonderful gifts*. Now, there came once his enemy, a King named Grünewald, and besieged him in his castle; and, as the siege lasted long, the daughter continually encouraged her father in the castle. This lasted till May-day. Then all at once the daughter saw the hostile army approaching with green boughs: then she was in fear and trouble; *for she knew that all was lost*, and said to her father—

‘Father, give yourself for lost—

The greenwood's coming here.’”

Compare Grimm's German Tales, i., 148. Here the connexion with the story of Macbeth is not to be mistaken. The daughter plays the same part as the witches. She knows, by means of her miraculous gifts, that her father cannot be conquered till the greenwood comes up to them; and, as she considers this impossible, she inspires him with confidence; but, when the supposed impossible incident comes to pass, she advises him to surrender. On the other hand, no

prophecy appears to have preceded the artifice of Fredegrund, who hung bells on her horses, and ordered each of her warriors to take a twig in his hand, and so to march against the enemy; whereby the sentinels of the hostile camp were deceived, believing their horses were feeding in the neighbouring wood; until the Franks let their boughs fall, and the wood stood bare of leaves, but thick with the shafts of glancing spears. (Compare Grimm's "German Popular Stories," ii., 91.) It was merely a military stratagem; just as Malcolm, when he commanded his soldiers, on their march, to take boughs in their hands, had nothing else in his mind, for he knew not what had been prophesied to Macbeth.

The following passage from Joh. Weyer de Præstigiis, Frankfurt, 1586, p. 329, is remarkable:—"If any one wishes to give himself the appearance of having about a thousand men or horse round him, he must have a year-old willow bough cut off at one stroke, with certain conjurations, repetition of barbarous words, and rude characters." A single man might find some difficulty in giving himself, by the use of this vaunted recipe, the appearance of a whole host; but the inventor evidently founded his pretension upon a popular story, according to which a bold army had, by this artifice, concealed its weakness from an enemy superior in number. According to Holinshed, however, Malcolm's army was superior in number to that of Macbeth, and the concealment with the twigs was only put in practice, so that, when they were thrown away, the superiority of numbers being suddenly seen might create more terror.

We cannot find the second prediction, "that none of woman born should harm Macbeth," in any other popular story; but, on the other hand, many men and demigods occur, who, like Macduff, "were from their mother's womb untimely ripped." This always indicates power and heroic strength. Such a one was Volsung, Sigurd's ancestor. (*Völsunga-saga*, cap. 3, 4.)

Shakespeare makes the ghost of the murdered Banquo appear at the banquet to which Macbeth had invited the living man. There is nothing of this in the tale of Macbeth; for, according to Holinshed, the murder does not take place till after the feast. Here, however, the poet has amended the single story in its own sense; for it is well known, according to popular fiction, that the dead keep their word, even beyond the grave, and expect that as much should be done for them, even when it is destructive to the living. We may instance Leonora and the Bride of Corinth. That Banquo appears visibly to Macbethy *only* is of no importance to the story. This trait in Shakespeare has considerable resemblance with Don Juan's invitation of the marble guest.

Note by the Editor.

The incident of cutting down the branches of the trees is found in several histories not noticed by M. Simrock. A similar stratagem is related in the old romance life of Alexander the Great, thus translated in the Thornton MS., in the library of Lincoln Cathedral:—"In the mene tyme, Kyng Alexander remowed his oste, and drew nere the cité of Susia, in the whilke Darius was lengand the same tyme, so that he myzte see alle the heghe hillez that ware abowune the citee. Than Alexander commanded alle his mene that ilkane of thame suld cutte downe a brawnche of a tree, and bere thame furth with thame, and dryfe bifore thame alle manere of bestez that thay myzte fynde in the way; and when the Percyenes saw thame fra the heghe hillez, thay wondred thame gretly." Compare, also, Olaus Magnus, vii., 20, *De Stratagemate Regis Hachonis per Frondes*:—"Nec accelerationi prospera fortuna defuit: nam primam et secundam vigiliam stationem suspenso tacitoque itinere prætervectus, cum ad extremas sylvarum latebras devenisset, jussit abscissos arborum ramos singulorum suorum manibus gestari. Quod cum milites in tertiâ statione constituti adverterant, mox Sigaro nuntiant se insolitam et stupendam rei novitatem admirantibus oculis subjecisse. Visum quippe erat nemus suis sedibus evulsum ad regiam usque properare. Tum Sigarus animo ad insidiarum considerationem converso, respondit, eo sylvarum accessu sibi extrema fata portendi."

The reader may not be displeased to have the opportunity of perusing the extract from Gwynne's work, alluded to at p. 127 :—

"Ad regis introitum, e Joannensi Collegio extra portam urbis borealem sito, tres quasi Sibyllæ, sic (ut e sylva) salutarunt.

"1. Fatidicas olim fama est cecinisse sorores
Imperium sine fine tuæ, rex inclyte, stirpis.
Banquonem agnovit generosa Loquabria Thanum;
Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis sed sceptræ nepotibus illæ
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ:
In saltum, ut lateas, dum Banquo recedis ab aula.
Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata tuisque,
Dum spectande tuis, e saltu accedis ad urbem;
Teque salutamus: Salve, cui Scotia servit;
2. Anglia cui, salve. 3. Cui servit Hibernia, salve.
1. Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cætera, salve.
2. Quem divisa prius colit una Britannia, salve.
3. Summe Monarcha Britannice, Hibernice, Gallice, salve.
1. Anna, parens regum, soror, uxor, filia, salve.
2. Salve, Henrice hæres, princeps pulcherrime, salve.
3. Dux Carole, et perbelle Polonice regule, salve.
1. Nec metas fatis, nec tempora ponimus istis;
Quin orbis regno, famæ sint terminus astra:
Canutum referas regno quadruplice clarum;
Major avis, æquande tuis diademate solis.
Nec serimus cædes, nec bella, nec anxia corda;
Nec furor in nobis; sed agente calescimus illo
Numine, quo Thomas Whitus per somnia motus,
Londinenses eques, musis hæc tecta dicavit.
Musis? imo Deo, tutelarique Joanni.
Ille Deo charum et curam, prope prætereuntem
Ire salutatum, Christi precursor, ad ædem
Christi pergentem, jussit. Dictâ ergo salute
Perge, tuo aspectu sit læta Academia, perge."

In addition to these extracts, I take the opportunity of adding the history of Macbeth, from "Wintownis Cronykil," as it has not been inserted in Mr. Collier's Shakespeare's Library, probably because that writer thought (and very justly) that it is at best a remote illustration of the play; but it is, nevertheless, worth a place in a work which professes to trace the plots to their originals :—

*"Quhen Makbeth-Fynlay rase
And regnand in-til Scotland was."*

In this tyme, as yhe herd me tell
Of Trewsone that in Ingland fell,
In Scotland nere the lyk cas
Be Makbeth-Fynlayk practykyd
was,

Quhen he mwrthrysyde his awyne
Eme,
Be hope, that he had in a dreame,
That he sawe, quhen he was yhyng
In Hows duelland wyth the Kyng,
That fayrly trettyd hym and welle
In all, that langyd hym ilke dele :
For he wes hys Systyr Sone,
Hys yharynyng all he gert be done.

Anycht he thowcht in hys drem-
yng,
That syttand he wes besyde the
Kyng
At a Sete in hwntyng ; swa
In-til his Leisch had Grewhundys
twa.

He thowcht, quhile he wes swa syt-
tand,
He sawe thre Wamen by gangand ;
And thai Wemen than thowcht he
Thre Werd Systrys mast lyk to
be.

The fyrst he hard say gangand
by,

'Lo, yhondyr the Thayne of Crwm-
bawchty.'

The tothir Woman sayd agayne,
'Of Morave yhondyre I se the
Thayne.'

The thryd than sayd, 'I se the
Kyng.'

All this he herd in hys dremyng.

Sone eftyre that in hys yhowthad
Of thyр Thayndomys he Thayne
wes made.

Syne neyst he thowcht to be Kyng,
Fra Dunkanys dayis had tane end-
yng.

The fantasy thus of hys Dreame
Movyd hym mast to sla hys Eme ;
As he dyd all furth in-dede,
As before yhe herd me rede,
And Dame Grwok, hys Emys
Wyf,

Tuk, and led wyth hyр hys lyf,
And held hyр bathe, hys Wyf, and
Qweyne,

As befor than scho had beyne
Til hys Eme Qwene, lyvand
Quhen he wes Kyng wyth Crowne
rygnand :

For lytyl in honowre than had he
The greys of Affynyтe.

All thus quhen his Eme wes dede,
He succedyt in his stede :
And sevyntene wyntyр full rygnand
As Kyng he wes than in-til Scot-
land.

All hys tyme was gret Plenté
Abowndand, bath on Land and Se.
He wes in Justice rycht lawchful,
And til hys Legis all awful.
Quhen Leo the tend wes Pape of
Rome,

As Pylgryne to the Curt he come :
And in hys Almus he sew Sylver
Til all pure folk, that had myster.
And all tyme oysyd he to wyrk
Profytably for Haly Kyrke.

Bot, as we fynd be sum Storys,
Gottyne he wes on ferly wys.
Hys Modyr to Woddis mad oft re-
payre

For the delyte of halesum ayre.
Swa, scho past a-pon a day
Til a Wod, hyr for to play:
Scho met of cas with a fayr man
(Nevyr nane sa fayre, as scho
thowcht than,

Before than had scho sene wytht
sycht)

Of Bewté plesand, and of Hycht
Proportownd wele, in all mesoure
Of Lym and Lyth a fayre fy-
gowre.

In swylk aqweyntans swa thai fell,
That, shortly thare-of for to tell,
Thar in thar Gamyn and thar Play,
That Persown be that Woman lay,
And on hyr that tyme to Sowne
gat

This Makbeth, that eftyr that
Grew til thir Statis, and this hycht,
To this gret powere, and this mycht,
As befor yhe have herd sayd.

Fra this persowne wyth hyr had
playd,

And had the Jowrné wyth hyr done,
That he had gottyne on hyr a Sone,
(And he the Dewil wes, that hym
gat)

And bad hyr noucht fleyd to be of
that;

Bot sayd, that hyr Sone suld be
A man of gret state and bownté;
And na man suld be borne of wyf
Of powere to rewe hym hys lyf.
And of that Dede in taknyng
He gave his Lemman thare a Ryng;

And bad hyr, that scho suld kepe
that wele,

And hald for hys lve that Jwele.
Eftyr that oft oseyd he
Til cum til hyr in prewaté;
And tauld hyr mony thyngis to
fall;

Set trowd thai suld noucht hawe
bene all.

At hyr tyme scho wes lychtare,
And that Sowne, that he gat, scho
bare.

Makbeth-Fynlake wes cald hys
name,

That grewe, as yhe herd, til gret
fame.

This was Makbethys Ofspryng,
That hym eftyr mad oure Kyng,
As of that sum Story sayis;
Set of hys Get fell othir wayis,
And to be gottyn kyndly,
As othir men ar generaly.

And quhen fyrst he to rys be-
gan,

Hys Emys Sownnys twa lauchful
than

For dowl owt of the Kynryk fled.
Malcolme, noucht gottyn of lauch-
ful bed,

The thryd, past off the land alsua
As banysyd wyth hys Brethyr twa,
Til Saynt Edward in England,
That that tyme thare wes Kyng
ryngnand.

He thame resawyd thankfully,
And trettyd thame ryght curtasly.

And in Scotland than as Kyng
This Makbeth mad gret steryng;
And set hym than in hys powere
A gret Hows for to mak of Were

A-pon the hycht of Dwnsynane:
Tymbyr thare-til to drawe, and
stane,

Of Fyfe, and of Angwa, he
Gert mony oxin gadryd be.
Sa, on a day in thare trawaile
A yhok of oxyn Makbeth saw fayle:
That speryt Makbeth, quha that
awcht

The yhoke, that faylyd in that
drawcht.

Thai answeyrd til Makbeth agayne,
And sayd, Makduff of Fyfe the
Thayne

That ilk yhoke of oxyn awcht,
That he saw fayle in-to the drawcht.
Than spak Makbeth dyspytusly,
And to the Thayne sayd angryly,
Lyk all wrythyn in hys skyn,
His awyn Nek he suld put in
The yhoke, and ger hym drawchtis
drawe,

Noucht dowtand all hys Kynnys
awe.

Fra the Thayne Makbeth herd
speke,

That he wald put in yhok hys Neke,
Of all hys thowcht he mad na Sang;
Bot prewaly owt of the thrang
Wyth slycht he gat; and the Spen-
sere

A Lafe him gawe til hys Supere.
And als swne as he mycht se
Hys tyme and opportunité,
Owt of the Curt he past and ran,
And that Layf bare wyth hym than
To the Wattyre of Eryne. That
Brede

He gawe the Batwartis hym to
lede,

And on the sowth half hym to
sete,

But delay, or ony lete.

That passage cald wes estyre than
Lang tyme Portnebaryan;
The Hawyn of Brede that suld be
Callyd in-tyl propyrté.

Owre the Wattyre than wes he
sete,

Bwt dawngere, or bwt ony lete.

At Dwnsynane Makbeth that
nycht,

As sone as hys Supere wes dycht,
And hys Marchalle hym to the
Halle

Fechyd, than amang thaim all
Aweye the Thayne of Fyfe wes
myst;

And na man quhare he wes than
wyst.

Yhit a Knycht, at that Supere
That til Makbeth wes syttand nere,
Sayd til hym, it wes hys part
For til wyt sowne, quethirwart
The Thayne of Fyfe that tyme
past:

For he a wys man wes of cast,
And in hys Deyd wes rycht wyly.
Til Makbeth he sayd, for-thi
For na cost that he suld spare,
Sowne to wyt quhare Makduffe
ware.

This heily movyd Makbeth in-
dede

Agayne Makduffe than to procede.

Yhit Makduff nevyrtheles
That set besowth the Wattyre wes
Of Erne, than past on in Fyfe
Til Kennawchy, quhare than hys
Wyfe

Dwelt in a Hows mad of defens:¹
 And bad hyr, wyth gret diligens
 Kepe that Hows, and gyve the Kyng
 Thidder come, and mad bydyng
 Thare ony Felny for to do,
 He gave hyr byddyng than, that
 scho

Suld hald Makbeth in fayre Tretté,
 A Bate quhill scho suld sayland se
 Fra north to the sowth passand;
 And fra scho sawe that Bate sayland,
 Than tell Makbeth, the Thayne
 wes thare

Of Fyfe, and til Dwnsynane fare
 To byde Makbeth; for the Thayne
 Of Fyfe thowcht, or he come agayne
 Til Kennawchy, than for til bryng
 Hame wyth hym a lawchful Kyng.

Til Kennawchy Makbeth come
 sone,

And Felny gret thare wald have
 done:

Bot this Lady wyth fayre Tretté
 Hys purpos lettyde done to be.

And sone, fra scho the Sayle wp
 saw,

Than til Makbeth wyth lytil awe
 Scho sayd, 'Makbeth, luke wp, and
 se

Wndyr yhon Sayle forsuth is he,
 The Thayne of Fyfe, that thow has
 sowcht.

Trowe thowe welle, and dowl rycht
 nowcht,

Gyve evyr thow sall hym se agayne,
 He sall the set in-tyl gret payne;
 Syne thow wald hawe put hys Neke
 In-til thi yhoke. Now will I speke
 Wyth the na mare: fare on thi
 waye,
 Owthire welle, or ill, as happyne
 may.'

That passage syne wes comownly
 In Scotland cald the Erlys-ferry.

Of that Ferry for to know
 Bath the Statute and the Lawe,
 A Bate suld be on ilke syde
 For to wayt, and tak the Tyde,
 Til mak thame frawcht, that wald
 be

Fra land to land be-yhond the Se.
 Fra that the sowth Bate ware sene
 The landis wndyre sayle betwene
 Fra the sowth as than passand
 Toward the north the trad haldand,
 The north Bate suld be redy made
 Toward the sowth to hald the
 trade:

And thare suld nane pay mare
 Than foure pennys for thare fare,
 Quha-evyr for his frawcht wald be
 For caus frawchtyd owre that Se.

This Makduff than als fast
 In Inland a-pon Cowndyt past.
 Thare Dunkany's Sownnys thre he
 fand,
 That ware as banysyd off Scot-
 land,

¹ "This 'hows of defens' was perhaps Maiden Castle, the ruins of which are on the south side of the present Kennoway. There are some remains of Roman antiquity in this neighbourhood, and it is very probable that Macduff's castle stood on the site of a Roman *Castellum*.—MACPHERSON.

Quben Makbeth-Fynlake thare Fadyr slwe,
 And all the Kynryk til hym drwe.
 Saynt Edward Kyng of Ingland than,

That wes of lyf a haly man,
 That trettyd thir Barnys honestly,
 Resayvyd Makduff rych curtasly,
 Quben he come til hys presens,
 And mad hym honowre and reverens,

As afferyd. Til the Kyng
 He tauld the caus of hys cummyng.
 The Kyng than herd hym movyrlly,
 And answeryd hym all gudlykly,
 And sayd, hys wyll and hys delyte
 Wes to se for the profyte
 Of tha Barnys; and hys wille
 Wes thare honowre to fullfille.
 He cownsayld this Makduffe for-thi
 To trete tha Barnys curtasly.
 And quhilk of thame wald wyth
 hym ga,

He suld in all thame sykkyre ma,
 As thai wald thame redy mak
 For thare Fadyre dede to take
 Revengeans, or wald thare herytage,
 That to thame felle by rycht lynage,
 He wald thame helpe in all thare rycht
 With gret suppowale, fors, and mycht.

Schortly to say, the lawchful twa
 Brethire forsuke wyth hym to ga
 For dowl, he put thaim in that peryle,
 That thare Fadyre sufferyd qwhyle.
 Malcolme the thyrd, to say schortly,
 Makduff cownsayld rycht thrally,

Set he wes nought of lauchfull bed,

As in this Buke yhe have herd rede:

Makduff hym trettyd nevyr-the-les
 To be of stark hart and stowtnes,
 And manlykly to tak on hand
 To bere the Crowne than of Scotland:

And bade hym thare-of hawe na drede:

For kyng he suld be made in-dede:
 And that Traytoure ne suld sla,
 That banyssyd hym and hys Bredyr twa.

Tham Malcolme sayd, he had a ferly,

That he hym fandye sa thrally
 Of Scotland to tak the Crowne,
 Qwhill he kend hys condytyowne.
 Forsuth, he sayde, thare wes nane than

Swa lycherows a lyvand man,
 As he wes; and for that thyng
 He dowtyde to be made a Kyng.
 A Kyngis lyf, he sayd, suld be
 Ay led in-til gret honesté:
 For-thi he cowth iwyl be a Kyng,
 He sayd, that oysyd swylyk lyvyng.

Makduff than sayd til hym a-gayne,

That that excusatyowne wes in wayne:

For gyve he oysyd that in-dede,
 Of Women he suld have na nede;
 For of hys awyne Land suld he
 Fayre Wemen have in gret plenté.
 Gyve he had Conscyens of that plycht,
 Mend to God, that has the mycht.

Than Malcolme sayd, 'Thare is
mare,
That lettis me wyth the to fare:
That is, that I am sua brynnand
In Cowatys, that all Scotland
Owre lytil is to my persowne:
I set nowcht thare-by a bwttowne.'

Makduff sayd, 'Cum on wyth
me:
In Ryches thow sall abowndand be.
Trow wele the Kynryk of Scotland
Is in Ryches abowndand.'

Yhit mare Malcolme sayd agayne
'Til Makduff of Fyfe the Thayne,
De thryd wyce yhit mais me Lete
My purpos on thys thyng to sete:
I am sa fals, that na man may
Trow a worde that evyre I say.'

'Ha, ha! Frend, I leve the thare,'
Makduff sayd, 'I will na mare.
I will na langare karpe wyth the,
Na of this matere have Tretté;
Syne thow can nothire hald, na say
That stedfast Trowth wald, or gud
Fay.

He is na man, of swylk a Kynd
Cummin, bot of the Dewylis Strynd,
That can nothyr do na say
Than langis to Trowth, and gud
Fay.

God of the Dewyl sayd in a quhile,
As I hawe herd red the Wangyle,
He is, he sayd, a Leare fals:
Swylk is of hym the Fadyre als.
Here now my Leve I tak at the,
And gyȝys wp halyly all Tretté.
I cownt noucht the tothir twa
Wycys the walu of a Stra:
Bot hys thryft he has sald all owte,
Quham falshad haldis wndyrLOWTE.'

Til Makduff of Fyf the Thayne
This Malcolme awnseryde than a-
gayne,

'I will, I will,' he sayd, 'wyth the
Pass, and prove how all will be.
I sall be lele and stedfast ay,
And hald till ilke man gud fay.
And na les in the I trowe.

For-thi my purpos hale is nowe
For my Fadrys Dede to ta
Revengeans, and that Traytoure
sla,

That has my Fadyre befor slayne;
Or I sall dey in-to the payne.'

To the Kyng than als fast
To tak hys Leve than Malcolme
past,

Makduff wyth hym hand in hand.
This Kyng Edward of England
Gawe hym hys Lewe, and hys gud
wyll,

And gret suppowale heycht thame
tille,

And helpe to wyn hys Herytage.

On this thai tuke thane thaire
wayage.

And this Kyng than of England
Bad the Lord of Northwmyrland,
Schyr Sward, to rys wyth all hys
mycht

In Malcolmys helpe to wyn hys
rycht.

Than wyth thame of Northum-
byrland

This Malcolme enteryd in Scotland,
And past oure Forth, doun strawcht
to Tay,

Wp that Wattyre the hey way
To the Brynnane to-gyddyr hale.
Thare thai bad, and tvk cownsale.

Syne thai herd, that Makbeth aye
 In fantown Fretis had gret Fay,
 And trowth had in swylk Fantasy,
 Be that he trowyd stedfastly,
 Nevyre dyscumfyt for to be,
 Qwhill wyth his Eyne he suld se
 The Wode browcht of Brynnane
 To the hill of Dwnsynane.

Of that Wode thare ilka man
 In-til hys hand a busk tuk than :
 Of all hys Ost wes na man fre,
 Than in his hand a busk bare he :
 And til Dwnsynane alsa fast
 Agayne this Makbeth thai past,
 For thai thowcht wytht swylk a
 wyle

This Makbeth for til begyle.
 Swa for to cum in prewaté
 On hym, or he suld wytryd be.
 The flyttand Wod thai callyd ay
 That lang tyme eftyre-hend that
 day.

Of this quhen he had sene that sycht,
 He wes rycht wa, aud tuk the
 flycht :

And owre the Mownth thai chast
 hym than

Tyl the Wode of Lunfanan.
 This Makduff wes thare mast felle,
 And on that chas than mast crwele.
 Bot a Knycht, that in that chas
 Til this Makbeth than nerest was,

Makbeth turnyd hym agayne,
 And sayd, ' Lurdane, thow prykys
 in wayne,
 For thow may noucht be he, I
 trowe,
 That to dede sall sla me nowe.
 That man is nowcht borne of Wyf
 Of powere to rewe me my lyfe.'

The Knycht sayd, ' I wes nevyr
 borne;

Bot of my Modyre Wame wes
 schorne.

Now sall thi Tresowne here tak
 end;

For to thi Fadyre I sall the send.¹

Thus Makbeth slwe thai than
 In-to the Wode of Lunfanan :
 And his Hewyd thai strak off thare ;
 And that wyth thame fra thine thai
 bare

Til Kynkardyn, quhare the Kyng
 Tylle thare gayne-come made byd-
 yng.

Of that slawchter ar thire wers
 In Latyne wryttyne to rehers ;

*Rex Macabeda decem Scotie sep-
 temque fit annis,*

*In cujus regno fertile tempus erat :
 Hunc in Lunfanan truncavit morte
 crudeli*

*Duncani natus, nomine Malcol-
 mus."*

¹ This appears to be historic truth. But Boyse thought it did not make so good a story as that Macbeth should be slain by Macduff, whom he therefore works up to a proper temper of revenge, by previously sending Macbeth to murder his wife and children. All this has a very fine effect in romance, or upon the stage.—MACPHERSON.

XVII. AS YOU LIKE IT.

"Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie, found after his death in his cell at Silixedra. Bequeathed to Philautus sonnes nursed up with their father in England." London, 1598, 4to. This is the title of the semichivalrous pastoral whence Shakespeare's play above-named was taken. According to Eschenberg and Dunlop, the book was first printed in 1590.¹ The author's name was Thomas Lodge, and he was an imitator of John Lily, who, by his romances of "Euphues," "Euphues and his England," "Euphues and his Ephæbus," &c., and his nine court comedies, had given the taste of his time the impress of pedantic quibbling, and provided the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court, for twenty years, with choice similes from the Grecian Mythology, and fabulous stories of the powers of stones and herbs. This *stilo culto*, as it is named by Tieck, founded chiefly by Lily, ornamented, and dealing to extravagance in antithesis, a knowledge of which is indispensable to the understanding of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, is found in its harshest form in this little romance of Thomas Lodge; who gave himself out for an imitator of Lily, inasmuch as he feigned, in the introduction, that this Euphues, John Lily's hero, left behind him this romance as a legacy to the sons of his friend Philautus. Robert Greene also, in his tale of "Dorastus and Faunia," which we have given as the source of the "Winter's Tale," was, according to Dunlop, an imitator of Lily, though his tale shows more taste.

Tieck understands the title of the play "As You Like It,"

¹ No perfect copy of this edition appears to be known. Mr. Collier, in his Shakespeare's Library, has used the impression of 1592.—Ed.

as an answer to a gasconade of Ben Jonson's, in his play of "Cynthia's Revels," where he makes the epilogue say, in allusion to Shakespeare's poem—

"I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
By —; 'tis good, and if you like 't you may."

But it is not easy to see wherein the wit of such an answer of Shakespeare consists, for the antithesis between "If You Like It" and "As You Like It" wants point. It seems probable to us that Shakespeare borrowed the title of this piece from the short address of Thomas Lodge to his readers with which the piece begins; for here he says—"if you like it, so; and yes I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favour." Probably Tieck never saw Lodge's romance, which is somewhat scarce, else he would at least have mentioned these words.

The proffer which Adam Spencer makes to Rosader, to redeem his life with his own blood, does not occur in Shakespeare's play; but it does in the old play of "King Lear," (Tieck's "Old English Theatre," ii., 317) where Perillus makes it to Lear. Here it is clearly more in place than in "Rosalind." If, as Tieck suspects, Shakespeare was the author of the older "King Lear," and if this piece was represented before 1590, which is very probable, we might believe that Thomas Lodge had borrowed also on his part from Shakespeare, for this incident is not found in the source which Lodge followed.

Dr. Grey (notes on Shakespeare, i., 156 *et seq.*) and Upton have considered as the source of Shakespeare a metrical story written by a contemporary of Chaucer, "The Coke's tale of Gamelyn," which by some has been erroneously ascribed to this father of English poetry, as he is styled by Dunlop. It is, however, merely the original of Lodge's tale, though Shakespeare also may have known it. The chivalrous element in Lodge's pastoral romance is derived from this poem, which is probably a translation from the French. Here

Sir John Boundis¹ has three sons, John, Otis, and Gamelyn. After his death, Gamelyn is deprived of his inheritance by his eldest brother, and in every way oppressed. Among other things, he persuades him to try his strength with a very strong wrestler; in which contest, against all expectation, Gamelyn gains the victory. Here occurs the old peasant, who bears so heroically the death of his three² sons. The rest coincides, as far as the flight of Rosader and Adam Spencer, who is here called Adam le Dispenser, with Lodge. In the wood they meet with a troop of banditti, with their leader at their head. By these Gamelyn is taken up, and as their leader is shortly afterwards restored to his honours and possessions, he is chosen king in his stead. The rest differs entirely. Gamelyn finds at last an opportunity to avenge himself on his brother.

It is a thoroughly popular trait when Gamelyn out of envy is persuaded by his brother to the wrestling-match in which he conquers. So Reigin tempts Sigurd to the battle with the dragon Fafnir, whereby Sigurd gains the hoard (der Hort, a famous treasure), the knowledge of the speech of birds, and also, according to the German fable, the gift of invulnerability. Envy must always serve as the means for lending renown and lustre to the greatness of heroes. In that part of Lodge's story which he has added of his own invention, there is found nothing which belongs to popular fiction, unless we class therewith the terror of the lion at the *sleeping* Saladin; a trait borrowed from fabulous natural history, in which Lodge was deeply read.

¹ In Lodge, only Sir John, but in Shakespeare, Rowland de Bois. This speaks in favour of the poet's knowledge of the old poem.

² In Lodge, only two, but Shakespeare has restored the original number.

XVIII, XIX. LOCRIN; LORD CROMWELL.

The conclusion of our collection contains the sources of two pieces, the attribution of which to Shakespeare is doubtful. The investigation of the genuineness of these plays, lately maintained again by Tieck, does not belong to this place. The first has been translated in the "Old English Theatre," by Tieck, and Eschenburg has given an abstract of the second.

As for the source of "Locrine," we do not in this instance agree with Görres, who, in the introduction to *Lohengrin* (p. xlv.), ascribes to the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth (written between 1128-1138) certainly more credibility and historic fictional value than it really has, especially in its earlier part. The descent of the Britons from the Trojans, which Görres defends, seems to us merely an arbitrary invention of Monmouth's, not resting even upon a tradition. For the rest, his Chronicle really contains many genuine fictions and popular tales, which, however, Geoffrey first interwove in the mythic early history of Britain, chiefly invented by himself.

The insertion of the novel of *Bandello* may probably be considered as a departure from the plan of our work, whence the *historical* plays of Shakespeare must necessarily be excluded. But this piece can be only improperly classed among the historical.

We will here present the reader with some notices of the non-historical pieces of our author, of which the sources are not found in our collection.

The "Tempest" is hardly founded upon a *novella*, but, as

Tieck has already conjectured ("German Theatre," S. 22), from an older English play now lost, which Ayrer has taken for the groundwork of his "Beautiful Sidea."¹ The cotemporary accounts, too, of the latest sea voyages, and the discovery of the Bermudas, have had, according to Douce, the greatest influence upon our author's representation. The description of a newly-discovered island in Montaigne (i., 10) is found *verbatim* in Gonzalo's mouth.

"Titus Andronicus" appears to have been remodelled by Shakespeare, in 1600, from an older piece, of which also an old German imitation has been preserved (Tieck's "German Theatre," S. 27); there is also, as is well known, a ballad on the same story in Percy.

The still undiscovered source of "Love's Labour Lost" is suspected by Douce to exist in some French story. Our readers will have seen, from the second part of Tieck's life of the poet, that the Italian teacher Florio, in London, known also as a writer, must have sat for the portrait of Holofernes. The name Holofernes, according to Dunlop's remark, is derived from Rabelais' "Gargantua," where a pedant, Gargantua's tutor, bears the same name.

Of "Troilus and Cressida," satisfactory accounts are found in Eschenburg. Of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," we have spoken in Chapters XII. and XIII. Grimm has shown ("Irish Fairy Tales," S. 59) that the English poets owe their Oberon, the fairy king, to the old French popular romance of "Huon and Auberon," and that the latter again is identical with the Alberich of German popular fiction, and of the Niebelungen lied.

A few remarks on the "Comedy of Errors," doubtlessly imitated from the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, will be found

¹ The members of the Shakespeare Society are promised a translation of this curious drama from the pen of Mr. Thoms, who was the first to introduce the subject to English readers in an interesting article in the "New Monthly Magazine."—ED.

in Chapters XII., XIII., and XIV. The alteration of Shakespeare, by which the two similar twins have servants, twins of the same remarkable resemblance, is not only excellent in itself, but also has quite the character of a popular fiction, as I hope to show in a treatise on the friendship stories.

In conclusion, I consider it my duty to release my friends and fellow-labourers from any greater share of responsibility to the public and to criticism, than belongs to them, according to the proportion of their contributions. Therefore, I may be allowed to remark that the story of "Hamlet" (II.), and the *novella* of Giovanni Fiorentino, of the "Merchant of Venice," are by Dr. Echtermeyer; the story of *Felismene*, from Montemayor (XII.), and the sources of "Lear" and "Macbeth" (XV. and XVI.), are by Herr Henschel. The other pieces of this collection have been prepared by myself. In the composition of the preceding Remarks, the absence of my friends has deprived me of very desirable assistance.

THE END.

Enter

Thom E. of Lancaster bar. ~~5th son of the king~~

King Henry.
5th waite ~~and~~ silent end.

Attendance.

King

Be taken as we are, so war with base,
Hinds we a time for forgotten peace to part
And break, East winds arrows of her ~~humble~~ right.

~~To be common in friends of her~~ ~~remains~~

No more in fifty before of 15th lands

Ball may for ⁱⁿ false ~~right~~, for our ~~egg~~ ~~torment~~ blood

No more Ball bringing across ~~Grassell~~ for ~~fairer~~
New ~~smile~~ ~~or~~ ~~flower~~ ~~with~~, ~~3~~ ~~armed~~ ~~9~~ ~~under~~

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY
OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH,

PRINTED FROM
A CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPT.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,
HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC.

Απροσικτων ερωτων οξυτεραι μανιαι.

Pin. Nem. Od. 11.



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INTRODUCTION.

If it were stated that there was preserved in a certain library an unknown manuscript of one of Shakespeare's plays, contemporary, or nearly contemporary, with the time of the author—and if, in addition to this, it were positively asserted that the manuscript was one of no particular value, that it afforded no various readings of any importance, and that it was not in fact worth the trouble of further investigation, such an assurance would not satisfy my curiosity. In an inquiry where a subject so important as the text of the works of Shakespeare was concerned, I repeat that no assurance of the worthlessness of an early manuscript or edition of any of his plays, in their present unsatisfactory state, would be sufficient to convince me of the absolute truth of such an opinion, unless at least it were accompanied with a substantial statement of every particular concerning it, as well as every new reading it possessed, or a copy of the original document; nor do I think that any Shakesperian student of ordinary zeal would be contented

with the limited use an individual might make of such an evidence. We have all been witnesses of the treasures left by reapers of literary antiquities for their followers in the same field, who have not unfrequently gathered a second harvest. This perhaps would not have been the case had the same facilities existed for effectually preserving whole and entire what was too frequently passed over with the rapidity and uncertainty that characterized some of the labours of the older critics; and, where we are compelled to rely on their researches, some of the authorities quoted having disappeared, we have often to regret the impossibility of ascertaining whether they may not have omitted something that would now be considered valuable. To an editor of Shakespeare, earnest in his work, imperfect information on any subject of the kind cannot fail to prove a matter of regret; what is passed over as of no value by one may prove the foundation of another's criticism; and we can hardly be blamed by our successors for endeavouring to make ready to their hands all early testimony respecting the works of our great dramatist, while it is yet in our power to preserve it.

Some considerations of this nature may be necessary to convince the public of the propriety of the course we have adopted in printing entire a document that presents only new readings and variations in a play already in the hands and memory of every reader. It may be said that all useful purposes would have been answered by giving the variations, without reprinting the parts that offer no new features. But, in so doing, we could not well have explained to the reader the general style and

conduct of the manuscript, and those numerous indications of its antiquity which are found in the orthography and other minute particulars difficult to be distinctly described, but which will be recognised by those who are in the habit of examining early records. In addition, we may observe that the actual variations from the received text are so numerous that little space would have been gained by such an arrangement; and this is said without attempting to pass a judgment on the critical value of the manuscript, upon which, in a great measure, depends the importance that may be placed upon its new readings. On this point, we do not anticipate any arguments that may be brought forward. Our object is merely to preserve a faithful copy of what is, as far as is at present known, an unique authority with respect to the plays of Shakespeare.

No early manuscript of any of the plays of Shakespeare has ever been used, or mentioned, by his editors or commentators; nor is there any reason to believe that the existence of a document of the kind was known to them. A manuscript copy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, written during the time of the Commonwealth, is in the possession of the editor of this volume, and had been for some time considered the earliest in existence. Our public libraries may be searched in vain for any MSS. of Shakespeare, although copies of the plays of most of the other principal dramatists of his time are known to be preserved. Is it then surprising that those who attach importance to every early illustration of his writings should consider the discovery of a manuscript, having high claims to be considered a

copy of one of his best dramas, made in the author's own life-time, to be a genuine subject of congratulation and delight?

On the 23rd October, 1844, the Rev. Lambert B. Larking, Vicar of Ryarsh, who has long been engaged, in conjunction with Mr. Streatfield, in preparing materials for a history of Kent, on a very elaborate and extensive scale, then on a visit to Sir Edward Dering, Bart., of Surrenden, was occupied in making some researches among the valuable charters and manuscripts preserved in the muniment-room of that ancient seat, a collection which had been chiefly formed early in the seventeenth century by the first baronet of the family. In one of the chests Mr. Larking discovered the MS. of Henry IV. now printed, and his astonishment at a result so entirely unexpected may well be imagined. He at once perceived how valuable a treasure such a volume was likely to prove to the dramatic antiquary, and no time was lost in communicating the discovery to those who had made the text of the poet a matter of peculiar study. It is a fortunate circumstance that the MS. was found by a scholar whose devotion to the best interests of literature was in no way retarded by the selfishness that pervades the conduct of many antiquaries on similar occasions. There was no desire on his part to consign the precious book again to a corner, nor would he have experienced any gratification in the thought that he only, in all the world, knew where such a rarity was deposited. And yet how often do we observe somewhat similar feelings in those who might reasonably be expected from their position to be entirely free from any

thing of the kind. The Shakespeare Society, in this case, are much indebted to Mr. Larking for placing his discovery at once in their hands; nor are they under less weighty obligations to Sir Edward Dering, for the readiness with which he has permitted the MS. to be printed, a liberality which cannot fail to be highly appreciated by every member of the Society.

Although the whole of the MS. is presented to the reader in the following pages, and by this means every opportunity given for testing its critical value, yet a few observations may be expected, more especially with reference to the reasons that have led to the opinion which has been formed respecting its date. It is scarcely necessary to remark that very few early manuscripts have attached to them the exact dates at which they were transcribed; it was not, in fact, the general practice for scribes to insert such memoranda in the works they thus preserved. It is evident, therefore, that, in many cases where there is a necessity for ascertaining points of this description, recourse must be had to other criteria. Such criteria exist in the form of the characters, in the paper, in the spelling, and even in the colour of the ink. The watermarks in the paper of the Deryng MS. belong to the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and the other criteria to the first half of the reign of her successor. The MS. has been shown to several eminent palæographers, who have assigned its latest date to that period; and the facsimile from the first page of the manuscript will, I feel convinced, bear out this opinion. Absolute evidence is difficult in such cases to be produced. All we can do

in this instance is to prove that the MS. was transcribed before 1644; expressing our hope, at the same time, that few will require positive testimony that it was written many years earlier. The body of the MS. is evidently the work of a person not very conversant with the subject-matter of his labours; the absurd punctuation and many errors are sufficient to show this, and that in all probability he was a mere copyist from some printed book or MS. placed before him. This copy has been corrected in many places by a later hand, which has been distinctly ascertained, by careful comparison made by Mr. Larking, to have been the work of Sir Edward Deryng, the first baronet, who died in 1644; and in further proof of this we give facsimiles of Sir E. Deryng's handwriting, both from this MS. and from an independent document still preserved in the archives of the family. We believe these will be considered good evidence of the identity. The corrections made by Sir E. Deryng are for the most part restorations to the printed text as it is found in the editions of his day, and in one place he has added a marginal note, "vide printed booke," clearly showing that he had collated parts of the MS. with a printed copy then in his hands. In other places he has either added to or erased parts of the original; and his alterations, if they prove nothing else, establish his own claim to a correct poetical taste, however alarmed we may be in these days at anything that approaches an adaptation of Shakespeare's work. We shall see perhaps that some object was to be gained by all this. The MS. does not contain the whole of Shakespeare's

Henry IV., but the two parts condensed into one, and, as we may presume, for the purpose of representation. In some instances, also, the number of the *dramatis personæ* is ingeniously diminished so as to suit a smaller corps of performers. The name of the person who was engaged in this adaptation will perhaps remain a mystery, but the transformation is managed with sufficient dexterity to warrant the conjecture that it was the work of a hand not altogether inexperienced in such matters. The facts above stated leave little room for supposition that it was Sir E. Deryng himself; and indeed the variations, in almost every respect, are so numerous, that we can hardly believe the MS. was transcribed from any corrected printed edition. At all events, we cannot discover any which contains them. If the adapter was a player, there seems to be no preponderating reason why the MS. should not originally have been the property of one of the metropolitan theatres, and have been prepared for the use of such an establishment. It is well known that the practice of altering plays in all imaginable ways was of common occurrence in Shakespeare's time. In Henslowe's Diary, we read of dramatic authors being paid for "mending" the works of their contemporaries, and this may be one of the few specimens that have been preserved of their powers of emendation.

If it should be asked how it happened that Sir Edward Deryng, who took so distinguished a part in the public affairs of his time, should have been at the pains to collate this copy of Henry IV. with the printed edition, we must beg part of the inquiry by

stating the probability that such an occupation could only have engaged his attention at an earlier period of his career. We have, however, a complete answer in the fact that private theatricals flourished at Surrenden. On a slip of paper, in the MS. of Henry IV., is the following list of *dramatis personæ* in the "Spanish Curate," with the caste of characters by gentlemen well known as belonging to families of distinction in Kent:—

Leandro . . .	S ^r Tho. Wotton
Octauio . . .	S ^r Warrhm S ^t Leger
Bartolvs . . .	S ^r Edw : Dering
James . . .	Robt. Heywood
Henrique . . .	Edw : Dering
Lopez . . .	Tho: Slender
Deigo . . .	M ^r Donne
Assistent . . .	Jhon Dering
——— . . .	M ^r Kemp.

This is in Sir E. Deryng's handwriting, and in another column he has written another list for the same characters in the following order:—"Frances Manouch, Thom: Slender, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Donne, Jhon Deryng, Jhon Carlile, Thom: Deryng, Jacke of y^e buttery, Anthōy Deryng, Georg Perd." This list must have been written between the year 1626, when Deryng was created a baronet, and 1630, the year of Wotton's decease. About that period, therefore, it is probable that Deryng procured the MS. of Henry IV., and from the trouble he has bestowed upon it, we may be allowed to conclude that he intended it for private representation. It will be observed that it contains nearly the whole of the First, and a small portion of

the Second Part, the arrangement of the acts and scenes being made to suit the adaptation in the following order:—

*Deryng Manuscript.**Printed editions.*

Act i.	Sc. 1.	(1)	.	.	Act i. Sc. 1.	Part 1.
	Sc. 2.	(2)	.	.	Act i. Sc. 2.	
	Sc. 3.	(3)	.	.	Act i. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 4.	.	.	.	Act i. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 5.	(4)	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 2.	
	Sc. 6.	.	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 2.	
Act ii.	Sc. 1.	(5)	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 2.	(6)	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 3.	.	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 4.	
Act iii.	Sc. 1.	(7)	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 2.	(8)	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 2.	
	Sc. 3.	(9)	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 4.	.	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 5.	(10)	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 6 and 7	(11) (12)	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 2 and 3.	
	Sc. 8.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 3.	
Act iv.	Sc. 1.	(13)	.	.	Act v. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 2.	(14)	.	.	Act v. Sc. 2.	
	Sc. 3.	(15)	.	.	Act v. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 4.	(16)	.	.	Act v. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 5.	(17)	.	.	Act v. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 6.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 7.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 8.	(18)	.	.	Act v. Sc. 5.	
	Sc. 9.	(19)	.	.	Act i. Sc. 1.	Part 2.
	Sc. 10.	(20)	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 1.	
Act v.	Sc. 1.	(21)	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 2.	(22)	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 3.	}	.	{	Act iii. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 4.	}	.	{	Act iv. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 5.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 4.	

Act v. Sc. 6.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 4.
Sc. 7.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 4.
Sc. 8.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 4.
Sc. 9.	(12)	.	.	Act v. Sc. 2.
Sc. 10.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 2.

Believing that the student will consider a minute collation of the MS. with the printed edition no unpleasant task, it will scarcely be necessary to enter on the subject with very great exactness; and yet there are a few variations that have occurred as affording happy emendations which may deserve a passing notice. It has been already remarked that it is not our wish to pronounce an opinion on the critical value of the manuscript, preferring to leave that question rather for those whose experience and judgment render their decisions of more authority. But we must be careful not to allow the self-evident errors of the MS. to weigh against the authority of the good readings it possesses. When we consider that it is the work of a professed scribe, this alone is sufficient to account for mere clerical errors, which, after all, testify to the integrity of the text; and it is most unlikely such a person would have introduced so many variations on his own authority. In some places, additional sentences and several lines are found not belonging to any known edition of Shakespeare's play. We are not, however, to conclude that these additions proceeded from Shakespeare's pen. If they did not, and if the critical value of the MS. is disputed, it still is unquestionably a volume of great curiosity in the absence of any other relic of a similar kind.

ACT I. Sc. 1. (Part 1.)

No more the thirsty *entrance* of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.

For *entrance* some of the editors would read *Erinnys*. Shakespeare here uses the term for *mouth*. The MS. has *bosom*, and reads the lines very differently. See p. 3. There seems to be no necessity for any alteration, but the reading of the MS. is curious and worthy of consideration.

ACT I. Sc. 1. (Part 1.)

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans *in* those holy fields.

The MS. reads "*from* those holy fields." The object of the crusaders was to gain possession of the Holy Land, to chase the pagans *from*, not *in*, the "holy fields."

ACT I. Sc. 3. (Part 1.)

And hid his *crisp* head in the hollow-bank.

The MS. reads *crispy*, which sounds less harsh, though not so strictly metrical. The word is here used in the sense of *wavy*, not exactly *curled*. See Holme's Academy of Armory, 1688, ii., 463; "a *curled* hair is when a lock of hair turns round and round in itself; a *crisped* hair is when it lyeth in a kind of wave." Compare the Merchant of Venice, iii., 2, "crisped snaky golden locks."

ACT II. SC. 4. (Part 1.)

Fals. The same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same.

The MS. makes Poins answer, "*Owen* Glendower," and it is easy to see this must be the correct reading from Falstaff's answer. The error is one easily made, initials being constantly written for Christian names. Besides, an exclamation from Poins would be out of place. All modern editors read "*That* same mad fellow," but are supported by no early authority.

ACT III. SC. 2. (Part I.)

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and *rash bavin* wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt.

The editors tell us that *bavin* is brushwood, and the word, though a strange one to be thus introduced, may be warranted by the next line; but perhaps some may prefer the reading of our MS. "*rash brain'd wits.*"

ACT III. SC. 1. (Part 2.)

—Then, happy, low lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

This is the arrangement of these lines in the MS., and appears preferable to "*low-lie-down,*" as sometimes printed, or, "*happy low, lie down,*" the meaning of which is not very intelligible. The passage is not

more obscure than many in Shakespeare. In prose it might be interpreted, "Then lie down low, being happy, for uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

There are many other variations that would probably lead to much discussion, but we purposely refrain from entering upon them at present, merely premising that much caution and attentive deliberation should precede the rejection of readings hitherto received as settled and of good authority. Enough has already been said to convince the reader that there has been no desire on our part to enhance the value of the MS. beyond what so unique a curiosity really deserves; at the same time, we cannot conceal our anxious hope that it may meet with attention from those who have made the text of Shakespeare and the history of his writings a matter of study. It is almost unnecessary to remark that, owing to the activity of the press, MSS. are daily becoming of less value, so that discoveries like the present are necessarily of rare occurrence, and perhaps the day is not far distant when nearly everything of real value in MS. will have been given to the public. It is believed that this publication will be considered as subscribing its humble effort towards a result so "devoutly to be wished."

Before these brief observations are brought to a close, it may be as well to mention, and perhaps indeed the admission becomes necessary for the sake of candour, that one exception to the general opinion regarding the age of the Deryng Manuscript has occurred in the belief of an antiquary, whose name I am not sure is permitted to be inserted in support of his singular

views in this matter, but who is inclined to assign the writing to the time of Charles II. That such an opinion must at least have been formed on an imperfect knowledge of original documents of the seventeenth century, even admitting the supposition that we had not conclusive evidence the MS. must have been written long previously, I confidently refer to the facsimiles here given in support of my case to those who have no opportunity of consulting the precious volume itself; and I feel no hesitation whatever in saying that no writing of the time of Charles II. can be produced which bears the same characteristics. It is fortunate we possess good evidence in support of its antiquity, for antiquaries have inferred too many wrong conclusions from indifferent premises for their opinions to be considered of much authority with the public; and, indeed, with regard to manuscripts, their age and progress, results have been deduced that would generally be regarded unwarrantable. It is to be hoped that such errors have here been avoided, and that more regard has been paid to utility than mere antiquarian curiosity.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

17th March, 1845.

King Henry the Fourth, a manuscript of the time of James I.
fol.

The unique manuscript, from which the following text is printed, is a small folio volume on paper, slightly stitched and unbound, measuring $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $7\frac{3}{4}$, and written apparently by a scribe, in the handwriting most common at the commencement of the seventeenth century. It contains 55 leaves, exclusive of three fly leaves. On one of the fly leaves is found the mark "A 5," indicating perhaps the pressmark of the MS., which has various alterations and insertions in the handwriting of Sir Edward Deryng, the first baronet of that name. Pains have been taken to present the reader with a faithful copy of the original, and with this view the foot-notes will be found to refer exclusively to the state of the text as given in this manuscript.

THE HISTORY
OFF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT: I^{us}.—SCÆN: 1^a.

*Enter JHON E. of LANCASTER, S^r WALTER BLUNT, King
HENRY, and Attendance.*¹

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of [new broiles
To be cōmenc't in stronds afarre remote.²]
No more y^e thirsty bosome of this land
Shall wash her selfe in³ her owne childrens bloud.
No more shall trenching warre channell her feildes,
Nor bruise her flowretts with y^e armed hooves
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like y^e meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bredd,

¹ Deryng has transposed the position of "S^r Walter Blunt" and "King Henry," and added the word "bare" after *Lancaster*.

² Instead of the part within brackets, Deryng has written "sweete rest."

³ Originally *with*.

Did lately meete in y^e intestine shooke
 And furious close of ciuill butchery,
 Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes,
 March all one way: and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.
 The edge of warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cutt his master. Therefore freindes
 Forthwith a power of English shall we leuy,
 Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombes,¹
 To chase these Pagans from those holy feildes,
 And force proude Mahomett from Palestine.

*The high aspiring crescent of y^e Turk
 Wee'll pluck into a lower orbe. And then
 Humbling her borrowed pride to th' English lyon,
 With labour a[n]d with honour wee'll fetch here
 A sweating laurell from y^e gloriu East
 And plant new iems on royall Englands² crowne.
 Wee'll pitch our honours att y^e sonnes vprise
 And sell ourselues or winn a glorious prize.³*

But this our purpose now is twelue-month's old,
 And bootelesse 'tis to tell you we will go.
 Therefore we meete not now. Then lett me heare
 Of you my gentle⁴ sonne of Lancaster,
 What yesternight our counsell did decree,
 In forwardinge this deere expedience.

Lanc. My lieg, this hast was hott in question
 And many limitts of the charg sett downe,
 But yesternight when all athwart there came

¹ This line has been erased.

² Perhaps this should be "Englands royall," but I leave it as it is in the original.

³ These eight lines, printed in Italics, are added on a slip of paper in Deryng's handwriting.

⁴ Originally noble.

A post from Wales, laden with heauy newes
 Whose worst was : that the noble Mortimer
 Leading the men of Herdfordsheere to fight
 Against th' irregular and wild Glendower
 Was by the rude handes of that Welchman taken
 A thousand of his people butchered

— Vpon whose dead corps there was such misevse
 Such beastly shameles transeformaçõn
 By those Welch-women don : as may not be
 (Without much shame) retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidinges of this broyle
 Brake off our buisines for the Holy Land

Lanc. This matcht with other-like (my gracious lord)
 Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
 Came from the North : and thus it did report
 On Holy-roode-day: the gallant Hotspur there
 Young Harry Percy : and braue Archibald
 That euer valiant & aproued Scote
 At Holmedon met : where they did spend
 A sad & bloody hower :
 As by discharge of there artillary
 And shape of likelihood. the newes was told
 For he that brought them in the verry heate
 And prid of theire contention did tak horse
 Vncertaine of the issue any way :

King. Here is a deare & true industrious friend
 Sir Walter Blunt : New lighted from his horse
 Straind with the variation of each soyle
 Betwixt that Holmedon : & this seat of ours
 And he hath brought vs smoth & welcome newes
 The Earle of Dowglas is discomfited
 Ten thowsand bold Scots : two & twenty knights
 Balkt in their owne blood did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedons playnes : of prisoners Hotspur tooke
 Mordake Earle of Fife & eldest sonne

To beaten Dowglas & the Earle of Atholl
Of Murrey : Angus : and Menteith
And is not this an honourable spoyle ?

A gallant prize : ha. Blunt¹ is it not ? in faith it is

Blunt. A conquest for a prince to boast of :

King. Yea : there thou mak'st me sad : & mak'st me sinne
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a sonne :
A sonne, who is the theame of honoures tongue,
Amongst a groue : the very straightest plant
Who is sweet fortunes minion & her pride
Whilst I by lookeing on the praise of hime
See riot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my young Harry : O that it could be prou'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle clothes our children where they lay
And cal'd myne Percy : his Plantagenet
Then would I haue his Harry and he myne
But let hime from my thoughts : what think yo^w Blunt
Of this young Percies prid : the prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surpris'd
To his owne vse he keepes, & sends me word
I shall haue none : but Mordake Earle of Fife

Blunt. This is his vnckles teaching : this is Worsester
Maleuolent to yow in all respects
Which makes hime prune himeselfe & bristle vp
The crest of youth : against yow^r dignity.

King. But I haue sent for hime to answeare this
& for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem
On Wednesday next our counsell we will hold
At Winsor, so informe the lords
But come yow^r selfe with speed to us agayne

¹ Originally *Coosen*.

For more is to be said & to be done
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Blunt. I will, my liege.

Exeunt.

ACT: 1.—SCÆN: 2^{da}.

Enter Prince of WALES & Sr JOHN FALSTAFFE.

Falst. Now Hall: what time of daie is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fatt-witted with drinke of old sacke and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches After noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly knowe. what a deuill hast thou to doe with the time of the daie, vnles howers weare cups of sacke, and minites capons, & clockes the tongues of bawdes & diall the signes of leaping houses, & the blessed sunne himeselfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata. I see noe reason whie thou shouldest be superfluous to demand the time of the daie.

Falst. Indeed yo^w come neere me Hall, for we that take purses, goe by the moone & seauen stares: & not by Phebus he that wandring knight so faire: and I preethee sweet wagge when thou art king, as God saue thie grace: Maiestie I should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prin. What none?

Fals. Noe by my troth. not so much as will serue to be prologue to an egge & butter.

Prin. Well how then. Com. roundly, roundly.

Fals. Mary then sweet wagge, when thou art kinge: let not us that ar squires of the nights bodie, be called theeues of the daies beauty: lett vs be Dianaes forresters, gentlemen of the shade minions of the moone: & lett men saie, we be men of good gouernment; being gouerned as the sea is by our noble *and chast*¹ mistris the moone, vnder whose countenance we steale:

¹ *And chast.* These words are in Deryng's handwriting.

Prin. Thou sayest well : & it holds well too : for the fortune of us y^t are the moones men, doth ebbe & flow like the sea being goerned as the sea is by the moone : as for prooffe now a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Mondaie night : and most desolutely spent on Tusdaie morninge got w^t sweareing : lay by : & spent with crying bring in now in as low an ebbe as the foote of *y^e ladder*,¹ & by and by in as high a flow as the ridg of the gallowes.

Fals. By the Lord thou saiest true lad, & is not my hostis of the tauerne a most sweet wench.

Prin. As the hony of Hibla my old lad of the castle : and is not a buffe jerkein a most sweet robe of durance.

Fals. How now : how now mad wagge what in thie quips and thie quidities, what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe jerkine.

Prin. Whie what a pox haue I to doe w^t my hostesse of the tauerne.

Fals. Well : thou hast cald her to a reckon[i]ng many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to paie thie part

Fals. No Ill giue thee thie due : thou hast paid all there

Prin. Yea and else where : so long as my coyne would stretch and where it would not I haue vs'd my credit.

Fals. Yea & so vsd it that weare it not here aparant that thou art heire aparant, *thou wouldst be trusted no more*,² but I prethee sweet wagge shall there be gallowes standing in England when thou art king & resolution thus fubd as it is with the curb of old father Antick the law : doe not thou when thou art a king hang a theife

Prin. Noe. thou shaltt.

Fals. Shall I : O rare. by the Lord Ile be a braue judge.

¹ The words in Italics are added in the margin, in Deryng's handwriting.

² The sentence in Italics is an addition in Deryng's handwriting.

Prin. Thou judgest false already : I meane thou shalt haue the hangeing of the theeues : & also become a rare hangman.

Fals. Well. Hall. well, & in some sort it jumpes with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell yo^w.

Prin. For obtayning of sutes.

Fals. Yea for obtayninge of suts whereof the hangman hath noe leane wardrop : zblood I am as malancholy as a gib'd cat ; or a lugd beare.

Prin. Or an old lione, or a louers lute.

Fals. Yea or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe

Prin. What sayest thow to a hare, or the malancholy of Moore-ditch

Fals. Thow hast the most vnsauory similes, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet young prince but Hall : I prethee trouble me no more w^t vanity : I would to God thow & I knew where a coñmodity of good names weare to be bought : An old lord of the counsell rated me the other daie in the street about yo^e Sir, but I markt hime not : & yet he talkt very wisely : but I regarded hime not : & yet he *talkt wisely*,¹ and in the street too.

Prin. Thow didst well, but if thow hadst preferd hime to a pulpett thow hadst done better.

Fals. O thow hast damnable iteration & art indeed able to corrupt a saynt : thow hast don much harmme vnto me Hall : God forgiue thee for it. before I knew thee Hall I knew nothing : & now am I : if a man should speake truly : little better then on of the wicked : I must giue ouer this life : & I will giue it ouer : by the Lord & I doe not I am a villaine. Ile be damned for neuer a kings sonne in Christedome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow. Jacke :

Fals. Zounds wheare thow wilt Lad : Ile make on & I doe not : call me villaine, and baffell me.

¹ Originally "verry wisely talkt," but altered as in the text by Sir E. Deryng. 7

Prin. I see a good amendment of lyfe in thee from praying to purstakeing.

Fals. Whie Hall, tis my vocation Hall: 'tis no sinne for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter POINES.

Prin. Good morrow Ned.

Poines. Good morrow sweet Hall: what sayes Monsier remorse: what saies Sr John Sack & suger: Jacke how agrees the diuell & thee about thie soule that thow souldest hime one Good Fridaie last: for a cup of Madera and a cold capons legge.

Prin. Sr John stands to his word: the diuell shall haue his bargaine for he was yet neuer a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines. Thē art thou damnd for keeping thie word w^t the diuell.

Prin. Else he had bine damnd for cōsening the diuell.

Poyn. But my lads my lads, by to morrow morning by fower a clock early at Gads hill: there ar pillgrimes goeing to Canterbury w^t rich offerings & traders riding to London w^t fatt purses: I haue vizards for yo^w all: yo^w haue horses for yow^r selues. I haue bespoke supper to morrow night in Eastcheap: we may doe it as secure as sleep: if yo^w will goe I will stuffe yow^r purses full of crownes if yo^w will not tarry at home & be hang'd.

Fals. Heare ye Edward: if I tarry at home & goe not, Ille hang yo^w for goeing.

Poyn. Yow will Chops.

Fals. Hall wilt thow make on.

Prin. Who. I rob, I a theefe, not I by my faith.

Fals. Theres neither honesty manhood nor good-fellow-shipe in thee: nor thow camest not of the bloud royall if thow darest not stand for ten-shillings.

Prin. Well then: once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fals. Why that's well said.

Prin. Well come what will come, Ile tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord Ile be traytor then when thou art king.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir John I prethee leaue the prince & me alone :
I will lay hime downe such reasons for this aduventure that he
shall goe.

Fals. Well God giue thee the spirit of perswasion & hime the
eares of profitting that what thou speakest may moue & what he
heares may be beleued that the¹ true prince (may for recreation
sake) proue a false theefe: for the poore abuses of the time want
countenance: farewell yo^w shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prin. Farewell the latter springe: farewell Allhallowne
summer. *Exit.*²

Poyn. Now my good sweet hony lord, ride with us to
morrow I haue a jest to execute that I cannot mañage alone.
Falstalffe, Harvay, Peto and Bardolff shall rob those men y^t
we haue already waylaide yow^r selfe & I will not be there and
when they haue the booty: if yo^w & I doe not rob them
cut this head from my shoulders: and sirra I haue cases of
buckorum for the nonce to immaske our noted outward gar-
ments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be to hard for vs.

Poyn. Well for two of them I know two of them to be as
true-bred cowards as euer turn'd backe, & for the third if he
fight longer then he sees reason Ile forswear armes: the vertue
of this jest wilbe the incomprehensible lyes that this fatt rogue
will tell vs when we meet at supper: how thirty at least he
fought with: what wards: what blowes: what extremities he
indured & in the reproofe of this lyes the jest.

Prin. Well Ile goe with thee puid us all things necessary

¹ Deryng has scratched through the part in italics, and substituted for
it the words, "Well, Hall, the——"

² This direction is in Deryng's handwriting.

and meett me to morrow night in Eastcheap : there Ile suppe.
farewell.

Poyn. Farewell my lord.

Exit POYNES.

Prin. I know yo^w all and will a while vphold
The vnyoakt humor of yow^r idlenes
Yet herein will I imitate the sunne
Who doth pmitt the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beauty from the world
That when he please agayne to be himeselfe
Being wanted ; he may be more wondred at
By breakeing through the foule & vgly mists
Of vapors that did seeme to strangle hime
If all the yeare weare playinge Holy-daies
To sport would be as tedious as to worke
But when they seldome come : they wisht for come
And nothinge pleaseth but rar accidents
So when this loose behauiour I throw off
& paie the debt I neuer pmised
By how much better then my word I ame
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes
& like bright mettall on a sullen ground
My reformaçon glittering ore my fault
Shall shew more godly : and attract more eyes
Then that which hath noe soyle to sett it off.
Ile so offend to make offence a skill
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Exit.

ACT. I¹ : — SCÆN : 3th.

*Enter the King,*¹ NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,
S^r WALTER BLUNT, *with others.*

King. My bloud hath bine too cold and temperate

¹ After this "Lancaster" was originally written, but some one, probably Deryng, has erased it.

Vnapt to stirre at these indignities
 And yo^w haue found me. for accordingly
 Yo^w tread vpon my patience: but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be my selfe
 Mightie & to be feard: then my condiçon
 Which hath beene smoth as oyle: soft as young downe
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soule nere prayes but to the proud
Worce. Our howse (my soueraigne leige) little deserues
 The scourge of greatnes to be vsed on it
 And that same greatnes too: which our owne hands
 Haue holpe to make so portly

Nor. My lord

King. Worcester gett thee gone: for I doe see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye
 O, Sr yow^r presents is to bould & peremtory
 And maiesty might neuer yet indure
 The moody frontier of a seruant browe
 Yo^w haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
 Yow^r vse & counsell, we shall send for yo^w.

Exit WORCESTER.

Yo^w weare about to speake

Nor. Yea my good lord

Those prisoners in yow^r highnes name demanded
 Which Harry Percey here at Holmedon toke
 Weare as he saies: not with such strength denied
 As he deliuered to yow^r Maiesty:
 Either envy therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault and not my sonne

Hotsp. My Leige I did deny noe prisoners
 But I remember when the fight was done
 When I was dry with rage and extreame toyle
 Breathles and faint: Leaning vpon my sword
 Came there a certayne lord: neat & trimely drest
 Fresh as a bridgroume: & his chine new reapt

Shewed like a stubble land : at harvest home
 He was perfumed like a milliner
 And twixt his fingers and his thumb he held
 A pouncet box : w^{ch} euer & anon
 He gaue his nose : & tooke away agayne
 Who therewith angry. when it next cam there
 Tooke it in snuffe : & still he smild & talkt
 & as the soldiers bore dead bodyes by
 He cald them vntaught knaues : vnmañerly
 To bring a slovenly vnhand-som coarse
 Betwixt the wind & his nobillity
 With many holly-dayes : & Lady termes
 He questioned me : among the rest demanded
 My prisoners in yow^r Maiesties behalfe
 I then, all smarting w^t my wounds being cold
 To be so pestered w^t a popengay
 Out of my greefe & my impatience
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what
 He should : or he should not : for he made me mad
 To see hime shinne so brisk & smell so sweet
 & talke so like a waighting gentlewoman
 Of guns & drums & wounds : God saue the marke
 & telling me the soueraignest thing on earth
 Was parmacity for an inward bruse
 & that it was great pittie : so it was
 This villanous saltpeter should be diggd
 Out of the bowells of the harmelesse earth
 W^{ch} many a good tall fellow had destroyd
 So cowardly : & but for these vile guns
 He would haue beene himeselfe a soldier
 This bald vnjoynd chat of his (my lord)
 I answered indirectly (as I said)
 And I beseech yo^w lett not this report
 Com currant for an accusation
 Betwixt my loue : & yow^r high maiesty :

*Lanc.*¹ The circumstance considered : good my lord
 What ere Harry Percy then had said
 To such a person : and in such a place :
 At such a time : w^t all the rest retold
 May reasonably dye : & neuer rise
 To doe hime wrong : or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he vnsaye it now :

King. Whie yet he doth deny his prisoners
 But w^t puiso & exception
 That we at our owne charg shall ransome straight
 His brother in law, the folish Mortimer
 Who in my soule hath willfully betraid
 The liues of those that he did leade to fight
 Agaynst the great magitian damned Glendower
 Whose daughter as we heare : the Earle of March
 Hath lately married : shall our coffers then
 Be emptied to redeem a traytor home :
 Shall we buy treason : & indent w^t feares
 Whē they haue lost & fortified themselues
 No on the barren mountaine let hime sterue
 For I shall neuer hold that man my friend
 Whose tongue shall aske me for on peñy cost
 To ransome home revolted Mortimer :

Mort. Revolted Mortimer
 He neuer did fall off : my soueraigne leige
 But by the chance of warre, to proue that true
 Needs noe more but on tongue, for all those wounds
 Those mouthed wounds : w^{ch} valiantly he tooke
 When on the gentle Seuerns siedged banke
 In single opposition : hand to hand
 He did confound the best part of an hower

¹ Originally "Blunt." This is the beginning of a page in the MS., but the catchword was originally *Lancaster*, and afterwards altered to *Blunt*.

In changeing hardiment w^t great Glendower
 Three times they breathd : & three times did they drinke
 Vpon agreement of swift Severns flood
 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks
 Ran fearefully among the trembling reeds
 & hid his crise-pe head in the hollow banke
 Blood-stained w^t these valiant combatans
 Neuer did bare and rotten pollicy
 Colour her workeing w^t such deadly wounds
 Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
 Receiue so many : & *all*¹ willingly
 Then lett not hime be slandred w^t revolt.

King. Thou dost bely hime Percey : thou dost bely hime
 He never did encounter with Glendower
 I tell thee he durst as well haue mett the diuell alone
 As Owen Glendower for an enymie
 Art thou not asham'd : but Sirra : henceforth
 Let me not heare yo^w speake of Mortimer
 Send me yow^r prisoners w^t the speediest meanes :
 Or yo^w shall heare in such a kind frome me
 As will displease yo^w : my lord Northumberland
 We lycence yow^r departure w^t yow^r sonne :
 Send vs yow^r prisoners, or yo^w will heare of it.

[*Exit KING, LANC. & BLUNT.*²

~~ACT: I: SCENE: 4th.~~

Hot. And if the diuell come & roare for them
 I will not send them, I will after straight
 And tell hime so, for I will ease my hart
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What, drunke with choler, stay & pause awhile

¹ This was originally *so*.

² "Lanc. & Blunt" is added in Deryng's handwriting.

*Enter WORCESTER.*¹

Here comes yow^r vnclē.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer :

Zounds I will speake of hime, & let my soule
Want mercy if I doe not joyne w^t hime
Yea on his part Ile empty all these veynes
& shed my deere blood ; drop by drop i'th dust
*But I will lift y^e downe-trodd Mortimer*²
As high in' th ayer, as this vnthankefull kinge
As this ingrate & cankred Bullingbrooke.

Nor. Brother, the king hath made yow^r nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone.

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners
& when I vrg'd the ransome once agayne
Of my wiues-brother, then his cheeke lookt pale
& one my face he turn'd an eye of death
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame hime, was he not proclaym'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood.

Nor. He was, I heard the pclamⁿcon
& then it was, when the vnhappy kinge
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did sett forth
Vpon his Irish expedition
From whence he intercepted did returne
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

Wor. & for whose death : we in the worlds wide-mouth
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

Hot. But soft I pray yo^w, did king Richard then
pclayme my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne.

Nor. He did, myselfe did heare it :

¹ This direction is in Deryng's handwriting. The original scribe placed it seven lines lower, where it has been erased.

² This line is added in Deryng's handwriting.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his coosen king
 That wisht hime on the barren mountaynes starue
 But shall it be, that yo^w that sett the crowne
 Vpon the head of this forgettfull man
 And for his sake weare the detested blot
 Of murtherous subornation, shall it bee
 That yo^w a world of curses vndergoe
 Being the agents, or base second meanes
 The cords, the ladder, or the hange-man rather
 (O pardon if that I descend so low
 To shew the lyne ; & the predicament
 Wherein yow rang vnder this subtile kinge)
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies
 Or fill vp cronicles in time to come
 That men of yow^r nobillity and power
 Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe
 (As both of yo^w God pardon it haue done
 To put downe Richard that sweet louely rose
 And plant this thorne : this canker Bullingbrooke
 & shall it in more shame be further spoken
 That yo^w ar fool'd, discarded, & put off
 By hime for whom these shames ye vnder-went
 No, yett time serues wherein yo^w may redeem
 Yow^r banisht honours : & restore yow^r selues
 Into the good thoughts of the world agayne
 Reveng the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud king, who studies day & night
 To answere all the debt he owes yo^w
 Even w^t the bloody paimentt of yow^r deathes
 Therefore I say :—

Wor. Peace coosen, saie noe more
 And now I will vnclasp a secret booke
 And to yow^r quick-conceauing discontents
 Ile read yo^w matter deep & dangerus
 As full of perrill & aduenterous spirit

As to o're-walke a current roring lowd
On the vnsteadfast footeing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinck, or swiſme
Send danger from the east vnto y^e west
So Honour crose it from the north to south
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres
To rouse a lyon: then to start a hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives hime beyond the bounds of patience
Hot. By Heauen methinkes it weare an easie leape
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd moone
Or diue into the bottom of the deepe
Where fadome-lyne could neuer touch the grownd
And pluck vp drowned honer by the lockes.
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
W'tout corriuall all her dignities
But out apon this false fact fellowship

Wor. He aprehends a world of figures here
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry yo^w mercy

Wor. Those same noble Scots y^t ar yow^r prisoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all
By God he shall not haue a Scott of them.
No: if a Scott would saue his soule he shall not:
Ile keepe them: by this hand:

Wor. Yo^w start away
And lend noe eare vnto my purposes
Those prisoners yo^w shall keepe

Hot. Nay I will. that's flat:
He said he would not ransome Mortimer
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer:
But I will find hime when he lyes a sleepe
And in his eare Ile hallow Mortimer
Nay: Ile haue a starling shall be taught to speak

Nothing but Mortimer ; & giue it hime
To keepe his anger still in motion

Wor. Heare yo^w coosen a word

Hot. All studies here I solemnely¹ defie
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke
And that same sword & buckeler prince of Wales
But that I thinke his father loues hime not
And would be glad he mett w^t som mischance :
I would haue hime poysoned w^t a pot of ale

Wor. Farewell kinseman : Ile talke to yo^w
When yo^w ar better tempered to attend

Nor. Whie what a waspe-tongue & vnpatient foole
Art thou to breake into this womans moode
Tyeing thine ear to no tongue but thin owne.

Hot. Whie looke yo^w I ame whipt and scourg'd w^t rods
Netled and stoung w^t pismires : when I heare
Of this ville pollititian Bullingbrooke
In Richards time, what doe yo^w call the place
A plague apon it, it is in Glocestershire
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vnckle kept
His vnckle Yorke : where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this king of smiles : this Bullingbrooke :
Zbloud when yo^w & he came backe from Rauenspurg

Nor. Yo^w say true.

Hot. Whie no. at Barkly Castle.²
Whie what a candie deale of curtesie
This fawninge grey-hownd then did proffer me
Looke when his infant fortune came to age :

¹ Originally written "vtterly" Altered to "solemnely" by Sir E. Deryng.

² This and the preceding line are erased, and in their place we have, in Deryng's handwriting—

"*Nor.* Att Barkly Castle.

Hot. You say true."

And gentle Harry Percey : & kind coosen :
 O the diuell take such cooseners : God forgiue me :
 Good vncke tell yow^r tale. I haue done.

Wor. Nay if yo^w haue not, to it againe
 We will stay yow^r leasure :

Hot. I haue don yfaith :

Wor. Then once more to yow^r Scottish prisoners
 Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight :
 And make the Dowglas sonne yow^r only mean
 For powers in Scotland : w^{ch} for diuers reasons
 W^{ch} I shall send yo^w written : be assur'd
 Will easily be granted yo^w my lord
 I speake not this in estimacon
 As what I thinke might be, but what I knowe
 Is ruminated, plotted, & sett downe :
 And only staies but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it, vpon my life it will doe well

Nor. Before the game's a foote thow still lets't slip.

Hot. Whie it cannot choose but be a noble plott
 And then y^e power of Scotland & of Yorke
 To joyne w^t Mortimer : ha :

Wor. And so they shall

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aym'd

Wor. And 'tis noe little reasone bids vs speed
 To saue our heads, by rayseing of a head
 For, beare our selues as euen as we canne
 The king will allwayes thinke hime in our debt
 And thinke, we thinke ourselues vnsatisfied
 Till he hath found a time to paie vs home
 And see alreadie how he doth begine
 To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue

Hot. He does, he does, wee le be reveng'd on hime

Wor. Coosine : farewell : no further goe in this
 Then I in letters shall direct yow^r course

When time is ripe, w^{ch} will be suddenly :
 Ile steale to Glendower & to Mortimer
 Where yo^w & Dowglas : & our powers at once
 As I will fashion it. shall happily meett
 To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes
 W^{ch} now we hold at much vncertainty

Nor. Farewell good brother, we shall thrive I trust

Hot. Vncle adue, O let the howers be short
 Till fields, & blowes, & grones, aplaud our sport *Exeunt*

ACT: I.—SCÆN: 5th. 

Enter Prince : POYNES

Poyn. Com shelter, shelter, I haue remooued Falstaffes horse, & he fretts like a gum'd velvet.

Prin. Stand close

Enter FALSTAFFE.

Fals. Poynes, Poynes, & be hang'd Poynes

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe.

Fals. What Poynes, Hall.

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill Ile goe seeke hime. *[Exit.]*¹

Fals. I am acurst to rob in that theeues company: the rascall hath remoou'd my horse: & tyed hime I knowe not where: if I trauell but fower foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my wind, well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this: if I scape hanging for killing that rogue & I haue forsworne his company howe'erly any time this two & twenty yeares: & yet I am bewitcht with the rogues company, if the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue

¹ This direction is in Deryng's handwriting.

hime Ile be hang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke medicines: Poynes, Hall, a plague vpon yo^w both, Bardolfe, Peto, Ile starue ere Ile robe a foote further, and 'tweare not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man and leaue these rogues: I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth, eight yeards of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles a foote with me: And the stony-harted villaines knowe it well enough: A plague vpon it, when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle: [and enter PRINCE.]*¹

Whew, a plague apon yo^w all: giue me my horse, yo^w rogues: giue me my horse, and be hang'd:

Prin. Peace ye fatt gutts: lye downe: lay thine eare close to the grownd, and list if thow canst heare the tread of travellers.

Fals. Haue yo^w any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe: zbloud Ile not beare my owne flesh so far afoote agayne for all the coyne in thie fathers exchequer: What a plague meane yee to colt me thus.

Prin. Thow lvest thow art not colted thow art vncoltd

Fals. I prethee good prince Hall helpe me to my horse good kings sonne.

Prin. Out yo^w rogue; shall I be yow^r ostler

Fals. Goe hange thie selfe in thine owne haire aparant garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this; and I haue not ballads made on all, & sung to filthie tunes, Let a cup of sacke be my poyson: when jeast is so forward and a foote too, I hate it.

Enter BARDOLFF.

Bard. Stand.

Fals. So I doe against my will:

Poy. O tis our setter, I know his voyce: Bardolff what newes.

¹ The words within brackets have been added by Deryng.

Bard. Case ye, case yee, on with yow^r vizards theres mony of the kings co^ming downe the hill 'tis goeing to the kings exchequer.

Fals. Yow lye yo^w rogue 'tis goeing to the King's taverne :

Bard. Theres enough to make vs all :

Fals. To be hang'd

Prin. Yo^w fower shall front them in the narrow lane Ned Poynes and I. will walk lower : if they scape from yo^w incounter then they light on vs.

Poy. But how many be there of them :

Bard. Some eight or ten

Fals. Zounds will they not rob vs

Prin. What : a coward Sr John Pawnch.

Fals. Indeed I am not John of Gant our grandfather but yet noe coward, Hall.

Prin. Well weelee leaue that to the proof

Poyn. Sirra Jack, thie horse stands behind the hedge : when thow needest hime there thou shalt find hime And there stand ready Harvey, Peto, and Rossill : goe thow and Bardolffe thether : Prince Hall and I will make good the foote of the hill and between vs they cannot escape : farewell and stand fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strick hime if I should be hang'd

Exit FALSTALFF & BARDOLFF.

Prin. Ned : where ar our disguises

Poyn. Here, put on, put on :

Prin. So : Poynes looke vp the hill :¹ see what is done there : At sea the greater fish deuoures the lesse : And on the land woulues liue by killing lambes : Now when the theeues haue bound the true men : and the true men rob'd the theeues agayne : it wilbe argument for a weeke laughter for a time, and a good jest for ever.

POYNES returns.

Poy. Come Hall goe : the theeues ar diuiding the true mens goods.

¹ Deryng here adds, *Exit Poynes.*

Prin. Come suddenly, suddenly.

*They two goe out & rob FALSTALFF & the
rest : FALSTALFF & BARDOLF runne away
ouer the stage as FALST. goes he speakes,
O cowardly prince & Poynes, where ar they ?*

~~ACT : I—SCÆN : 6th.~~

Enter againe Prince & POYNES.

Prin. Gott with much ease : Now merily to horse : the
theeues ar scattered, and possest with feare so strongly that
they dare not meet each other : each takes his fellow for an
officer : Away good Ned : Falstalfe sweares to death : and lards
the leane earth as hee wallkes along : wear't not for laughinge
I should pittie hime

Poyn. How the rogue roar'd

Exeunt

ACT : II^d—SCÆN : 1^a.

(5)

Enter HOTSPUR solus : reading a letter.

" But for my owne part. my lord. I could be well contented
" to be there : in respect of the loue I beare yow' howse "

He could be contented : whie is he not then : in the respect of
the loue he beares our howse he showes in this : that he loues
his owne barne better then he loues our howse : Lett me see
some more

" The purpose yow vnder-take is dangerus "

Whie that's certaine : 'tis daungerus to take a cold : to sleep, to
drinke, (but I tell yo" (my lord foole) out of this nettle danger :
wee pluck this flower safty.

" The purpose yow vudertake is dangerous : the friends yow

“haue named vncertaine: the time itselfe vnsorted, and yow
 “whole plot to light. for the counterpoise of so greate an oppo-
 “sition.”

Say yo^w so: say yo^w so: I saie vnto yo^w agayne: yo^w ar a shal-
 low cowardly hinde: and yo^w lye: what a lak-braine is this; by
 the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was layd: our frind
 true and constant: A good plot: good frinds: and full of
 expectation: an excellent plott: verry good friends: what a frosty
 spirited rogue is this: whie: My lord of York coñends the
 plot: and the generall course of this action: Zounds and I
 weare nowe by this rascall. I could brayne hime with his ladies
 fanne: is there not my father: my vncle and myselfe: Lord
 Edmond Mortimer: My lord of York: and Owen Glendower:
 is there not besides the Dowglas: haue I not all theire letters
 to meet me in armes by the ninth of the next month: And ar
 not some of them sett forward alreadie what a pagan rascall is
 this: and Infidell Ha: yo^w shall see now in verry sincerity of
 feare & cold hart: will he to the king: and lay open all our
 proceedings: O I could diuid my selfe: and goe to buffetts for
 moueing such a dish of skime milke, with so honerable an
 action: hang hime: Lett hime tell the kinge: we ar prepard.
 I will sett forward to night.

Enter his Ladie

• How now Kate: I must leaue yo^w within these two howers.

Ladi. O my good lord: whie are yo^w thus alone
 For what offence haue I this fortnight bine
 A banisht woman from my Harryes bed?
 Tell me sweet lord what ist that takes from thee
 Thie stomake: pleasure: and thie golden sleepe:
 Whie dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth
 & start so often when thou set'st alone?
 Whie hast thou lost the fresh blood in thie cheekes
 & giuen my treasures & my rights of thee

To thick-ey'd musing ; & curst melancholly
 In my faint slumbers : I by thee haue ¹ watcht :
 & heard thee murmur tales of iron wares
 Speake tearmes of mañag to thie bounding steed
 Cry courrag to the feild : & thow hast talkt
 Of sallies & retires ; trenches : tents :
 Of pallizadoes, frontiers : parapetts :
 Of basiliskes : of cannon culuerine
 Of prisoners ransome : & of souldiers slaine
 And all the current of a heddy fight
 Thie spirit within thee hath beene so at warre
 & thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thie sleep
 That beds of sweat hath stood vpō thie brow.
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame
 & in thie face strang motions haue apear'd
 Such as wee see when men restraine theire breath
 On some great suddaine hast : O what portents ar these
 Some heavy busines hath my lord in hand
 & I must know it : else he loues me not.

Enter a seruant.

Hot. What ho : is Gilliams w^t the packet gone
Ser. He is my lord : an hower agoe
Hot. Hath Buttler brought those horses from the Shreiffe
Ser. One horse : my lord : he brought euen now
Hot. What horse : a roane : a crop eare is it not ?
Ser. It is my lord
Hot. That roane shall be my throane : well : I will backe
 hime straight : Esperance : bid Buttler leade hime forth into
 the parke. *Exit seruant.*²
Lad. But heare yo^r my lord
Hot. What sayest thow my ladie ?

¹ Added by Sir E. Deryng.

² This direction is by Deryng.

Lad. What is it carries yo^w away?

Hot. Whie my horse (my loue) my horse :

Lady. Out yo^w mad-headed ape : a weasle hath not such a deale of spleene as yo^w ar tost with : In faith Ile knowe yow^r busines Harry : that I will : I feare : my brother Mortimer doth stirre about his title, and hath sent for yo^w to lyne his enterprize : but if yo^w goe :——

Hot. So far a foote : I shall be weary : loue.

Lady. Come, come, yo^w paraquito : answeare me Directly to this question that I shall aske

Hot. Away. away yo^w trifier : loue : I loue thee not I care not for thee. Kate : this is no world To play w^t mammetts : & to tilt w^t lips We must haue bloody noses : & crackt crownes & passe them current too, Gods me my horse What saiest thou Kate : what would'st thou haue w^t me

Lady. Doe not yo^w loue me : doe yo^w not indeed Well : doe not then : for since yo^w loue me not I will not loue myselfe : doe yo^w not loue me : Nay : tell me if yo^w speake in jest or no ?

Hot. Come wilt thou see me ride & when I ame a horse-backe I will sweare I loue thee infinittly : but hark yo^w Kate, I must not haue yo^w henceforth question me Whether I goe : nor reason wheare about Whether I must : I must : & to conclud This euening must I leaue yo^w gentle Kate. I know yo^w wise : but yet noe farther wise Then Harry Perceys wif : constant yo^w ar But yet a woman : & for secrecy Noe lady closer ; for I will beleeeue Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not knowe & so fare will I trust thee gentle Kate

Lady. How : so far :

Hot. Not an inch further ; but harke yo^w Kate

Whether I goe: thither shall yo^w goe too:
 To daie will I sett forth: tomorrow yo^w
 Will this content yo^w Kate?

Lady. It must of force:

Exeunt

ACT: II^d. SCÆN: 2^{da}.

(6)

Enter Prince & POYNES.

Prin. Ned prethee come out of that fatt roome & lend me
 thie hand to laugh a little:

Poy. Where hast beene Hall?

Prin. With three or fower logger-heads: amongs't three or
 fower-score hogges-heads: I haue sownded the verry bace-
 string of humillity. Sirra: I ame sworne brother to a leach of
 drawers and *can call them*¹ all by theire Christian names; as
 Tom, Dick, & Francis; they take it already apou there
 salluation, that though I be but Prince of Wales: yett I ame
 the king of curtesie: and tell me flat I ame not prowd Jack,
 like Falstafle, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettall, a good boy,
 (by the Lord so they call me) and when I ame King of
 England: I shall comãd all the good lads in East-cheape,
 they call drinking deepe: dieing scarlett: & when yo^w breath
 in yow^r wattering: they crye hem: & bid yo^w play it off. to
 conclude: I ame so good a proficient in on quarter of an
 hower; that I can drinke with any tincker in his owne
 language dureing my lyfe. I tell thee Ned: thow hast lost
 much honour that thow weant not w^t me in this action but
 sweet Ned: to sweeten this name of Ned: I giue thee this
 peny-worth of sugar: Clapt euen now into my hand by an
 vnder skinker: on that neuer spake other English in his life
 then eight shillings and sixe pence: and yo^w ar wellcom w^t this
 shrill addition anon, anon: sir: Score a pint of Bastard in the

¹ Originally, "they call me."

halfe moone or so: but Ned: to driue away the time til Falstalfe come I prethee doe thow stand in some by-roome: while I question my puny drawer: to what end he gaue me the sugar: and doe neuer leaue calling Francis: that his tale to me may be nothing but anon; step aside, & Ile shew the a present.

Poy. Francis

Prin. Thow art perfitt

Poy. Francis

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir: Looke downe into y^e pomgarnet Ralfe.

Prin. Come hither Francis:

Fran. My lord.

Prin. How long hast thow to serue Francis?

Fran. Forsooth fife yeares, & as much as to—

Poyn. Francis:

Fran. Anon: anon sir:

Prin. Fife yeares: berlady a long lease for the clinckeing of pewter; but Francis, darest thow be so valiant as to playe the coward w^t this indenture and shew it a faire payer of heeles and runne from it.

Fran. O Lord sir. Ile be sworne upon all the bookes in England: I could find in my hart

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir.

Prin. How old art thow Francis?

Fran. Let me see: about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poyn. Francis

Fran. Anon sir: pray stay yo^w a little my lord.

Prin. Nay but harke yo^w Francis: for the sugar thow gauest me: twas a peny-worth was't not?

Fran. O Lord. I would it had been two:

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thowsand pownd : aske me when thou wilt & thou shalt haue it.

Poyn. Francis

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis : no Francis : but tomorrow Francis : or Francis, on Thursday, or indeed Francis : when thou wilt, but Francis.

Fran. My lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne jerkin : christall button ; not-pated, agat-ring, Puck-stockeing : Cadice-garter, smooth tongue, Spanish pouch

Fran. O Lord sir, who doe yo^w meane :

Prin. Whie then, yow^r brown bastard is yow^r only drinke : for looke yo^w Francis, yow^r white canvasse doubled will sully. In Barbary it will not com to so much.

Poyn. Francis

Fran. What sir

Prin. Away yo^w rogue, dost thou not heare hime call ?

Here they both call hime : the Drawer stands amazed : not knoweing w^h way to goe.¹

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What : stands't thou still ; and hears't such a calling : Looke to the ghests within. My lord old Sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore : shall I lett them inn ?

Prin. Lett them alon awhile, and then open the dore. Poynes !

Enter POYNES.

Poyn. Anon, anon sir :

¹ Instead of this direction, Deryng has written, "*Exit Drawer.*" The two next speeches, here given to the Vintner and the Prince, are scratched through, and Sir E. D. inserts in their place,—

"*Prince.* Poynes !"

Prin. Sirra Falstafle, and the rest of the theecues are at the dore :¹ shall we be merry ?

Pogn. As merry as cricketts my lad. but harke yee what cunning match haue yo^w made with this jest of the drawer : com : what's the issue ?

Prin. I ame now of all humors that haue shewed themselves humors : since the old daies of goodman Adam ; to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at night : what's a clock ? Francis :

Fran. Anon. anon sir. (*Within*)²

*Prin.*³ That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a parret ; and yett the sonne of a woman : his industry is vp stayers : and downe stayers : his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning : I am not yett of Perceys mynd ; the Hotspur of the North ; he that kills me some six or seauen dozen of Scotts at a breakfast : washes his hands and sayes to his wife ; fie vpō this quiet lyfe : I want worke. O my sweet Harry saies shee, how many hast thou kill'd to daie ? giue my roane horse a drinke saies : and answeares, some forteene an hower after. A trifle : a trifle : I prethee call in Falstafle, Ile play Percy ; and that damn'd brawne shall play dame Mortimer his wife : Riue saies the drunkard : Call in ribs : call in tallow.

ACT: II^a. SCÆN: 3^{ua}.

*Enter FALSTALFE & BARDOLFE.*⁴

Pogn. Wellcome Jacke, where hast thou beene ?

Fals. A plague of all cowards I saie ; and a vengeance to :

¹ Instead of the sentence in Italics, Deryng writes, "will be heere anon."

² Added by Deryng.

³ Deryng here adds, "Call in Falstaffe."

⁴ Deryng has added, "and Francis."

Mary and amen : giue me a cup of sack boy :¹ ere I leade this life longe ; Ile sowe nether-stockes, and mend them ; and foote them too. A plague of all cowards ; giue me a cup of sacke Rogue ; is there noe vertue extant.

Prin. Did'st thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter : pittifull harted Titan ; that melted at the sweet tale of the sunne ; if thou did'st then behold that compound :

Fals. Yo^w rogue ; here's lyme in the sacke too ; there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man : yett a coward is worse then a cupe of sacke with lyme in it. A villanous coward : goe thie wayes old Jacke ; dye when thou wilt : if manhood good manhood be not forgott vpon the face of the earth ; then am I a shotten-herring ; there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England. And on of them is fatt and growes old : God help the while : a bad world I say. I would I weare a weauer : I could singe psalmes or any thinge. A plague of all cowards I saie still.

Prin. How now wolsacke whate mutter yo^w.

Fals. A kings sonn : if I doe not beate the out of thie kingdome with a dagger of lath : a drie all thie subjects before thee ; like a flock of wild-geese. Ile neuer weare hare on my face more : yo^w Prince of Wales :

Prin. Whie yo^w horson round man : what's the matter.

Fals. Ar yo^w not a coward : answear me to that : & Poynes there.

Prin. Zounds yo^w² fatt pawneh : and yee call me coward Ile stabe thee. *I'll take say of yee.*³

Fals. I call thee coward : Ile see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward : but I would giue a thowsand pownd I could runne as fast as thou cans't ye ar straight enough in the shoulders ; yo^w

¹ *Exit Francis and enters with sacke and a glasse.*—E. D.

² "Thou" is written over this word, and also over "yee," the fourth word following.

³ In Deryng's handwriting.

care not who sees yo^wr backe : call yo^w that baking of yow^r friends. A plague of such backing : giue me them that will face me : giue me a cup of sacke. I am a villaine if I drunk to daie.

Prin. O villaine thie lips ar scarce wip'd scince thow drunkest last.

Fals. All's on for that.

*He drinks.*¹

A plague of all cowards still I say.

Prin. What's the matter :

Fals. What's the matter : here be fower of vs haue tane a thowsand pownds this morning.

Prin. Where is it Jacke : where is it :

Fals. Where is it : taken from vs it is : an hundreth vpon poore fower of vs.

Prin. What : an hundred man :

Fals. I am a rogue if I weare not at half sword with a dozen of them two howers together. I haue scaped by miracle. I ame eight times thrust through the doublett ; fower through the hose : my buckeler cutt through and through : my sword hackt like a handsaw *Ecce signum* : I neuer dealt better scince I was a man : all would not doe : a plague of all cowards : lett Bardolfe speake if he speake more or lesse then truth he is a villaine & the sonn of darknes.

Prin. Speake sirra how was it :

Bar. Fower of vs sett vpon some dozen.

Fals. Sixteen at least my lord and bound them.

Bard. No. no. they weare not bound.

Fals. Yo^w rogue they weare bound : euery man of them or I am a Jew else : An Ebrew Jew :

Bard. As we weare shareing : some six or seauen fresh men sett vpon vs.

Fals. And vnbound the rest : and then com in the other.

¹ *Exit Francis*, added by Deryng.

Prin. What fought ye w^t them all.

Fals. All: I know not what yee call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there weare not two or three and fifty vpon poore old Jake, then ame I noe two leg'd creature.

Poy. Pray God yo^r haue not murthered som of them.

Fals. Nay that's past praying for: I haue pepered two of them; two of them I ame sure I haue paid: two rogues in buckerom sutes: I tell thee what Hall; if I tell thee a lye, spitt in my face, call me horse: thow knowest my old word: here I laye; and thus I bore my poynt: fower rogues in buckrom lett driue at me.

Prin. What fower: thow saids't but two euen now.

Fals. Fower Hall: I told thee fower.

Poy. I. I. he said fower.

Fals. These fower came all afront and maynly thrust at me: I made noe more adoe but tooke all their seauen poynes in my targett thus.

Prin. Seauen; whie there weare but fower euen now.

Fals. In buckerom:

Poy. I fower in buckrome sutes

Fals. Seauen: by these hilts: or I am a villaine else:

Prin. Prethee lett hime alone: we shall haue more anon.

Fals. Dost thow heare me Hall:

Prin. I, and marke thee too Jacke

Fals. Do so, for it is worth the listning to; those nyne in buckrom that I told thee off.

Prin. So two more already

Fals. Theire poynts being broken:

Poy. Downe fell his hose:

Fals. Began to giue me grownd: but I followed me close: came in foote and hand, and with a thought seauen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstras: eleuen buckrom men growne out of two.

Fals. But as the diuell would haue it ; three misbegotten knaues in Kendall green. came at my backe and lett driue at me : for it was so darke Hall : that thow could'st not see thie hand.

Prin. These lyes ar like the father that begetts them grosse as a mountaine : open : palpable : whie thow clay-braind gutts ; thow knotted-pated-foole thow horson obscene greasie tallow catch.¹

Fals. What : art thow mad : art thow mad : is not the truth the truth :

Prin. Whie how could'st thow know these men in Kendall greene when it was so darke thow could'st not see thie hand : come tell us yow^r rason what saiest thow to this.

Poyn. Come, yow^r reason Jake. yow^r reason :

Fals. What vpon compulsion. Zounds and I weare at the strappado, or all the rackes in the world : I would not tell yo^w on compulsion : giue yo^w a reason on compulsion, if reasons weare as plenty as blackberries : I would giue noe man a reason on compulsion : I.

Prin. Ile be noe longer guilty of this sinne : this sanguine coward : this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker this huge hill of flesh.

Fals. Zbloud yo^w starueling : yo^w elfskin : yo^w dri'd neats tongue, bulls-pizell : yo^w stock-fish : O for breath to vtter ; what is like thee : yo^w taylors yard > yo^w sheath : yo^w bowcase, yo^w vile standing tucke

Prin. Well breath a whill, and then to it againe : and when thow hast tryed thie selfe in bace comparisons : heare me speak but thus.

Poyn. Marke Jacke :

Prin. We two, saw yo^w fower, sett on fower and bownd them ; and weare maisters of their wealth. Marke now what

¹ This word is altered to "chest" by the original scribe, and in the same hand as the rest of the MS.

a plaine tale shall putt yo^w downe : then did we two sett on yo^w fower and w^t a word out-fac'd yo^w from yow^r prize : And haue it : yea, and can shew it yo^w here in the howse : and Falstalffe yo^w carried away yow^r gutts as nimble with as quick dexterity and roared for mercy. and still runne : and roare : as euer I hard bull-calfe : whatt a slaue art thou to hack thie sword as thou hast don : and then saie it was in fight : what tricke : what diuise : what starting hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and aparant shame.

Poyn. Come letts't heare Jacke ; what tricke hast thou nowe :

Fals. By the Lord I knewe ye as well as He that made yo^w : whie heare yo^w my maisters, was it for me to kill the heire aparant : should I turne vpon the true prince : whie thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct : the lyon will not touch the true prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward, on instinct : I shall thinke of myselfe and thee the better dureing my whole life. I for a valiant lyon : and thou for a true prince : but by the Lord lads, I ame glad yo^w haue the mony : hostesse clap to the dores : watcht to night : pray tomorrow : Gallants, lads, boyes, harts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship com to yo^w : What shall we be merry shall we haue a play extempore.

Prin. Content and the argument shalbe : thie running away.

Fals. A : no more of that Hall & thou louest me

Enter HOSTESSE.

Hos. O Iesue : my lord the prince :

Prin. How now my ladie the hostesse : whatt saiest thou to me ?

Hos. Marry my lord there's a noble man of the court at dore, would speake with yo^w he saies he comes from yow^r father.

Prin. Giue hime as much as will make hime a royall man and send hime backe againe to my mother.

Fals. What manner of man is he :

Hos. An old man.

Fals. What doth grauity out of his bed at midnight : shall I giue hime his answeare :

Prin. Prethee doe Jacke.

Fals. Faith and Ile send hime packeing :

Exit FALS.

Prin. Now : sirs : Berlady yo^w fought faire : Bardolffe, yo^w ar a lion to : yo^w run away apon instinct : yo^w will not touch the true prince : noe fye.

Bard. Faith I ran when I saw others runne :

Prin. Faith tell me now in earnest how cam Falstalfes sword so hackt :

Bard. Why he hackt it with his dagger : and said he would sweare truth out of England, but he would make yo^w beleene it was don in fight : and perswaded vs to doe the like.¹ I blusht to heare his monsterous devises.

Prin. O villaine thow stolest a cup of sacke eightteene years agoe : and weart taken with the manner & euer scince thow hast blusht extempore : thow hadst fire and sword on thie side and yet thou runs't away : what instinct hadst thow for it.

Bard. My lord, doe yo^w see these meteors ; doe yo^w behold these exhalations :

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke yo^w they portend :

Prin. Hott liuers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler my lord ; if rightly taken.

Enter FALSTALFF.

Prin. No if rightly taken, halter : here comes leane Jacke : here comes bare-bone : how now my sweet creature of bombast ; how long ist agoe Jack scince thow sawest thine owne knee :

¹ Deryng has written in the margin, "vide printed booke."

Fals. My owne knee: when I was about thie yeares (Hall) I was not an eagles talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any aldermans thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and greefe it blowes a man vp like a bladder: there's villanous news abroad: here was si^r John Braby from yow^r father: yo^w must goe to the court in the morning: the same mad fellowe of the North, Percey, and he of Wales that gaue Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckhold; and swore the diuell his true liedgman vpon the crosse of a welsh hooke. What a plague call yow hime?

Poyn. Owen Glendower:

Fals. Owen, Owen, the same and his sonne in lawe Mortimer: and old Northumberland and the sprightly Scot of Scotts: Dowglas that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rids at high speed, and with a pistoll kills a sparrow flyeing.

Fals. Yo^w haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the sparrow:

Fals. Well: that rascall hath good mettall in hime he will not runne.

Prin. Whie what a rascall art thou then to prayse hime so for runing.

Fals. A horsbacke (ye cuckoe) but a foote he will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes Jacke vpon instinct.

Fals. I grant ye vpon instinct: well hee is there too & one Mordake and a thowsand blew-caps more. Worcester is stollen away by night; thie fathers beard is turned whitte w^t the newes: yo^w may buy land now as cheape as stincking mackrell.

Prin. Then tis like if there come a hott sunn, & this ciuill buffetting hold we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nayles, by the hundreds.

Fals. By the masse lad thou saiest true: it is like we shall

haue good trading that way : but tell me Hall : art not thou horrible afear'd, thou being heire aparant : Could the world picke out three such enymies againe. as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, and that diuell Glendower : art not thou horrible afraide : doth not thie blood thrill at it :

Prin. Not a whitte efaith : I lacke some of thie instinct

Fals. Well thou wilt be horrible chidd tomorrow when thou comest to thie father : if thou doe loue me practis an answere :

Prin. Doe thou stand for my father & examyne me vpon the perticulars of my life.

Fals. Shall I : Content : this chaire shall be my state : this dagger my septer, & this cushion my crowne :

Prin. Thie state is taken for a joynd-stoole : thie golden septer for a leaden dagger : & thie pretious rich crown for a pittifull bauld crowne.

Fals. Well & the fire of grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be mooued : giue me a cupe of sacke to make myn eyes looke red, that it may be thought I haue wept : for I must speake in passion & I will doe it in kinge Cambises vayne

Prin. Well here is my legg :

Fals. And here is my speach : stand aside nobility

Hos. O Jesu : this is excellent sport ifaith :

Fals. Weepe not sweet Queen : for trickling teares are vaine.

Hos. O the father how he holdes his countenance :

Fals. For God's sake lords convey my tristfull queene : For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes :

Hos. O Jesu : he doth it as like on of these harlotry players as euer I see.

Fals. Peace good pint-pott : peace good tickle braine : Harry : I doe not only marvell where thou spendest thie time, but also how thou art accompany'd : for though the cammomile the more it is troden on, the faster it growes, yett youth the more it is wasted the sooner it weares. Thou art my sonne. I haue

ptly thie mothers word, partly my owne opinion : but cheifly a villanous trick of thine eye, & a foolish hanging of thie neather lip that doth warrant me ; if then, thow be sonne to me, here lyeth the poynt : whie being sonne to me art thow so poynted at : shall the blessed sonne of Heauen proue a micher, and eate blackberryes : a question not to be askt :¹ there is a thing Harry which thow hast often heard of & it is know̃ to many in our land by the name of pitch ; this pitch (as ancient writters doe report) doth defille : so doth the company thow keapest : for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares, not in pleasure, but in passion ; not in words only, but in woe allso, & yet there is a vertuous man whom I haue often noted in thie company but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, & it like yow^r maiesty

Fals. A goodly portly man Ifaith & a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleasing eye, & a most noble cariag : & as I thinke his age some fiftie or beerlady inclyning to three-score : & now I remember me his name is Falstaffe : if that man should be lewdly giuen he deceiues me, for Harry I see vertue in his lookes : if then the tree may be knowne by the fruite : as the fruite by the tree : then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Falstalffe : hime keep w^t ; the rest banish : & tell me now thow naughty varlet, tell me where hast thow beene this month :

Prin. Dost thow speake like a king : doe thow stand for me, and Ile play my father. *Exit HOSTESSE.*²

Fals. Depose me, if thow dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically both in word & matter : hang me vp by the heeles for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulters hare.

Prin. Well, here I ame sett :

¹ Deryng adds in the margin, probably from the printed copy, "Shall y^e sonne of England proue a theife and take purses, a question to be ask't."

² In Deryng's handwriting.

Fals. & here I stand : Judge my masters :

Prin. Now Harry : whence com yow :

Fals. My noble lord, from East-cheape :

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee are greevious.

Fals. Zblood my lord, they are false, nay Ile tickle ye for a young prince Ifaith :

Prin. Swearest thou, vngratious boy, henceforth nere looke on me : thou art violently caried awaye from grace. there is the diuell haunts thee in y^e likenes of a fatt old man : A tun of man in thie company : whie dost thou converse w^t that truncke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beastlines, that swolne parcell of dropsies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuft cloke-bag of gutts, that rosted Manning-tree oxe w^t the pudding in his belly, that reverent vice, that graye inniquity, that father Ruffan, that vanity in years wherein is he good, but to tast sacke & drink it : wherein neat & cleäly but to carue a capon & eate it : wherein cunning but in craft : wherein crafty but in villanny : wherein villanous, but in all things : wherein worthie, but in nothing :

Fals. I would yow^r grace would take me w^t yow^r
Whome meanes yow^r grace.

Prin. That villanous abhominable misleader of youth Falstalffe, that old whitte-bearded Sathan

Fals. My lord, the man I know

Prin. I know thou dost :

Fals. But to say, I know more harme in hime then in myselfe weare to saie more then I knowe ; that he is old, (the more the pittie) his whitte hares doe wittnes it, but that he is (saueing yow^r reverence) a whore-master, that I vtterly deny : if sacke & sugar be a fault, God help the wicked ; if to be old & merry be a sinne, then many an old host that I know is damn'd : if to be fatt to be hated, then Pharos leane kine are to be loued : no my good lord : banish Peto, banish Bardolffe, banish Poynes, but for sweet Jacke Falstalffe, kind Jake Falstalffe, true Jake Falstalfe, valiant Jake Falstalfe, &

therefore more valient being as he is old Jake Falstalffe : banish not hime thie Harryes company, banish not hime thie Harryes company : banish plump Jak & banish all the world.

*Enter FRANCIS runninge.*¹

Prin. I doe, I will :

Fran. O my lord, my lord : the shreife w^t a most monstrous match is at the dore.

Fals. Out yo^v rogue, playe out the play : I haue much to say in the behoofe of that Falstalffe :

Enter the hostesse.

Hos. O Jesu, my lord, my lord.

Poy. Heigh, heigh, y^e diuell rids vpon a fiddle-stick : what's the matter

Hos. The shreife & all the watch ar at the dore : they are come to shearch the howse : shall I lett them in :

Fals. Do thou heare Hall ; neuer call a true peece of gold counterfeit : thou art essentially made w^tout seeming so.

Prin. And thou a naturall coward w^tout instinct :

Fals. I deny yow^r Maior, if yow'le deny the sherife : so : if not : lett hime enter : if I become not a carte as well as an other man. A plague on my bringing vp : I hope I shall be as soone strangled with a halter, as another :

Prin. Goe hid thee behind the arras : the rest walke vp aboue : now my maisters, for a true face & good conscience.

Fals. Both w^{ch} I haue had, but there date is out, & therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the sherife.²

¹ Some slight erasures have here been made, but the original text afterwards restored.

² Deryng has added the following direction—*Exeunt Poynes and Bardolff: Exit Hostes. Falstaff hides himself.*

Enter Sherife

Prin. Now maister sherife, what is yow^r will w^t me

Sherif. First pardon me my lord, a hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this howse.

Prin. What men

Shrei. On of them is well knowne my grattious lord : a grosse fatt man, as fatt as butter.

Prin. The man I doe asure yo^w is not here
For I my selfe ; at this time haue imploy'd hime
& sherife I will ingage my word to thee
That I will by to-morrow dinner-time
Send hime to answeare thee ; or any man :
For anything ; he shall be charg'd w^t all
& so lett me intreate yo^w leaue the howse

Sherif. I will my lord : there are two gentlemen
Haue in this robbery lost three hundreth markes.

Prin. It may be so : if he haue rob'd these men
He shall be answeareable ; & so farewell.

Sheri. Good-night, my noble lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow is it not.¹

Sheri. I think my lord indeed it be two a'clocke.

Exit Sherife

Prin. This oylie rascall is knowne as well as Poules : goe call hime forth.

Poyn. Falstalfe : fast asleep behind the arras & snorting like a horse.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath : Search his pocketts.

He searches his pocketts & findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What hast thou found :

¹ This line and the next are erased, and *Enter Poynes* added in Deryng's handwriting.

Poyn. Nothing but papers my lord :

Prin. Letts see what be they ; read them :

Item a caponto shillingstwopence.

It. saucefower-pence

It. sack : two gallonsfiue shillings eight-pence

It. Anchoues & sacke after supper .. two shillings six-pence

It. breada half-peny

O monstrous ; but on halfe-peny-worth of bread to this intolerable deale of sack ; what there is else keepe close : weell read it at more aduantage : there lett hime sleep till day ; Ile to the Court in the morning : we must all to the waies & thie place shalbe honerable. Ile peure this fatt rogue a charge of foote ; & I know his death will be a match of twellue score : the mony shalbe paid backe againe w^t aduantage ; be w^t me be-times in the morning & so *good morrow*,¹ Poynes.

Poyn. *Good morrow*,² good my lord

Exeunt

ACT: III^{III}: SCÆN: 1^a.

(7)

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, LORD MORTIMER,
OWEN GLENDOWER

Mor. These pmises are faier ; the pties sure
& our inducktion full of prosperous hopes :

Hot. Lord Mortimer & cozen Glendower ; will yo^w sitt
downe & Vncle Worcester. A plague vpon it : I haue for-
gott the map.

Glen. No here it is : sitt coosen Percy, sitt good coosen
Hotspur for by that name as oft as Lancaster doth speake
of yow his cheeke lookes pale : & w^t a rising sigh ; he wisheth
yo^w in heauen.

¹ Altered by Deryng to "farewell."

² Altered by Deryng to "Good night."

Hot. & yo^w in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke off :

Glen. I cannot blame hime : at my natiuity
The front of Heauen was full of firy shapes
Of burning cressetts ; & at my birth
The frame & fowndation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Whie so it would haue don at the same season, if
yow^r mothers cat had but kittned ; though yow^r selfe had
neuer been borne

Glen. I say the earth did shake when I was borne

Hot. & I saie the earth was not of my mynd
If yo^w suppose as feareing yow ; it shooke.

Glen. The heauens weare all on fire, the earth did tremble

Hot. Oh then then the earth shooke, to see the heauens
on fire ;

& not in feare of yow^r natiuity :

Diseaced nature often times breakes forth
In strang eruptions ; & the teeming earth
Is with a kind of collike pincht & vext
By the imprisoning of vnruely wind
Within her wombe ; which for inlargement striueing
Shakes the old beldom earth & toples downe
Steeple & mosgrowne towers ; at yow^r birth
Our grandam earth ; haueing distemperature in pashion shooke.

Glen. Coosen of many men

I doe not beare these crosses ; giue me leaue
To tell yo^w once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of firy shapes
The goates ran from the mountaines & the heards
Weare strangely clamorous, to the frighted feilds
These signes haue markt me extraordinary
& all the courses of my life doe shew
I ame not in the roll of common men :
Where is the liueing clipt in .w^t the sea

That chids the bankes of England : Scotland & Wales :
Which calls me pupill : or hath reade to me
& bring hime out that is but womans sonne
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of art
& hold me pace in deepe experiments

Hot. I thinke there's noe man speakes better welsh :
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosine Percy : yo^w will make hime mad.

Glen. I can call spiritts from the wasty deepe.

Hot. Whie so can I, or so can any man,
But will they come, when yo^w doe call them.

Glen. Whie I can teach thee coosine to cõmand the diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee coosine, to shame the diuell
By telling truth ; tell truth, & shame the diuell
If thow haue power to raise hime ; bring hime hither,
& Ile be sworne I haue power to shame hime hence.
O whill yo^w liue, tell truth, & shame the diuell.

Mor. Come, come ; noe more of this vnprofitable chatt

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrook made head
Against my power ; thris from the bankes of wye
& sandy bottom'd Severne haue I sent hime
Bootles home ; & weather-beatten backe.

Hot. Home w^t out boots : & in foule weather too
How scapes the agues in the diuells name.

Glen. Come, heres the map, shall wee diuid our right
According to our threefold order tane :

Mor. The Arch-deakon hath diuided it
Into three limitts verry equally
England from Trent, & Severne hither-too
By south & east is to my pt assign'd
All westward, Wales beyound the Severne shore
And all the firtill land w^t in that bound
To Owen Glendower ; & deare coose to yo^w
The remnant northward lying off from Trent
& our Indentures tripartite ar drawne

Which being scealed entechaingably
 (A busines that this night may execute)
 To morrow coosine Percy ; yo^w & I
 & my good lord of Worcester will sett forth
 To meet yo^wr father & the Scottish power
 As is apoynted vs at Shrewsbury
 My father Glendower is not ready yett
 Nor shall we need his help ; these foreteene daies
 W^t in that space : yo^w may haue drawne together
 Yow^r tennants ; friends, & neighbouring gentlemen

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to yo^w lords
 & in my conduct shall yow^r ladies come
 From whom yo^w now must steale ; & take no leaue
 For there will be a world of watter shed
 Vpon the parting of yow^r wiues & yo^w :

Hot. Methinkes my moity North from Burton here
 In quantity equales not one of yowrs :
 See, how this riuier comes me cranking in
 & cutts me from the best of all my land
 A huge halfe moone, a monstrous scantle out :
 Ile haue the current in this place damnd vp
 & here the snuug & silluer Trent shall runne
 In a new chanell ; faire & euenly :
 It shall not wind w^t such a deep indent
 To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not winde : it shall, it must, yo^w see it doth :

Mor. Yea : but mark how he beares his course & runs me
 vp ; w^t like aduantag ; on the other side, gelding the opposed
 continent, as much as from the other side, it takes from yo^w :

Wor. Yea, but a little charg will trench him here
 & on this north-side, winn this cap of land
 & then he runs straight & euen :

Hot. Ile haue it so : A little charge will doe it

Glen. Ile not haue it altered :

Hot. Will not yo^w :

Glen. No: nor yo^w shall not:

Hot. Who shall saie me nay:

Glen. Whie that will I:

Hot. Lett me not vnderstand yo^w then; speake it in Welsh

Glen. I can speake English: lord: as well as yo^w

For I was train'd vp in the English court

Where being but young I framed to the harpe

Many an English ditty, louely well:

& gaue the tongue; a helpfull ornament:

A vertue that was neuer seene in yo^w

Hot. Marry & I am glad of it w^t all my hart

I had rather be a kitten & crye mew;

Then on of these same mitter ballet-mongers:

I had rather heare; a brasen canstick turn'd

Or a dry wheele grate on the axle-tree:

& that would sett my teeth nothing an edge

Nothing so much as minsing poetry:

'Tis like the forse gate of a shuffling nage:

Glen. Com: yow shall haue Trent turn'd

Hot. I doe not care; Ile giue thris so much land

To any well deserueing friend:

But in the way of bargaine, mark ye me:

Ile cauell on the ninth part of a hare

Ar the indentures drawne; shall we be gone:

Glen. The moone shines faier; ye may away by night:

Ile hast the writter; & withall

Breake with yow^r wiues of yow^r departure hence

I ame afraid my daughter will runne mad:

So much shee doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Mor. Fie coosine Percy: how yo^w crosse my father:

Hot. I cannot chuse: sometimes he angers me

With telling me of the mould-warp & the ant:

Of the dreamer Merline; & her prophesies:

& of a dragon; & a finlesse fish:

A clip-wing'd griffine & a moulten rauens:

A couching lyon & a ramping katt :
 & such a deale of skimble-skamble stuffe
 As puts me from my faith ; Ile tell yee what :
 He held me last night ; at least nyne howers
 In reckoning vp the severall diuells mames
 That weare his lackies : I cryed hum ; & well : go to :
 But markt hime not a word : O he is as tedious
 As a tired horse : a rayling wife :
 Worse then a smoky howse ; I had rather liue
 With cheese & garlike in a wind-mill farr
 Then feede on cattis & haue hime talke to me
 In any sommer-howse in Christendome :

Mor. Infaith he was a worthie gentleman :
 Exceeding well read, & profitted
 In strange conscealements ; valiant as a lyon
 & wondrous affable & as bountifull
 As mynes of Imdia ; shall I tell yo^w coosen
 He holds yow^r temper in a hie respect
 & curbs himeselfe : euen of his naturall scope
 When yow come crosse his humor, faith he does ;
 I warrant yo^w that man is not aliue
 Might so haue tempted hime as yo^w haue done
 Without the tast of danger & reproofe :
 But doe not vse it oft lett me intreat yo^w

Wor. In faith my lord : yo^w ar to willfull blame .
 & scince yow^r comming hither ; haue done enough
 To put hime quite besides his patience
 Yo^w must needs learne lord : to amend this fault :
 Though some times it shew greatnes ; courag, blood,
 & that's the dearest grace it renders yo^w :
 Yett often times it doth present harsh rage :
 Defect of manners ; want of gouernment :
 Prid ; hautines : opinion : & disdaine :
 The least of which ; haunting a noble man :
 Loseth mens harts, & leaues behind a staine

Vpon the beauty of all parts besids.

Beguilling them of comendaçõn

Hot. Well, I am scoll'd good manners be yow^r speed
Come ; to our wiues & lett us take our leaue :

Exeunt.

ACT : IIIth.—SCÆN: 2^{da}.

(8)

Enter the King: Prince of WALES: LANCASTER & others.

King. Lords : giue vs leaue ; the Prince of Wales & I must
haue some priuate conference, but be nere at hand for we shall
presently haue need of yo^r

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will haue it so :
For some displeasing seruise I haue done
That in His secrett dome out of my blood
Heele breed revengement ; & a scourge for me,
But thow dost in the passages of life
Make me beleeeue that thow art only mark'd
For the hott vengeance ; & the rod of heauen
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else
Could such inordinate & low desires
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such mean atempts
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thow art matcht wth all & grafted too
Acompany the greatnes of thie blood,
& hold theire leuell with thie princely hart.

Prin. So please yow^r Maiesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleere excuse
As well as I ame doubtles I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withall :
Yet such extenuation lett me begg
As in reproofe of many tales deuist
W^{ch} oft the eare of greatenes needs must heare

By smileing pick-thankes & bace newes-mongers
 I may for some things true. wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wandred ; & irrigular
 Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee : yett lett me wonder Harry
 At thie affections weh doe hold a winge
 Quite from the flight of all thie ancestors
 Thie place in counsell thow hast rudely lost
 Which by thie younger brother is suplide :
 & art almost an alient from the harts
 Of all the court ; & princes of my blood.
 The hope & expectation of thie time
 Is ruin'd ; & the soule of euery man
 Prophetically doe fore-think thie fall
 Had I so lauish of my presents beene
 So common hackneid in the eyes of men :
 Se stale, & cheap to vulgar company
 Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
 Had still kept loyall to possession
 & left me in reputles banishment
 A fellow of noe marke, or likely-hood :
 By beeing seldome seene, I could not stirr
 But like a commett I ~~was wondred at~~
 That men would tell their children this is he,
 Others would say, where : which is Bullingbrooke
 & then I stole all curtesi from Heauen
 & drest myselfe in such humillity
 That I did pluck aledgiance from mens harts
 Loud shouts, & salutations from their mouthes
 Euen in the presents of the crowned kinge
 Thus I did keep my person fresh & new
 My presents like a robe pountificall
 Nere seene ; but wondred at : & so my state
 Seldome ; but sumptuous shewed like a feast
 & whan by rarenes such solemnityes

The skipping king he ambled vp & downe
 With shallow jestars & rash braine witts
 Soone kindled & soone burnt, carded his state
 Mingled his royalty w^t carping fooles :
 Had his great name prophaned w^t their scornes
 & gaue his countenance against his name
 To laugh at gybing boyes ; & stand the push
 Of euery beardles wayne comparatiue
 Grew a companion to the common streets
 Enfeofft himselfe to popularity
 That being daiely swallowed by mens eyes
 They surffeted w^t hony & began to loath
 The tast of sweetnes : whereof a little
 More then a little is by much to much
 So when he had occation to be seene
 He was but as the cuckoe is in June
 Heard, not regarded ; seene but w^t such eyes
 As sicke & blunted w^t community :
 Affoord noe extraordinary gaze
 Such as it bent on sunne-like maiesty
 When it shines seldome in admireing eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, & hung their eye-lides downe
 Slept in his face, & rendred such aspect
 As cloudy men vse to doe to their aduersaries
 Being w^t his presents glutted, georgde & full
 & in that very lyne : Harry : standest thou :
 For thou hast lost this princely priuiledge
 W^t vile participation : not an eye
 But is aweary of this common sight
 Saue myne ; Which hath desired to see thee more
 Weh now doth that I would not haue it doe
 Make blind itselfe w^t foolish tendernes :

Prin. I shall hereafter my this gracious lord
 Be more myselfe.

King. For all the world :

As thou art to this hower, was Richard then
When I from France sett foote at Rauensprugh :
& euen as I was then is Percey now
Now by my septer & my soule to boote
He hath more worthie interest to the state
Then thou ; the shadow of sucession :
For of noe right, nor cullor like to right
He doth fill feilds w^t harnes in the realme
Turns head against the lyons armed Jawes
& being no more in debt to tender yeares then thou
Leads ancient lords, & reuerent bishops on
To bloody battells & to bruseing armes :
What neuer dyeing honour hath he gott
Against renowned Dowglas : whose high deeds
Whose hott incursions & great name in armes
Holds from all souldier cheife maiority
& millitary title capitall :
Through all the kingdomes that acknowledg Christ
Thris hath the Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes
This infant warriar in his enteprizes
Discomfited great Dowglas ; tane hime once
Enlarged hime & made a friend of hime
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp
& shake the peace & safty of our throne
& what say yo^r to this. Percy Northumberland
The Archbishops grace of Yorke, Dowglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs ; & are vp
But wherefore doe I tell this news to thee :
Whie Harry doe I tell thee of my foes :
W^{ch} art my ners't & dearest enymee
Thow that art like enough through vassall feare
Bace inclination ; & the start of spleene :
To fight against me, vnder Percyes paie
To dog his heeles & curtsi at his frownes :
To shew how much ; thou art degenerat :

Prin. Doe not thinke so, yo^w shall not find it so
 And God forgiue them that so much haue sway'd
 Yow^r Maiesties good thoughts away from me.
 I will redeeme all this on Percyes head :
 & in the closing of some glorious day
 Be bold to tell yo^w that I am yo^w^r sonne.
 When I will weare a garment all of blood,
 & staine my fauours in a bloody maske
 W^{ch} washt away shall scoure my shame w^t it
 & that shalbe the day when ere it lights
 This same child of honour & renowne
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praysed knight
 & yow^r vnthought of Harry chance to meet
 For euery honour : fitting on his helme :
 Would they weare multitudes : & on my head
 My shames redoubled. for the time will come
 That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
 His glorious deeds : for my indignities :
 Percy is but my factor : good my lord
 To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe
 & I will call hime to so strict account
 That he shall render euery glory vp :
 Yea, euen the slightest worship of his time :
 Or I will tare the reckoning from his hart
 This in the name of God I promise here :
 The w^{ch} if He be pleas'd I shall performe
 I doe beseech yow^r Maiesty may salue
 The long grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancells all bands :
 & I will die a hundreth thowsand deaths
 Ere breake the smallest parcell of my vow.

Enter BLUNT.

King. A hundreth thowsand rebels die in this

Thow shalt haue charg & soueraigne trust herein :
How now good Blunt : this lookes are full of speed

Blunt. So hath the busines that I come to speake of :
Lord Mortimer of Scottland hath sent word
That Dowglas & the English rebels mett
The eleuenth of this month, at Shrewsbury :
A mighty and a fearefull head they are
(If pmisses be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule playe in a state

King. The earle of Westmerland sett forth to daie :
With hime my sonne lord John of Lancaster :
For this aduertisement is fīue daies old
On Wednesdaie next Harry : thow shalt sett forward
On Thursdaie we ourselues will march ; our meeting
Is Bridgenorth. & Harry yo^w shall March
Through Gloscestershire, by which account
Our busines valued, some twellue daies hence
Our generall forces : at Bridgenorth shall meett.
Our hands are full of busines : Lett's awaye,
Aduantage feeds hime fatt, whill men delay.

Exeunt.

ACT : IIIth.—SCÆN : 3th.

Enter FALSTAFF & BARDOLFF.

Fals. Bardolffe ame not I fallen away vilely scince this last
action : doe I not bate : doe I not dwindle : whie my skine
hanes about me like an old ladies loose gowne. I ame withered
like an old aple-John : well Ile repent & that suddainly,
while I ame in some likeinge. I shalbe out of hart shortly
and then I shall haue noe strength to repent & I haue nott
forgotten what the inside of a church is made of. I ame a
peper-corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a church : company,
villanous company hath been the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir John yow ar so fretfull; yo^w cannot liue long.

Fals. Whie there is it: come sing me a bawdie song: make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen as a gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little: dic'd not aboue seauen times a weeke: went to a bawdy-howse not aboue once in a quarter of an hower: paid mony that I borrow'd three or fower times: liued well, & in good compasse, & now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bar. Whie yo^w ar so fatt S^r John: y^t yo^w must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse Sir John.

Fals. Doe thou amend thie face & Ile amend my life: thou art our admiall: thou bearest the lanterne in the poope: but 'tis in the nose of thee, thou art the knight of the burying lampe:

Bar. Whie S^r John, my face does yo^w noe harme:

Fals. Noe Ile be sworne I make as good vse of it as many a man doth of a deathes-head or a memento-mori. I neuer see thie face, but I thinke vpon hell-fire and Diues that liued in purple, for there he is in his robes burninge: burying; if thou weart any way giuen to vertue I would sweare by thie face, my oth should be: By this fire, that's God's angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: & weart indeed, but for the light in thie face, the sunne of vtter darknes, when thou ranst vp Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse if I did not think that thou hadst bine an Ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire there's noe purchase in mony: O thou art a perpetuall triumph: an euerlasting bone-fire-light: thou hast saued me a thowsand markes in linckes & torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tauerne & taverne, but the sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheap as the dearest chandlers in Europe: I haue mayntained that Sallamander of yowrs with fire any time this two and thirty yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zblood, would my face weare in yow^r belly.

Enter hostesse.

Fals. God mercy : so should I be sure to be hart burned ; how now Dame Parlett the hen, haue yo^w inquired yett who pickt my pockett.

Hos. Whie Sr John : what doe yo^w thinke. Sir John, doe yo^w thinke I keepe theeues in my howse : I haue searcht, I haue inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant, the right of a haire was neuer lost in my howse before.

Fals. Ye lye hostesse, Bardolffe was shau'd & lost many a haire & Ile be sworne my pockett was pickt ; goe to, yo^w ar a woman : goe.

Hos. Who I : I defie thee : God's light, I was neuer cald so in my owne howse before.

Fals. Go to : I knowe yo^w well enough.

Hos. No Sr John, yo^w doe not know me Sir John ; I know yo^w Sr John : yo^w owe me mony Sir John, & now yo^w picke a quarrell to beguile me of it. I bought yo^w a dozen of shirtts to yo^w backe.

Fals. Doulas : filthie doulas : I haue giuen them away to bakers wiues : they haue made boulders of them.

Hos. Now as I am a true woman. Holland of eight shilling an ell : yow owe mony here besids Sir John for yow^r diet & by-drinkings & mony lent yo^w. fower & twenty pounds.

Fals. He had his part of it : lett hime paie.

Hos. He alas : he is poore : he has nothing :

Fals. How : poore : Looke vpon his face, what call yo^w rich : lett hime coine his nose, lett hime coyne his cheekes. Ile not paie a denyer : What : will yo^w make a younker of me shall I not take myne ease in myne inn : but I shall haue my pockett pickt. I haue lost a sceale ring of my grand-fathers worth fourty marke.

Hos. O Jesu : I haue heard the prince tell hime I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fals. How: the Prince is a Jacke: a sneake-cup: Zblood & he weare here. would cudgell hime like a dog, if he would saie so.

~~ACT: IIIrd.—SCÆN: 4th.~~

Enter the Prince & POYNES marchinge and FALSTALFF meets hime playing on his Trunchion like a fife.

Fals. How now Lad: is the wind in that dore yfaith: must we all march:

Bar. Yea too, & two, Newgate-fashion

Hos. My lord heare me:

Prin. What saiest thou; Mistris Quickly: How does thie husband: I loue hime well, he is an honest man:

Hos. Good my lord heare me

Fals. Prethee lett her alone, & list to me.

Prin. The other night, I fell asleepe heere behind the arroe & had my pockett pickt; this howse is turn'd bawdy house they picke pocketts.

Prin. What didst thou lose Jacke:

Fals. Willt thou beleue me Hall, three or fower bonds of forty pownd apeece & a seale ring of my grandfathers

Prin. A trifle, some eight-peny matter

Hos. So I told hime my lord & said I heard yow^r Grace say so, & my lord he speakes most vilely of yo^r: like a foule mouth'd man as he is, & said he would cudgill yo^r

Prin. What he did not:

Hos. There's neither faith truth nor womanhood in me else:

Fals. There's noe more faith in thee then in a stued prune, nor no more truth in thee then in a drawne foxe, & for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee: goe yo^r thing: goe.

Hos. Say, what thing: what thing:

Fals. What thing: whie a thing to thanke God on:

Hos. I ame noe thing to thanke God on. I would thow shouldst well know it. I ame an honest mans wife : & setting thy knight-hood aside, thow art a knaue to call me so :

Fals. Setting thie woman-hood aside thow art a beast to saie otherwise :

Hos. Saie : what beast : thow knaue thow :

Fals. What beast : whie an otter :

Prin. An otter : S^r John : whie an otter :

Fals. Whie : shees neither fish, nor flesh : a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hos. Thow art an vnjust man to saie soe ; thow or any man knowes where to haue me : thow knaue thow :

Prin. Thow saiest true hostesse, & he slanders thee most grossly

Hos. So he doth yow my lord, & said this other daie yo^w ought hime a thowsand pound.

Prin. Sirra : doe I owe yo^w a thowsand pownd.

Fals. A thowsand pownd Hall : a million : thie loue is worth a million ; thow owest me thie loue.

Hos. Nay my lord he cald yo^w Jack, & saide he would cudgell yo^w :

Fals. Did I Bardolffe.

Bar. Indeed Sir John : yow said so :

Fals. Yea, if he said my ringe was copper :

Prin. I saie 'tis copper : dars't thow be as good as thie word now.

Fals. Whie Hall ; thow knowest as thow art but a man I dare ; but as thow art a prince I feare thee, as I feare the roareing of a lions whelpe.

Prin. And whie not as the lion.

Fals. The king himeselfe is to be feard as the lion : dost thow think Ile feare thee, as I feare thie father : nay & I doe, I pray God my girdle breake :

Prin. O if it should, how would thie gutts fall about thie knes : but sirra, there's noe roome for faith truth nor honesty

in this bosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp w^t gutts, and midriffe; charg an honest woman with pickeing thie pockett, whie thou horeson impudent imboast rascall, if there weare any thinge in thie pockett but tauerne reckonings memorandums of bawdie howeses & on poore penyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded: if thie pockett weare inricht with any other iniuries but these I am a villaine: & yett thou wilt stand to it, yow will not pockett vp wronge. art thou not ashamed:

Fals. Dost thou heare Hall: thou knowest in the state of innocency Adame fell & what should poore Jacke Falstalffe doe in the daies of villanye: thou seest I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty: yo^w confesse then yo^w pickt my pockett.

Prin. It apeares so by the story:

Fals. Hostesse I forgiue thee; goe make ready breakfast: loue thie husband, looke to thie servants. cherish thie guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I ame pacified still: nay I prethee be gone.

Exit HOSTESSE.

Now Hall, to the news at Court; for the robbery lad; how is that answered.

Prin. O my sweet beefe, I must still be good angell to thee: the mony is paid backe againe.

Fals. O I doe not like that paieing backe; 'tis a double labor

Prin. I ame good friends w^t my father & man doe anything:

Fals. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost: and doe it with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Doe my lord.

Prin. I haue peured the Jacke, a charge of foote:

Fals. I would it had beene of horse: wheare shall I find one that can steale well: O for a fine theife of the age of two & twenty or there about. I ame hainously vnprovided: well God

be thanked for these rebells ; they offend none but the
vertuous : I laud them. I praise them :

Prin. Bardolffe :

Bar. My lord :

Prin. Goe beare this lett^r to lord John of Lancaster :
To my brother John ; this to my lord of Westmerland
Goe Poynes to horse, for thow & I
Haue thirty miles yett to ride ere diñer time :
Jacke, meet me tomorrowe in the Temple Hall
At two a'clock in the afternoone :
There shalt thow know thie charge & there rec^d
Mony & order for their furniture :
The land is burming. Percy stands on high
& either they, or we, must lower lye.

Fals. Rare words, braue world. Hostesse : my breakfast :
come :

O I could wish this tauerne weare my drum.

Exeunt.

4-1

ACT. IIIth.—SCÆN: 5th.

(10)

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER & DOWGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot ; if speakeing truth
In this fine age : weare not thought flattery
Such attrubution should the Dowglas haue
As not a souldier of this seasons stampe
Should goe so generall : currant through the world :
By God I cannot flatter. I defie
The tongues of soothers ; but a brauer place ;
In my harts loue : hath noe man then yow^r selfe :
Nay taske me to my word : aproue me lord :

Dow. Thow art the king of honour :
Noe man so potent breathes vpon the ground
But I will beard hime.

Enter one w^t letters.

Hot. Do so, & 'tis well; what letters hast thou heard:
I can but thanke you:

Messen. These letters come from your father

Hot. Letters from him: whie comes he not himselfe:

Mes. He cannot come my lord: he is greivous sick:

Hot. Zounds: how has he leisure to be sicke
In such a justling time: who leads his power:

Vnder whose gouernment come they along:

Mes. His let^r beares his mynd, not I:

Wor. I prethee tell me doth he keep his bed:

Mes. He did my lord, fower daies ere I sett forth
& at the time of my departure thence
He was much feard by his phisition

Wor. I would the state of time had first been wholle
Ere he by sickenes had been visited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now: droope now: this sicknes doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise:
'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe
He writtⁿ me here, that inward sicknes
& that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it mette
To lay so dangerous & deare a trust
On any soule remou'd, but on his owne:
Yett doth he giue vs bould aduertisment
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writts, there is no quailing now
Because the king is certaynly possess
Of all our purposses; What saie you to it:

Wor. Your fathers sicknes is a mayne to us:

Hot. A perilous gash; a very lymme lopt off
& yett in faith; it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall find it : weare it good
 To see the exact wealth of all our states
 All at on cast : to sett so rich a mayne
 On the nice hazard of on dubtfull hower
 It weare not good, for therein should we read
 The very bottome, & the soule of hope
 The very list, the very vttmost bound
 Of all our fortunes.

Dow. Faith, & so we should.

Where now remaines a sweet reversion
 We may boldly spend vpon the hop of what tis to com in
 A comfort of retyrement liues in this

Hot. A randevous, a home to fly vnto
 If that the diuell & mischance look bigg
 Vpon the maidenhead of our afaires :

Wor. But yett I would yow^r father had been here
 The quality & heire of our attempt
 Brookes no diuision : it wilbe thought
 By some that know not whie he is awaye
 That wisdom, loyalty, & meere dislike
 Of our proceedings kept this earle from hence :
 & thinke how such an apprehension
 May turne the tide of fearefull faction
 & breed a kind of question in our cause :
 For well ye know wee of the offering side
 Must keep aloofe from strict abitrement :
 & stope all sight-holes, euery loope from whence
 The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs.
 This absence of yow^r father drawes a curtaine
 That shewes the ignorant a kind of feare
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. Yo^w straine to far :

I rather of his absents mak this vse :
 It lends a lustre & more great opinion
 A larger care to yow^r great enterprize

Then if the earle weare heare ; for men must thinke
 If we without his helpe, can make a head
 To push against the kingdome, w^t hees helpe
 We shall o'rturne it topsie turuy downe :
 Yett all goes well, yett all our joynts are euen,

Dow. As hart can think : there is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland at this deame of feare.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My coosine Vernon, wellcom by my soule :

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a wellcom lord
 The earle of Westmerland seauen thowsand strong :
 Is marching hither-wards ; with prince John.

Hot. Noe harme, what more :

Ver. And further I haue learnd
 The king himeselfe in person hath sett forth
 Or hither-wards intended speedily
 With strong & mighty preparation :

Hot. He shall be wellcome too, where is his sonne
 The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales
 & his cum-rads ; that dast the world aside
 & bid it passe :

Ver. All furnisht : all in armes :
 All plum'd like estredges that w^t the wind
 Bayted like eagles, haueing lately bath'd :
 Glittering in golden coates, like images :
 As full of spiritt as the month of May
 & gorgeous as the sunne at midsumner,
 Wanton as youthfull goats, wild as young bulls :
 I saw young Harry w^t his beuer on,
 His cushes on his thighes ; gallantly arm'd
 Rise from the ground : like fethered Mercury
 & valted with such ease into his seate
 As if an angell dropt downe from the cloudes
 To turne & wind a firy Pegasus.

F

& witch the world with noble horsemanshipe :

Hot. No more, noe more, worse then the sunne in March
This praise doth norish agues : lett them come :
They come like sacrificces in their trime
& to the fiere-eide maid of smokie warre
All hott & bleeding will we offer theſme
The mayled Mars shall on his alter sitt
Vp to the eares in blood : I am on fier
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh :
& yett not ours : come, lett me take my horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales
Harry to Harry : shall not horse to horse
Meett & nere part, till on drop downe a coarse
O that Glendower weare come :

Ver. There is more newes
I learned in Worsester, as I rode along
He cannot draw his foreteene daies

Dow. That's the worst tidings ; that I heare of yett

Wor. I by my faith that beares a frosty sownd :

Hot. What may the kings whole battell reach vnto

Ver. To thirty thowsand.

Hot. Forty lett it be :

My father & Glendower, being both away
The powers of vs, may serue so greate a daie
Com ; lett us take a muster speedily
Doomes daie is nere, dye all, dye merily :

Dow. Talke not of dyeing, I ame out of feare
Of death, or deathes-hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt.

4-2 ACT: ~~III^m~~ SCENE: 6th.

Enter FALS: & BARDOLFFE.

Fals. Bardolfe: gett thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle

of sake, our soulders shall march through weele to Sutton Cop-hill tonight.

Bar. Will yo^w giue me mony captaine :

Fals. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell :

Fals. And if it doe ; take it for thie labor : & if it make twenty take them all ; Ile answeare the coynage bid my leiutenant, Peto meett me at Townes end :

Bar. I will captaine : farewell

Exit BAR.

Fals. If I be ashamed of my souldiers ; I am a sows't gurnett : I haue misvsed the kings presse damnably I haue gott in exchange of on hundreth & fifty souldiers, three hundreth & ode pownds : I presse me nonne, but good howse-holders, yeomans sonnes : Inquire me out contracted batchelors, such as haue bine askt twise one the banes : such a comodity of warme slaues, as had as liue heare the diuell as a drum, such as feare the report of a caliuer, more then a strook-foule, or a hurt wild duck : I prest me none but such tost & butter with harts in their bellyes noe bigger then pines heads ; & they haue bought out their sirvices : & now my whole charge consistes of ancients corporales, lieuutenants, gentlemen of companyes, slaues as ragged as Lazerus in the painted cloth where the Gluttons doges licked his sores ; & such as indeed weare neuer souldiers ; but discarded vnjust seruingmen, younger sonnes : to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, & ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calme world, & long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged then an old fac'd ancient : and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their seruises, that yow would thinke : that I had a hundreth & fifty totered prodigales, Lately come from swine keeppeing, from eateing draffe & huskes, a mad fellowe mett me on the way, & told me I had vnloaded all the gibbitts & prest the dead bodies : noe eye hath seen such skar-crowes : Ile not

march through Couentry with them, thats flatt: nay and the villaines march wide betwixt theire leges as if they had gyues on, for indeed I had the most of them out of prison: there's not a shirt & a halfe in all my company & the halfe shirt is two napkins takt together, & throwne ouer the shoulders, like a haralds coate without sleeues, & the shirt to saie the truth stolne from my host of saint Albones, or the Red-nose In-keeper of Dauntry; but thats all on, they'l find lynnyn enough one euery side.

Exit.

7-3

ACT: IIIth.—SCÆN: 7^{ma}.

(12)

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOWGLAS, & VERNON.

Hot. Weele fight w^t hime tonight:

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. Yo^w giue hime then aduantage:

Ver. Not a whitt:

Hot. Whie so, Lookes he not supply:

Ver. So doe we:

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull:

Wor. Good coosine be aduisde, stir not to night:

Ver. Doe not my lord.

Dow. Yo^w doe not counsell well.

Yo^w speake it out of feare; & cold hart:

Ver. Doe me noe slander Dowglas; by my life,
& I dare well maintayne it with my life;

If well respected-honnour bid me on:

I hold as little counsell w^t weake feare

As yo^w my lord, or any Scot that this daie liues:

Lett it be seene tomorrow in the battell, w^{ch} of us feares:

Ver. Content.

Dow. Yea or to-night

Hot. To night saie I:

Ver. Come, come, it may not bee :

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as yo^w ar
That yo^w foresee not such impediments.

Drag back our expedition, certaine horse,
Of my coosine Vernons, are not yett come vp :
Yow^r vncl^e Worcesters horse came but to daie
& now theire prid & mettall is asleepe :
Theire courag with hard labor tam & dull,
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himeself :

Hot. So ar the horses of the enimye :
In generall jurney lated & brought lowe
The better part of ours are full of rest :

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth our :
For God's-sake coosine, stay till all come in.

ACT: IIIrd.—SCÆN: 8th.

The trumpet sounds a parly. Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king
If yo^w vouch-safe me heareing ; & respect :

Hot. Wellcome Sr Walte Blunt : & would to God
Yo^w weare of our determination :
Some of vs loue yo^w well, & euen those some
Enuy yow^r great deseruing & good name
Because yow ar not of our quallity
But stand against vs like an enemy :

Blunt. And God defend ; but still I should stand so
So long as out of limitt & true rule
Yo^w stand against anoynted maiesty :
But to my charg, the king hath sent to know
The nature of yow^r greefes, & wherevpon
Yo^w coniure from the breast of ciuill peace
Such bloody hostillity, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty : if that the kinge

Haue any-way yow^r good deserts forgott :
 Which he confesseth to be manifold :
 He bids yo^r name yow^r greefa, & w^t all speed
 Yo^r shall haue yow^r desires with interest
 & pardon absolute for yow^r selfe & these
 Herein mislead by yow^r suggestion :

Hot. The king is kind & well we know, the king
 Knowes at what time to pmise: when to paie :
 My father, my vnclē, & my selfe
 Did giue hime that some royallty he weares
 & when he was not sixe-&-twenty-strong :
 Sicke in the worlds regard ; wretched & low :
 A poore vnminded outlawe, sneaking home :
 My father gaue hime wellcome to the shore :
 & when he heard hime sweare & vow to God
 He came but to the Duke of Lancaster
 To sue his liuery & beg his peace
 W^t teares of inocency & tearmes of zeale
 My father in kindhart & pittty mou'd
 Swore hime asistance & perform'd it too :
 Now, when the lords & barrons of the realme
 Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to hime
 The more & lesse came in w^t cap & knee
 Met hime in boroughs, cittyes, villages,
 Attend hime on bridges, stood in lanes
 Laide gifts before hime ; profferd hime theire oathes :
 Gaue hime theire heires. as pages followed hime
 Euen at the heeles in golden multitudes :
 He presently : as greatnes knowes itselfe :
 Steps me a little higher then his vowe
 Made to my father : while his blood was poore
 Vpon the naked shore at Rauespurgh
 & now forsooth takes on hime to reforme
 Some certaine edicts & some straight decrees :

That laie to heauy on the common wealth
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weep
 Ouer his countries wronges & by this face
 This seeming brow of Justice did he winne
 The harts of all : that he did angle for :
 Proceeded further : cut me off the heads
 Of all the fauoritts that the absent king
 In deputation left behind hime here
 When he was personall in the Irish warrs

Blunt. Tut : I came not to heare this :

Hot. Then to the poynt.

In short time after, he depos'd the king
 Soone after that depriu'd hime of his life
 & in the neck of that, taskt the whole state :
 To make that worse, suffered his kinseman March.
 Who is, if euery owner weare plac'd
 Indeed his king : to be ingag'd in Wales
 There w^t out ransome to lye forfeited
 Disgrac'd me in my happie victories
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence
 Rated my vncl from the counsell board
 In rage dismis'd my father from the court
 Broake oth on oth : committed wrong on wrong :
 & in conclution droue vs to seeke out
 This head of safty, & withall to prie
 Into his title : the which we finde
 To indirect for long continewance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answeare to the kinge

Hot. Not so Sir Walter : weele w^ddrawe awhile

Goe to the king, & lett there be impaund
 Some surety for a safe returne againe
 & in the morning early shall my vncl
 Bring hime our purpose : & so farewell :

Blun. I would yow would except of grace & loue

Hot. And may be, so we shall:

Blunt. Praie God yo^w doe:

Exeunt seuerally.

5-1

ACT: IV*:—SCÆN: 1^a.

(13)

*Enter the King, Prince of WALES, JOHN of LANCASTER
Sir WALTER BLUNT & FALSTALFFE.*

King. How bloodily the sunne begins to peere
Above yon huskie hill: the daie lookes pale
At his distemperature:

Prin. The southerne wind
Doth plaie the trumpet to his purposes
& by hallow whistling in the leaues
Foretells a tempest & a blustering daie

King. Then w^t the losers lett it simpatize:
For nothing can seeme foule to those that wiñe

The trumpets soundes. Enter WORCESTER.

Kinge. How now my lord of Worcester, 'tis not well
That yo^w & I should meet vpon such tearmes
As now we meet: yo^w haue deceiued yow^r trust
& made vs doffe our easie robes of peace
To crush our old limes in vngentle steele
This is not well my lord, this is not well:
What saie yo^w to it: will yo^w againe vnknitt
This churlish knott: of all abhorred warre:
& moue in that obeidient orbe againe
Where yo^w did giue a faire & naturall light:
& be noe more an exhal'd meteor
A prodigie of feare, & a portent
Of broched mischeife to the vnborne times

Wor. Heare me my liege
For my owne part I could be well content

To entertayne the lag-end of my life
 W^t quiett howers ; for I protest
 I haue not sought the daie of this dislike :

King. Yow haue not sought it : how comes it then :

Fals. Rebellion laie in his way & he found it

Prin. Peace chewet, peace :

Wor. It pleas'd yow^r Maiestie to turne yow^r lookes
 Of fauore from my selfe & all our howse :
 & yett I must remember yo^w my lord
 We weare the first & deerest of yow^r friends
 For yo^w my stafe of offece did I breake
 In Richards time, & posted daie & night
 To meet yo^w on the way & kisse yow^r hand
 When yett yow weare in place & in account
 Nothing so strong & fortinate as I :
 I was my selfe, my brother, & his sonne
 That brought yo^w home, & boldly did out-date
 The danger of the time yo^w swore to vs
 & yo^w did sweare that oath at Dancaster,
 That yo^w did nothing of purpose against the state
 Nor clayme noe further, then yow^r new-falne-right
 The seate of Gaunt, Duckdome of Lancaster
 To this, we sware our aide, but in short space
 It rain'd downe fortune showering on yow^r head
 & such a flood of greatnes fell on yow :
 What with our help, what w^t the absent king,
 That with the iniuries of wanton time
 The seeming sufferances that yo^w had borne
 & the contrarious winds that held the king
 So long in the vnluckye Irish warrs :
 That all in England did repute hime dead :
 And from this swarme of faire aduantages
 Yo^w tooke occasion to be quicklie woo'd,
 To grip the generall swaye into yow^r hand,
 Forgott yow^r oth to vs at Dancaster :

& being fed by vs, yo^w vs'd us so,
 As that vngentle gull, the cuckoes bird
 Vseth the sparrow, did opresse our nest
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulke
 That euen our louse, durst not come neere yow^r sight
 For feare of swallowing, but with nimble wing
 We weare infors't for safty-sake to fly
 Out of yow^r sight & raise this present head
 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
 As yo^w yow^r selfe haue forg'd against yow^rselfe
 By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,
 By violation of all faith & troth
 Sworne to vs in yow^r younger enterprise

King. These thinges indeed, you haue articulate
 Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 W^t some fine couller that may please the eye
 Of fickle changlings, & poore discontents,
 Which gap & rub the elbow at the newes
 Of hurly burly inouation :
 & neuer yett did insurrection want :
 Nor moody beggar starueing for a time
 Of pell-mell hauocke & confution.

Prin. In both yow^r armis there is many a soule
 Shall paie full dearly for this encounter
 If once they joyne in tryall : tell yow^r nephew
 The Prince of Wales : doth joyne w^t all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes
 This present enterprise sett of his head
 I doe not thinke a brauer gentleman
 More actiue, more valiant, or more valliant younge
 More dareing or more bold is yett alieue
 To grace this latter age w^t noble deed.
 For my part I may speake it to my shame
 I haue a trewant beene to chiualtry

& so I heare he doth account me too
 Yet this before my fathers Maiestye
 I am content that he shall take the ods
 Of his great name & estimation :
 & will to saue the blood on either side
 Trie fortune w^t hime in single fight

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we vēture thee
 Albeit considertions infinit
 Doe make against it, no good Worcester, no,
 We loue our people well, euen those we loue
 That ar misled vpon yo^r coosins part :
 & will they take take the offer of our grace
 Both he & they & yo^w, yea euery man,
 Shalbe my friend againe & Ile be his :
 So tell yow^r cozen & bring me word
 What he will doe : but if he will not yeild
 Rebuke & dread correction waight on us
 And they shall doe their office : so be gone :
 We will not now be troubled with replie
 We offer faire ; take it aduisedly :

Exit WORCESTER.

Prin. It will not be excepted one my life
 The Dowglas & the Hotspur, both together
 Ar confident against the world in armes

King. Hence therefore euery leader to his charge
 For on their answeare we will sett on them :
 & God defend us as our cause is just.

Exeunt. Manent Prince & FALSTAFF.

Fals. Hall, if thou see me downe in the battell & bestird
 me so, 'tis a point of friendship :

Prin. Nothing but a colossus : can doe thee that friendship
 saie thy praiers & farewell.

Fals. I would it weare bed time Hall, & all well.

Prin. Whie thou owest God a death :

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loath to paie Hime before His time, what need I be so forward w^t hime that cales not on me. Well, 'tis noe matter, honour prickes me on: yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on: How then, can honour sett to a leg:—noe, nor an arme, or take away the greefe of a wound: no, honour hath noe skill in surgery then, no: what is honour: a word. What is that word honour: aire: a trime reckoning: Who hath it: He that died a Wednesday. Doth he feele it: noe. Doth he heare it:—no. 'tis insensible then: Yea to the dead. But will it not liue w^t the liueing: noe. Whie:—Detraction will not suffer it. therefore I'le none of it: honour is a meere suchtion & so ends my catechisme. *Exit.*

~~ACT: IVth. SCÆN: 2^{da}.~~ 

Enter WORCESTER and Sr RICHARD VERNON:

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, Sr Richard:
The liberrall kind offer of the King.

Ver. Tware best he did:

Wor. Then are we all vndon:

It is not possible, it cannot bee

The king would keep his word in loueing vs.

He will suspect us still, & find a time

To punish this offence in others faults.

Supposition, all our liues, shalbe stuck full of eyes:

For treason is but trusted like the foxe,

Who neuer so tame, so cherisht & lockt vp:

Will haue a wildd trick of his ancesters:

Looke how he can, or sad, or merily,

Interpretation will misquote our lookes:

& we shall feed like oxen at a stall

The better cherisht, still the neerer death:

My nephewes trespassse may be well forgott

It hath the excuse of youth, & heate of blood
 & an adopted name of priuiledg
 A haire-brain'd Hotspur gouern'd by a spleene
 All his offences liue vpon my head
 And on his fathers: we did traine hime on
 And his corruption being tane from vs:
 We as the spring of all, shall paye for all:
 Therefore good coosen lett not Henry know
 In any case the offer of the King.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Ver. Deliuer what yo^w will; Ile saie 'tis so, here come
 your coosen.

Hot. My vnclē is returnd
 Deliuer vp my lord of Westmerland:
 Vnclē, what newes:

Wor. The king will bid yo^w battell presently

Dow. Defie hime by the lord of Westmerland

Hot. Lord Dowglas, goe yo^w & tell hime so:

Dow. Mary & shall: & verry willingly:

Exit DOWGLAS.

Wor. There is noe seemige mercy in the king

Hot. Did yo^w beg any: God-forbid:

Wor. I told hime gently of our grevaces:
 Of his oath breaking: w^{ch} he mended thus
 By now forswearaing that he is forsworne
 He calls vs rebells, traytors & will scourg
 With hawty armes this hatefull name in vs.

Enter DOWGLAS.

Dow. Arme gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
 A braue defiance in kinge Henryes teeth
 & Westmemerland that was ingag'd did beare it
 W^{ch} cannot chuse but bring hime quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the King
& nephew challeng'd yo^w to single fight.

Hot. O would the quarrell lay vpon our heads
& that noe man might draw short breath to daie
But I & Harry Monmouth : tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking ; seem'd it in contempt

Ver. Noe by my soule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a challenge vrgd mor modestly :
Vnlesse a brother should a brother draw
To gentle exercise & prooffe of armes :
He gaue yo^w all the duties of a man
Trim'd vp yow^r praises with a princely tongue
Spoke yow^r deseruings like a chronicle :
Makeing yo^w euer better then his praise
By still dispraising praise ; valued with yo^w
& w^{ch} became hime, like a prince indeed
He made a blushing citall of himeselfe
& chid his trewant yeouth w^t such a grace
As if he mastered there ; a duple spirit
Of teaching & of learning instantly :
There did he pause, but lett me tell the world
If he outliue the envy of this daie
England will neuer owe so sweet a hope
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse :

Hot. Coosen I thinke thow art enamored
On his follies ; neuer did I heare,
Of any prince so wild at liberty :
But be he, as he will, yett once ere night
I will imbrace hime w^t a soulders arme
That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie
Arme, arme with speed, & fellows, souldiers, friends,
Better consider what yo^w haue to doe
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue
Can lift yow^r blood vp with perswation :

Enter a messenger :

Mes. My lord here ar letters for yo^w

Hot. I cannot read them now

O gentlemen the time of life is short
To spend that shortnes bacely, weare to long
If life did ride vpon a dialls poynt :
Still ending at the ariuall of an hower :
& if we liue, we liue to tread on kings
If die, braue death when princes die w^t us
Now for our consciences, the armes is faire
When the intent for beareing them is just.

Mes. My lord prepare : the king comes on apace

Hot. I thanke hime, that he cutts me from my tale

For I proffes not talking : only this :
Lett each man doe his best & here draw I a sword
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood, y^t I can meete w^t all
In the aduenture of this perilous daie
Now esperance Percy, & sett on :
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre :
& by that musicke lett us all imbrace
From Heauen to earth soñ of us neuer shall :
A second time doe such a curtesie :

Here they imbrace ; the trumpetts sound :

5 - 3

ACT : IVth.—SCÆN : 3^{da}.

(15)

*The King enters with his power, alarme to the battell ; then
enter DOWGLAS & Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

Blunt. What is thie name : that in battell thus thow
crossest me,

What honour dost thow seeke, vpon thie head.

Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas,

& I doe haunt thee in the battell thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king

Blunt. They tell thee true :

Dow. The lord of Stafford deare to daie hath brought
Thie likenes, for instead of thee King Harry
This sword hath ended hime : so shall it thee
Vnles thou yeild thee as a prisoner

Blunt. I was not born to yeild, thou proud Scot :
& thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, DOWGLAS kills BLUNT.

Then enters HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot

Dow. All's done, all's won : here breathles lies the kinge

Hot. Where

Dow. Here.

Hot. This Dowglas : no, I knowe this face full well :
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt
Semblably furnisht like the king himeselfe

Dow. Ah : foole, goe with this soule whether it goes
A borrowed title hast thou bought to deare :
Whie didst't thou tell me, that thou wert a king

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coates

Dow. Now by my sword I will kill all his coates
I murder all his wardrobe peece by peece
Vntill I meet the king.

Hot. Vp and awaie :
Our soulders stand full fairely for the daie.

Exeunt :

~~ACT: IVth. SCÆN: 4th.~~

(16)

Alarme: Enter FALSTALFFE solus.

Fals. Though I could scape shott free at London I feare

the shott here: here's noe scoreing but vpon the pate. soft who ar yo^w: Sir Walter Blunt, there's honour for yo^w, here's noe vanity, I ame as hot as molten lead, & as heauey too, God keep lead out of me, I need no more waight then my owne bowells. I haue led my rag of muffines where they ar pepered, there's not three of my hundreth & fifty left aliue, & they ar for the townes-end to beg dureing life: but whoe comes here.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What standest thou idle here: lend me thie sword
Many a noble man lyes starke & stiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemyes,
Whose deathes ar yet vnreveng'd:
I prethee lend me thie sworde

Fals. O Hall, prethbe giue me leaue to breath awhile: Turke Gregorye neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this daie: I haue payd Percy, I haue made hime sure.

Prin. He is indeed: & liueing to kill thee
I prethee lend me thie sword:

Fals. Nay, before God Hall, if Percy be aliue, thou gett'st not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what: is it in that case

Fals. I Hall, tis hott, theres that will sack a citty

The Prince drawes it out, & finds it a bottle of sake.

Prin. What is it a time to jest & dalley now

He throwes the bottle at hime & exit.

Fals. If Percy be aliue Ile perce hime, if he doe come in my way. so: if he doe not: if I come in his willingly, Lett hime make a carbonado of me: I like not such grinneing honour as Sir Walter hath: giue me life, w^{ch} if I can saue, so; if not, honour comes vnlookt for, & theres an end. *Exit.*¹

¹ In Deryng's handwriting.

~~ACT: IV^a.—SCÆN: 5^{ta}.~~ (17)

*Alarme: excursions. Enter the King; the Prince:
Lord JOHN of LANCASTER.*

King. I prethee Harry w'drawe thieselfe: thow bleedest to much:

Lord John of Lancaster, goe yow w^t hime:

L. John. Not I my lord; vnlesse I did bleed too

Prin. I beseech yow^r Maiestie make vp

Lest yow^r retirement doe amaze yow^r friends:

King. I will doe so, retire braue, sonne unto thie tent.

Prin. Retire my lord: no, God forbid a shallow search should driue

The Prince of Wales, from such a feild as this:

Where staine nobillity lies troden one¹

& rebells armes: triumph in massacres

John. We breath to long; com royall brother; come.

Our duty this way lyes; for Gods-sake come.

Exit.

Prin. By God thow hast deceiued me Lancaster:

I did not think thee lord, of such a spiritt

Before I lou'd thee as a brother John:

But now I doe respect thee as my soule

King. I sawe hime hold Lord Percy at the poynt,

With lustious maintenance; then I did looke for

Of such an vngrowne warriar:

Prin. O this boy lends mettall to vs all.

Exit.

Enter DOWGLAS.

Dow. Another king; they grow like Hidras heads
I ame the Dowglas, fatall to all those

¹ Originally "downe."

That weare those cullors on them ; what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king

King. The king himeselfe, who Dowglas greeues at hart
So many of his shadowes thou hast mett
& not the king : I haue to boyes :
Seeke Percy & thie selfe, about the field
But seeing thou falls't on me so luckily
I will assaie thee, & defend thieselfe

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeitt :
& yett infaith thou bearest thee like a king :
But myne I ame sure thou art, who ere thou be,
& thus I winne thee :

*They fight, the kinge beinge in danger
Enter Prince of WALES.*

Prin. Hold vp thie head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp agayne : the spiritts
Of valliant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt ar in my armes,
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee
Who neuer promiseth ; but he meanes to paie.

They fight ; DOWGLAS flyeth.

Cheerly my lord, how fares yow^r grace
Sir Nicholas Gawsie : hath for succour sent :
& so hath Clifton : Ile to Clifton straight

King. Stay, and breath awhile :
Thou hast redeem'd thie lost opinion
& shewed thou makst some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me

Prin. O God, they did me to much iniury
That euer said I harkened to yow^r death
If it weare so : I might haue lett alone
The insulting hand of Dowglas ouer yo^w
Which would haue beene as speedy in yow^r end

As all the poysonous potions in the world
& sau'd the treacherous labor of yow^r son

King. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to S. Thomas Gawsey.

Exit Kinge.

~~ACT: IVth.—SCÆN—6th.~~

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not thow art Harry Monmuth

Prin. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name

Hot. My name is Harry Percy :

Prin. Whie then I see a very valliant rebell of that name
I ame the prince of Wales, & think not Percy :

To share with me in glory any more :

Two starrs keep not there motion in on sphere

Nor can on England brook a double raigne

Of Harry Percy : & the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it Harry, for the hower is come
To end the on of vs, & would to God,
This name in armes : weare now as great as myne

Prin. Ile make it greater : ere I part from thee
And all thie budding honours on thie crest
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thie vanities :

They fight. Enter FALSTALFFE.

Fals. Well said Hall : to it Hall, nay : yow shall find noe
boyes playe here : I can tell yo^w

*Enter DOWGLAS ; he fightes w^t FALSTALFFE : he fals downe as
if he weare dead ; the Prince killeth PERCEY.*

Hot. Oh Harry thow hast robd me of my youth
I better brooke the losse of brittle life
Then those proud titles thow hast wone of me

They wound my thoughts ; worse then the sword my flesh
 But thoughts the slaue of liffe, & sometimes foole :
 & time that takes suruay of all the world,
 Must haue a stop : O I could prophesie
 But that the earth, & cold hand of death :
 Lyes on my tongue. No Percy : thow art dust
 & foode for :——

Prin. For wormes braue Percy : fare thee well great hart
 Ill weau'd Ambition, how much art thow shrounke :
 When that this body did containe a spiritt
 A kingdome for it : was to smalle a bownd :
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is roome enough : this earth that beares the dead
 Beares not alieue so stout a gentleman :
 If thow weart sinsible of curtesie
 I should not make so great a shew of zeale
 But lett my fauours hid thie mangled face
 & euen in thie behalfe Ile thanke my selfe
 For doeing these faire rights of tendernes
 Adiew : & take thie praise with thee to Heauen :
 Thie Ignomy sleepe w^t thee in the graue
 But not remembred in thie epitaph.

He spieth FALSTALFFE on the ground.

What : old acquaintance, cold not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life : poore Jack farewelle,
 I could haue better spar'd a better man
 O I should haue a heauy misse of thee
 If I weare much in loue with vanity :
 Death hath not-strooke so faire a deare to daie
 Though many dearer in this bloody fraye :
 Imbowell'd will I see thee ; by & by :
 Till then in blood by noble Percy lye.

FALSTALFFE riseth vp.

Fals. Imbowell'd : if thow imbowell me to daie : Ile giue yow

leauē to powder me : & eate me too to morrow Zblood. twas time to counterfeitt, or that hott termagant Scot had paid me scot & lott too : counterfiet : I ame no counterfeitt : to die is to be a counterfeitt : for he is but a counterfeitt of a man : who hath not the life of a man. But to counterfeitt dyeing : when a man thereby liueth : is no counterfeitt : but the true & perfect image of life indeed : The better part of vallour is discreation, in the which better part : I haue saued my life : Zounds : I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy : though he be dead : how if he should counterfeitt too & rise : by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeitt : therefore Ile make hime sure : yea, & Ile sweare I killd hime : whie may not he rise as well as I : Nothinge confuts me but eyes, & nobody sees me : therefore sirra, w^t a new wound in yow^r thigh, come yow along with me.

ACT : IV^a—SCÆN : 7^{ma}.

He takes vp HOTSPUR on his backe : Enter Prince & JOHN of LANCASTER.

Prin. Come brother John, full brauly hast thow flesht This maiden sword.

John. But softe, who haue we here :
Did not yo^w tell me this fatt man was dead :

Prin. I did, I sawe hime dead :
Breathles, & bleeding on the ground ; art thow aliue
Or is it fantasie, that plaies vpon ouer eye-sight
I prethee speak : we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares : thow art not what thow seem'st

Fals. Noe that's certaine : I ame not a double man, but if I be not Jacke Falstalf, then am I a Jack : there is Percy : if yow^r father will doe me any honour, so : if not, lett hime kill the next Percy himeselfe : I looke to be either earle, or duke, I can asure yo^w :

Prin. Whie Percy I kill'd myselfe, & saw the dead :

Fals. Didst thou: Lord: Lord: how the world is giuen to lying: I grant yo^w I was downe & out of breath: & so was he: but we rose both at an instant & fought a long hower by Shrewsbery clocke. If I may be beleueed, so. if not, lett them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death: I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man weare liueing: & would deny it: Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale: that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow: brother John
Com bring yow^r luggage nobly one yow^r backe
For my part if a lye may doe thee good
Ile guild it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A retreat is sounded:

Prin. The trumpetts sound retreat: the daie is ours:
Com brother: letts to the highest of the field
To see what friends ar liueing, who ar dead.

Exeunt.

Fals. Ile follow as they say: for reward: he that rewards me, God reward him: If I doe grow great, Ile growe lesse: for Ile purge & leaue sacke: & liue cleanly as a noble-man should doe.

ACT: IV^a.—SCÆN: 8^{ua}.

*The trumpets sounde; Enter the Kinge: Prince of WALES,
Lord JOHN of LANCASTER: with WORCESTER prisoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke:
Ill spiritted Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon: & tearmes of loue to all of yo^w:
& would'st thou turne our offers contrary
Misuse the tenor of thie kinsmans trust
Three knights vpon our party slaine to daie

A noble earle, & many a creature else
 Had been aliue this hower.
 If like a Christian thow hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence :

Wor. What I haue don : my safty vrg'd me to
 & I imbrace this fortune patiently
 Seince not to be avoyded ; it falls on me :

King. Beare Worcester to the death :

Other offenders we will pause vpon
 How goes the field :

Prin. The noble Scot Lord Dowglas : when he saw
 The fortune of the daie quite turn'd from hime
 The noble Percy slaine : & all his men
 Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest
 & falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
 That the pursuers tooke hime : at my tent
 The Dowglas is : & I beseech yow^r grace :
 I may dispose of hime.

King With all my hart.

Prin. Then brother John of Lancaster
 To yo^w this honourable bounty shall belonge
 Goe to the Dowglas & deliuer hime
 Vp to his pleasure, ransomeles & free
 His vallour showne : vpon our crests to day
 Hath taught¹ vs how to cherish such high deeds
 Even in the bosome of our aduarsaries

King. Then this remaines that w^t vnited power
 We meet Northumberland & the prelat Scroope
 Who : as we heare ar busily in armes
 Rebellion in this land : shall loose his swaye
 Meeting the Checke of such another daie :
 & scince this busines so faire is done
 Lett vs not leaue till all our owne be won.

Exeunt.

¹ Originally "showne."

ACT: IVth.—SCÆN: 9th.

(H)

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND: alone in his garden and night-cappe:

Northum. Tis noys'd abroad that Harry Monmuth fell
 Vnder the wrath of noble Hottspur's sword
 & that the kinge vnder the Dowglas rage
 Stoopt his anyoynted head as low as death:
 But yett my hart is dull, & slowe beleife
 Takes but faint houldinge: Euery minitt now
 Should be the father of sonne stratagem:
 The times ar wild: Contention like a horse
 Full of high feedinge: madly hath brooke loose:
 & beats downe all before hime: Oh I feare.

Enter MOURTON.

My sad hart saies. Rebellion had ill lucke
 & that my Harry Percyes spurr is cold:
 O thie sad brow, like to a little leafe
 Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
 So lookes the Maine: whereon the imperious storme
 Hath left a wittnest vsurpation:
 Saie Mourton didst thou come frome Shrewsbury.

Mour. I ranne from Shrewsbury: my noble lord
 Where hatefull death put on his vgliest maske
 To fright our party.

Earle. How doth my sonne & brother
 Thow tremblest: & the whittnes in thie cheekes
 Is apter then thie tongue: to tell thie arrand
 Euen such a man, so faint: so spirittlesse:
 So dull: so dead in looke: so woe begone
 Drew Priames curtaine in the dead of night
 & would haue told hime: halfe his Troy was burnt:
 But Priam found the fire: ere he: his tongue
 & I my Percy's death: ere thou reports't it

This thow would'st saie : yow^r sonne did thus : & thus :
 Yow^r brother thus : so fought the noble Dowglas
 Stopping my greedy eare w^t theire bould deeds :
 But in the end : to stopp my ear indeed :
 Thow hast a sigh to blow away this praise
 Endinge w^t brother : sonn : & all ar dead.

Mourt. Dowglas is liueinge and yow^r brother yett :
 But for my lord yow^r sonne——

Earle. Whie he is dead :
 See what a ready tongue suspition hath :
 He that but feares the thinge he would not know,
 Hath by instinct, knowledg from others eyes
 That what he fear'd is chanced : yet speake Mourton :
 Tell thow an earle : his diuination lyes :
 & I will take it as a sweet disgrace
 & make thee rich : for doeing me such wrong

Mour. Yow ar too great to be by me gainsaid
 Yow^r spiritt is to true : yow^r feares to certaine

Earle. Yett for all this : saie not that Percy's dead
 I see a strange confession in thine eye
 Thow shak'st thie head, & holds't it feare or sine
 To speake a truth : if he be slaine
 The tongue offends not ; that reports his death
 & he doth sinne that doth bely the dead :
 Not he which saies the dead is not alieue
 Yett the first bringer of vnwellcome newes
 Hath but a loosinge office ; & his tongue
 Sounds euer after as a sullen bell
 Rembring tolling a departing friend :

Bar. I cannot thinke my lord : yow^r sonne is dead

Mour. I am sorry I should force yo^w to beleue
 That which I would to God I had not seene
 But these my eyes saw hime in bloody state
 Rendring faint quittance : wearied & out-breath'd
 To Harry Monmouth : whose swift wrath beat downe

The neuer daunted Percy: to the earth
 From whence w^t life he neuer more sprunge vp
 In few his death: whose spiritt lent a fire
 Euen to the dullest peasant in his came
 Being bruted once: took heat & fire away
 (Then feare gaue wings to flight:) the sume of all
 Is that the king hath wonne: & hath sent out
 A speedy power to incounter yo^w my lord:

Ear. For this I shall haue time enough to mourne:
 In poyson: there is phisicke, & these newes
 Hauing been well, that would haue made me sicke
 Beinge sicke: haue in some measure made me well:
 & as the wretch whose feuer weakned joynts
 Like strengthlesse hinges: buckle vnder life
 Impatient of his fitt, breakes like a fire
 Out of his keepers armes: euen so my limbes
 Weakened w^t griefe: being now inrag'd w^t griefe
 Ar thrise themselues: hence therefore nice crutch:
 A scaly gauntlett now with joynts of steele
 Most gloue this hand: & hence thow sickly coife
 Thow art a gaurd: too wanton for the head
 Which princes: flesht w^t conquest: aime to hitt
 Now bind my browes w^t iron: & aproch:
 The raggedst hower: that time & spight dare bring
 To frowne vpon thinrag'd Northumberland
 Lett heauen kisse earth; now lett not natures hand
 Keepe the wild flood confin'd: lett order dye:
 & lett this world noe longer be a stage
 To feede contention in a lingring act.

Mor. The liues of all yow^r loueing complices
 Leane on yo^w health the which if yo^w giue ore
 To stormy passion, must perforce decaye
 We all thatt ar ingaged to this lose
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
 That if we wrought out life; 'twas ten to on

& yett we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd
 Choakt the respect of likely perill fear'd
 & scince we are oresett ; venture againe
 Com : we will all putt forth body & goods.

Northum. Goe in w^t me, & counsell euery man
 The aptest waie for safty & revendge
 Gett posts & letters : & make friends w^t speed
 Neuer so few : & neuer yett more need.

Exeunt.

ACT : IVth.—SCÆN : 10^{ma}.

Enter Sir JOHN FALS. & Hostesse.

Fals. But thinge ; thow wilt not lay a pewter pestle on my
 shoulders ; saie :

Host. I am vndone by thie goeing : thow art an infinitiue
 thinge vpon my score : thow owest me a hundreth markes
 almost : & I haue borne, and I haue borne and I haue borne ;
 fub'd off : & fub'd off & fub'd off. from this daie ; to that daie ;
 that it is a shame to be thought on : vnlesse a woman should
 be made an asse and a beast to beare euery knaues wrong.

Fals. Peace kitten ; or yo^w shall now in the channell.

Host. Throwe me into the Channell : Ile throw thee into the
 chañell : Wilt thow : wilt thow : the offecers ar at the dore
 to arast thee ; thow bastardly rogue : murder : murder : ah
 thow hony-sucker villaine Ah thow hony-seed rogue : a man
 queller & a woman queller.

Bard. Fie Sir John : doe not draw vpon a woman :

Fals. Peace Lucifer :

Host. Stab me in my owne howse : Most beastly in good
 faith : he cares not what mischief he doth ; if his weapon be
 out : he will foyne like any diuell he will spare neither man :
 woman : nor child : helpe master Synok.

Fals. Hostesse : heare me quickly ; what is the grose sume
 I owe yo^w.

Host. Mary if thou weart an honest man: thieself & thie mony too: thou didst sweare to me vpon a parcell gilt goblett: sitting in my dollphine chamber at the round table: by a sea-cole-fire: vpon Wednesdaie in Wheeson weeke: when the prince broke thie head: for liking his father to a singing man of Winsor: thou didst sweare to me then: as I was washing thie wound: to marry me; & to make me my lady thie wife: Canst thou denye it: did not goodwife Keech the butchers wife com in then and call me gossip: Quickly comming in to borrow a messe of vinegar: telling vs shee had a good dish of prawnes: whereby thou didst desire to eate some: whereby I told thee they weare ill for a green wound: & didest thou not: when she was gone downe staires: desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poore people: saying that ere long they should call me madame: & didst not thou kisse me: and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings: I put thee now to thie booke oath: deny it if thou canst.

Fals. All this I confesse; and send away the officer below I will performe it: I vow here before Bardolfe

Falstalff whispers to her: & then speakes.

An this I sweare as I am a gentleman: a knight: a souldier: & a captaine.

Host. Faith yo^w said so before.

Fals. As I am a gentl^e, come: noe more words of it

Host. By this heauenly ground I tread on: I must be faine to pawne: both my plate: & the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fals. Glasses: glasses: is the only drinking: and for thie walles: a pritty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigall: or the Jarman Hunting in watter worke, is worth a thowsand of these bed-hangers and these flie-bitten tapestry. Lett it be ten pownd if thou canst: come: if it weare not for thie humors, there's not a better wench in England: Goe wash thie face: and drawe the action: com: thou must not be in this humor with

me: dost not knowe me: Com: com, I know thow wast sett on to this.

Host. Praie Sir John lett it be but twenty nobles: Ifaith I ame loath to pawne my plate: so God saue me.

Fals. Lett it alone, I'lle make other shift: yow'll be a foole still.

Host. Well yo^w shall haue it, though I pawne my gowne: I hope yow'll come to supper; yow'll paie me all together.

Fals. Will I liue; come if it weare not for these humors, there is not a better wench in Cristendom̃ come: kisse & goe in. *Exeunt.*

ACT: V^d: SCÆN: 1^a.

(21)

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND & the wife to Harry Percy.

Nor. I praie thee gentle daughter:
Giue euen waye vnto my rough affaiers
Put not yo^w on the visage of the times
& be like them: to Percy troublesome

Kate. O yet for Gods-sake: goe not to these warrs
The tyme was father: when yo^w broke yow^r word
When yow weare more endeere to it then now:
When yow^r owne Percy; when my owne deere Harry
Threw many a north-ward looke: to see his father
Bring vp his powers; but he did long in vaine:
Who then perswaded yo^w to stay at home:
There weare two honours lost; yow^{rs} & yow^r sonnes
For yow^{rs} the good of Heauen brighten it
For his; it stuck vpon as the sunne
In the grey vault of heauen: & by his light
Did all the chiualltry of England moue:
To doe braue acts: he was indeed the glasse
Wherein the noble youth did dresse themselues
Nor. Beshrew yow^r harte

Faire daughter: yo^w doe drawe my spiritts from me
 W^t new lamenting ancient ouersights:
 But I must goe & meet w^t daunger there
 Or it will seeke me in another place
 & finde me worse provided

Kate. O fly to Scoteland

Till that the nobles: & the armed commons
 Haue of theire puissance made a little tast
 If they gett ground & vantag of the kinge
 Then joyne yo^w w^t them like a ribbe of steele
 To make strength stronger: but for all our loues
 First lett them trye themselues: so did yow^r sonne
 He was so suffered: so came I a widdow
 & neuer shall haue length of life enough
 To raine vpon remembrance w^t myne eyes
 That it may growe & sprout: as high as Heauen:
 For recordation to my noble husband.

Nor. Come. come, goe in with me: 'tis w^t my mynd,
 As w^t the tide swel'd vp vnto his hight
 That makes a still stand: running neither way
 Faine would I goe to meet the archbishops.
 But many thowsand reasons keepe me backe:
 I will resolute for Scoteland; there ame I
 Till time & vantage craue my company.

Exeunt

ACT: V^a.—SCÆN: 2^{da}.

(22)

Enter the Kinge in his nightgowne.

King. Goe call the Earles of Surrey & of War
 But ere they come: bid them ore-reade these lett^r
 & well consider of them: make good speed:
 How many thowsand of my poorest subiects
 Ar at this hower asleepe: O sleepe: O gentle sleepe
 Natures soft nurse: how haue I frighted thee

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That thow noe more willt waigh my eye-liddes downe
 & steep my scences in forgettfullnes
 Whie rather sleepe lyst thow in smoakie cribbes
 Vpon vneasie palletts stretching thee
 And husht w^t buzzing night-flies to thie slumber
 Then in the perfum'd chambers of the great
 Vnder the canopies of costly state :
 & lul'd w^t sound of sweete melodye :
 O thow dull god : whie ly'st thow w^t the vile
 In loathsome beds, leaueing the kingly couch :
 A watch-case, or a common larrum bell
 Willt thow vpon the high & giddy masse
 Seale vp the shipboies eyes : & rocke his braines
 In cradle of the rude imperious surg :
 & in the visitation of the winds
 Who take the ruffian pillows by the top
 Curling their monstrous heads & hanging them
 W^t deaffing clamor in the slippery clowds
 That w^t the hurly death it selfe awakes
 Canst thow O partiall sleep giue them repose
 To the weat season : in an hower so rude
 & in the calmest & most stillest night
 With all apliances & meanes to boote
 Deny it to a king ; then (happie) low ly downe
 Vneasie lyes the head that weares a crowne :

ACT: V^a.—SCÆN: 3th. *His Lord.*

Enter WARWIKE: SUREY & Sir JOHN BLUNT. ?

War. Many good morrowes to yow^r maiesty

King. Is it good morrow lords

War. 'Tis on a'clock & past

King. Whie then good morrowe to yo^w all my lords
 Haue yow reade o're the letter that I sent yo^w.

War. My leidg I haue

King. Then yo^w perceiue the bodie of our kingdome
How fowle it is, what rancke diseases growe
& with what danger, neare the hart of it

War. It is but as a body yett distempered
Which to his former health may be restored
W^t good aduise & little medicine
My lord Northumberland will soone be coold

King. O God that one might read the booke of fate
& see the reuolution of the times

Make mountaines leuell : & the continent
Weary of solide firmnesse melt it selfe
Into the sea : & other times to see
The breachie girdle of the ocean :
To wid for Neptunes hipes : how chances mockes
& changes fill the cup of alteration

W^t diuers lickquors : O if this weare seene :
The happiest youth vewing his progresse through :
What perrills past : what crosses to ensue
Would shutt the booke : & sitt hime downe & die :
'Tis not ten yeares agon

Since Richard & Northumberland great friends
Did feast together : & in two yeares after
Weare they at warres : it is but eight yeares since
This Percy was the man nearest my sowle
Who like a brother toil'd in my affaiers :
And laid his loue & life vnder my foote :
Yea for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard
Gaue hime defiance, but which of yow was by :
Yo^w coosine Neuell (as I may remember)
When Richard w^t his eye-brimme full of teares
Then checkt & rated by Northumberland
Did speake these words now proue a prophesie
Northumberland : thow ladder by the which
My coosen Bullengbrooke asends my throne

(Though then (God knowes) I had noe such intent
 But that necessitye so bowed the state :
 That I & greatnes weare compelld to kisse.)
 The time shall come : thus did he follow it,
 The time shall come : that fowle sinne gathering head :
 Shall breake into corruption : so went on :
 Foretelling this same times condition
 & the diuition of our amitye :

War. There is a history in all mens liues
 Figuring the natures of the times deceast
 The which obseru'd a man may prophesie
 With a nere ayme of the mayn chance of things
 As yett not come to life ; who in theire seedes
 & weake beginninge lye intreasured :
 Such things become the hatch & broode of time
 & by the nessesary forme of this
 King Richard might creat a perfect guesse
 That great Northumberland then faulse to hime
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falsnes :
 Which would not find a ground to roote vpon
 Vnlesse on yo^w.

King. Ar these thinges then necessities :
 Then lett vs meet them like necessities
 And that same word euen now cryes out vpon us :
 They saie the Bishope & Northumberland
 Ar fifty thowsand stronge.

War. It cannot be my lord :
 Rumor doth double like the voyce & eccho
 The number of the feared : please it yowr grace
 To goe to bed : vpon my soule : my lord :
 The powers that yo^w already haue sett forth
 Shall bring this prize in verry easily :
 To comfort yo^w the more I haue receued
 A certaine instance that Glendower is dead :
 Yow^r Maiestie hath beene this fortnight ill

& these vnseasoned howers perforce must add
Vnto yow^r sicknes :

King. I will take yow^r counsell
And weare these inward warres once out of hand
We would deere lords vnto the Holy Land.

Exeunt : ~~II. IV~~

*Enter the Kinge, WARWIKE, KENT, THOMAS Duke of CLARENCE,
HUMPHRY of GLOUCESTER.*¹

King. Now my lord : if God doe giue succesfull end
To this debate that bleedeth at our dores :
We will our youth leade on to higher feilds
And drawe noe swords : but what are sanctified :
Our nauy is adrest : our power collected :
Our substitutes in absences well inuested :
& euery thing lyes leuell to our wish :
Only we want a little personall strength :
And pawse us till these rebells now afoote
Com vnderneath the yoake of gouernment :

War. Both w^{ch} we doubt not but yow^r Maiestie
Shall soone enjoye.

King. Humphrey my sonne of Gloster : where is the prince
yow^r brother :

Glo. I thinke hees gone to hunt : my lord : at Winsor

King. And how accompanide

Glo. I doe not knowe : my lord.

Kinge. Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence w^t hime

Glo. No my good lord : he is in presence here

Clar. What would my lord & father :

Kinge. Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence
How chance thou art not with the prince thie brother :
He loues thee : & thou dost neglect hime : Thomas :
Thou hast a better place in his affection

¹ These two stage-directions are scratched through with a pen.

Then all thie brothers : Cherish it my boy
 & noble offices thow maiest afect
 Of meditation after I am dead :
 Between his greatnes & thie other bretheren :
 Therefore omitt hime not : blunt not his loue
 Nor loose the good aduantage of his grace
 By seeming cold : or carelesse of his will :
 For he is gracious. if he be obseru'd :
 He hath a teare for pittie : & a hand
 Open as daie for meeting charitty
 Yett notwithstanding being insenest he is flint
 As humorus as winter : & as suddaine
 As flawes congealed in the spring of daie :
 His temper therefore must be well obseru'd,
 Chide hime for faultts : & doe it reuerently
 When yo^w perceiue his blood inclin'd to mirth :
 Butt being moodie : giue hime time & scope :
 Till that his passions like a whale on ground
 Confound themselues w^t working : learne this Thomas :
 And thou shalt proue a shelter to thie friends
 A hoope of gold : to bind thie brothers in
 That the vnited vessell of theire blood
 (Mingled w^t venome of suggestion
 As force perforce the age will power it in)
 Shall neuer leake : though it doe work as strong
 As aconitum : or rash gunpowder :

Cla. I shall obserue hime with all care & loue

King. Whie art not thow at Winsor w^t hime Thomas

Thom. He is not there to daie ; he dines at London

King. & how accompainied :

Thom. With Poynes & others his continewall followers :

King. Most subiect is the fattest soile to weeds :

& he the noble image of my youth

Is ouerspread with them : therefore my grieffe

Stretches it selfe : beyound the hower of death :

The blood weepes from my hart when I doe shape
 In formes imaginary th' unguided daies
 & rotten times that yo^w shall looke vpon :
 When I am sleepeing with my ancestours :
 For when this head-stronge riott hath noe curbe :
 When rage & hott blood ar his counsellors :
 When meanes ; & lauish mañers meet together
 O w^t what wings shall his affections flye
 Towards fronting perill : & opos'd decay

War. My gracious lord, yo^w looke beyound hime quite
 The prince but studies his companions
 Like a strang tongue ; Wherein to gaine the language
 'Tis needfull that the most ifmodest word
 Be lookt vpon : & learn'd : w^{ch} once attaind
 Yow^r highnes knowes : comes to noe further vse
 But to be knowne & hated ; so : like grosse termes :
 The prince will in the perfectnes of time
 Cast of his followers, & their memory
 Shall as a patterne : or a measure lyne
 By w^{ch} his grace must meete the liues of other
 Turning past euells : to aduantages :

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King. 'Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her combe

ACT: V^d.—SCENE: 4th.

Ente WESTMERLAND.

In the dead carion ; Whose here Westmerland

West. Health to my soueraigne : & new happines
 Added to that. that I am to deliuer :
 Prince John yow^r sonne doth kisse yow^r graces hand :
 Mowbray the bishope, Scroope, Hastings & all
 Ar brought to the correction of yow^r lawe :
 There is not now a rebells sword vnshea'd
 But peace putts forth her oliue euery where

The manner how this action hath beene borne
 Here at more leasure may yow^r highnes read
 W^t euery course in his perticuler

King. O. Westmerland thow art a summer bird
 Which euer in the haunch of winter singes

Enter HARCOR.

The lifting vp of daie : looke here's more newes :

Harc. Frome enymies : heauen keepe yow^r Maiesty
 & when they stand against yo^w : may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell yo^w of:
 The Earle Northumberland : & the lord Bardolfe
 W^t a great power of English : & of Scotts
 Ar by the shreife of Yorke-sheire ouerthrowne
 The manner & true order of the fight
 This packett : please it yo^w : declares at large :

King. And wherefore should this good newes make me sick
 Will fortune neuer come w^t both hands full
 But wett her faire words still in fowlest termes :
 Shee either giues a stomach & no foode
 Such ar the poore in health : or else a feast
 & takes away the stomach : such ar the rich
 That haue abundance : & enjoie it not :
 I should reioyce now at this happie newes :
 But now my sight failes : & my braine is giddy :
 O me : come nere me : now I am much ill :

Glos. Comfort yow^r Maiesty :

Clar. O my royall father :

West. My soueraigne lord : cheere vp yow^rself : looke vp

War. Be patient princes : yo^w doe know these fitts
 Ar w^t his highnes very ordinary :

Stand from hime : giue hime ayre ; heele straight be well :

Clar. No no, he cannot long hold out these panges
 Thincessant care & labor of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in

So thin : that life lookes through :

Glo. The people feare me, for they doe obserue
Vnfather'd heires : & lothly births of nature :
The seasons chang theire manners : as the yeare
Had found some monthes asleepe : & leap them ouer :

Clar. The riuer hath thrise flowed : noe ebbe betweene :
& the old folke (times doteing chronicles)
Saie it did so a little time before

That our great grandsir Edward sickt & died

War. Speake lower princes : for the king recouers :

Glo. This apoplexi will certaine be his end.

King. I praie yo^w take me vp : & beare me hence :
Into some other chamber :

Lett there be no noyce made, my gentle friends
Vnlesse some dull : & fauorable hand

Will whisper musique to my weary spiritt

War. Call for the musique in the other roome

King. Sett me the crowne vpon my pillowe here

Clar. His eye is hollow : & he changes much :

~~ACT. Vth. SCÆN: 5th.~~

Enter HARRY.

War. Lesse noyce : lesse noyce :

Prin. Who sawe the duke of Clarence :

Clar. I am here brother : full of heauenes :

Prin. How now : raine w^t in dores : & none abroad :
How doth the king :

Cla. Exceeding ill.

Prin. Heard he the good newes yett : tell it hime.

Cla. He altdred much vpon the heareing of it :

Prin. If he be sicke w^t joye : heele recouer w^tout phisicke :

War. Not so much noyce my lords : sweet prince speake
Low : the king yow^r father is dispos' to sleepe

Clar. Lett vs w^drawe into the other roome :

War. Willt please yow^r grace to goe along w^t us

Prin. No. I will sitt & watch here by the king :
 Whie doth the crowne lye there vpon his pillowe :
 Being so troublesome a bed-fellow :
 O polliht perturbation : golden care
 That keepst the portts of slumber open wide
 To many a watchfull night : sleepe w^t it now
 Yett not so sound : & half so deeply sweet
 As he whose browe (w^t homly biggen bound
 Snores out the watch of night : O maiestie
 When thou dost pinch thie bearer thou dost sitt
 Like a rich armor : wore in heat of daie
 That scald'st with safty : (by his gattes of breath)
 There lies a dowlney fether which stirrs not
 Did he suspire : that light & waightles dowlne
 Perforce must mooue my gracious lord my father :
 This sleepe is sownd indeed ; this is a sleepe :
 That frome this golden rigoll hath diforst
 So many English kings ; thie dew frome me
 Is teares : & heauy sorrowes of the blood,¹
 Which nature : loue : & filiall tendernes :
 Shall (O deere father) paie thee plenteously :
 My due from thee is this imperiall crowne :
 W^{ch} as immediate from thie place & blood
 Deriues it selfe to me : Loe where it sitts
 W^{ch} God shall gaurd : & putt the worlds whole strength
 Into on giant arme : it shall not force :
 This lineall honour from me : this from thee
 Will I to myne leaue : as 'tis left to me.

Exit.

¹ After this line was originally written the following commencement of another, "Deriues itselſe frome."

~~ACT: V^d.—SCÆN: 6th.~~

Enter WARWICKE, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE.

Kinge. Warwicke: Gloucester: Clarence:

Clar. Doth the king call:

War. What would yow^r Maiesty

King. Whie did yo^w leaue me here alone my lords:

Clar. We left the prince my brother here my liedge:
Who vndertooke to sitt & watch by yo^w:

King. The prince of Wales: where is he? lett me:
See hime: he is not here.

War. This dore is open: he is gone this way:

Glo. He came not through the chamber where we staid

King. Where is the crowne: who tooke it from my pillowe:

War. When we w^ddrew my leidge, we left it here:

King. The prince hath tane it hence: goe seeke hime out:
Is he so hastie: that he doth suppose my sleepe. my death:

Find hime: my lord of Warwick: chid hime hither:

This part of his conioynes w^t my disease:

& helpes to end me: see, sonnes: what things yo^w ar

How quickly nature falls into revoult,

When gold becomes her object:

For this: the foolish ouer carefull fathers

Haue broke theire sleepe w^t thoughts

Theire braines w^t care: theire boones w^t industry:

For this: they haue ingrossed & pill'd vp

The cankred heapes of strang atcheeued gold: —

For this they haue been thoughtfull to invest

Theire sonnes w^t arts: & martiall exercises:

When like the bee: toyleing from euery flower

Our thigh packt w^t wax: our mouthes w^t hony:

We bring it to the hiue: & like the bees

Ar murdered for our paines: this bitter tast

Yeilds his engrossements to the ending father:

Now where is he : that will not stay so long
Till his friend sicknes hands determin'd me

Enter WARWIKE

War. My lord : I found the prince in the next roome
Washing w^t kindly teares : his gentle cheekes
With such a deepe demeaner in great sorrowe
That tirany : which neuer quafft but blood :
Would by beholding hime haue washt his knife
W^t gentle eye-dropes : he is coming hither.

~~ACT : V^d.—SCAEN : 7^{ma}.~~

Enter HARRY.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crowne
Loe where he comes.—come hither to me Harry :
Depart the chamber leaue vs here alone.

Exeunt.

Har. I neuer thought to heare yo^w speake againe

Kinge. Thie wish was (Harry) to that thought
I staie to long by thee : I weary thee :
Dost thou so hunger for my emptie chaire
Thow wilt needs invest me w^t my honours
Before thie hower be ripe : O foolish youth :
Thow seek'st the greatnes y^t will ouerwhelme thee
Staie but a little : for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling w^t so weake a winde
That it will quickly droppe : my daie is dime :
Thow hast stollen that, which after some few howers
Weare thine w^tout offence : & at my death :
Thow hast seal'd vp my expectation :
Thie life did manifest thou loued'st me not :
& thou wilt haue me dye : asur'de of it
Thou hid'st a thowsand daggers in thie thoughts

Whome thou hast whetted on this stony hart
 To stab at halfe an hower of my life :
 What can'st thou not forbear me halfe an hower
 Then gett thee gon : & digg my graue thie selfe
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine eare
 That thou art crowned ; not that I am dead :
 Lett all the teares that should bedew my hearse
 Be drops of balme : to sanctifie thie head :
 Only compound me with forgotten dust
 Giue that w^{ch} gaue thee life, vnto the wormes :
 Pluck downe my officers : breake my decrees :
 For now a time is come to mocke at forme :
 Harry the fift is crown'd, vp vanity :
 Downe royall state : all yo^w sage counsaillors : hence
 & to the English court asemble now
 From euery region : apes of idlenesse :
 Now neighbour confines : purge yow of yow^r scume
 Haue yo^w a ruffaine that will sweare, drinke, daunce,
 Renell the night : rob : murder : or co^mitt
 The oldest sinnes : the newest kind of waies
 Be happie he will trouble yo^w noe more
 England shall double gilld his treble gilt
 England shall giue hime office, honour, might,
 For the fift Harry : from curb'd lycence : pluckes
 The musle of restraint, & the willd dogge
 Shall flesh his tooth on euery innocent :
 O my poore kingdome sicke w^t siuell blowes :
 When that my care could not w^hould thie riotts
 Whatt wilt thou doe when riott is thie care :
 O thou wilt be a wilderness againe :
 Peopled w^t woulues thie old inhabitants.

Prin. O pardon me my leidge : but for my teares
 The most impediments vnto my speach
 I had forestal'd this deere : & deep rebuke
 Ere yow w^t grieve had spoke : & I had heard

The course of it so farre: there is yow^r crowne
 & He that weares the crowne immortally
 Long gaurd it yow^r: if I affect it more
 Then as yow^r honour: & as yow^r renowne:
 Lett me no more frome this obeidientie rise
 W^{ch} my most inward: true: & dutious spiritt
 Teacheth this prostrate & exterior bending:
 God wittnes w^t me: when I heare came in
 & found noe course of breath wⁱⁿ yow^r maiesty
 How cold it stroke my hart: if I doe faine:
 O lett me in my present wildnes die:
 & neuer liue to shew the incredulous world
 The noble change that I haue purposed:
 Coming to looke on yo^w: thinkeing yo^w dead:
 & dead almost my leidge: to thinke yo^w weare:
 I spake vnto this crowne as haueing sence
 & thus vpbraided it; the care on thee depending
 Hath fed vpon the bodie of my father:
 Therefore thow best of gold: art worse then gold:
 Other lesse fine in karrat more pretious
 Preserueing life in medicine potable:
 But thow most finne, most honour'd, most renown'd:
 Hast eate thie bearer vp: thus my most royall liedge
 Accusing it, I put it one my head:
 To try w^t it as w^t an enemy
 That had before my face, murdered my father;
 The quarrell of a true inheritor:
 But if it did infect my blood w^t joy
 Or swell my thoughts to any straine of pride
 If any reble or vaine spiritt of myne
 Did w^t the least affection of a wellcome
 Giue entertainment to the might of it
 Lett God for euer keep it from my head
 & make me as the poorest vassaill is
 That doth w^t aw & terror kneell to it

King. God put it in thie mind to take it hence :
 That thow mightst winne the more thie fathers loue
 Pleading so wisly in an excuse of it :
 Come hither Harry sitt thow by my bed
 & heare (I think) the very latest counsaile
 That euer I shall breath (God knowes) my sonne
 By what by-waies & indirect crokt pathes
 I mett this crowne : & I myselfe knowe well
 How troublesome it satt vpon my head :
 To thee it shall dessend w^t better quiett,
 Better opinion, better confirmation :
 For all the soile of the atchieuement goes
 W^t me into the earth : it seem'd w^t me
 But as an honour snatcht w^t boystorus hand
 & I had many liueing to vpbraid
 My gaine of it, by theire assistances
 W^{ch} daiely grew to quarrells & to bloodshed
 Wounding supposed peace : all these bold feares
 Thow seest w^t perill I haue answeared :
 For all my raigne hath beene but as a scene
 Acting that argument : & now my death
 Changes the mood : for what in me was purchast
 Falls apon thee in a more fairer sort :
 So thow the garland wear'st successiuelly :
 Yett though thow stand'st more sure then I could doe :
 Thow art not firme enough : since griefes ar greene
 & all thie friends w^{ch} thow must make thie friends
 Haue but theire stings & teeth newly tane out
 By whose fell working I was first aduans't
 & by whose power I well might lodge a feare
 To be agayne displeas'd : w^{ch} to auoyd
 I cut them off, & had a purpose : now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,
 Lest rest : & lyeing still, might make them looke
 Too nere vnto my state : therefore. my Harry :

Be it thie course to bussie giddy mynds
 W^t forraine quarrells : that action hence borne out
 May wast the memory of former daies
 More would I, but my lungs ar wasted so :
 That strength of speech is vtterly deny'd me
 How I came by the crowne : O God forgiue :
 & grant it may w^t thee in true peace liue

Prin. Yo^m wonne it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me :
 Then plaine & right must my possession be
 We^{ch} I w^t more then with a common paine
 Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaine.

~~ACT. V^a.—SCÆN: 8^{us}.~~

Enter LANCASTER.

King. Looke looke here comes my John of Lancaster

Lan. Health : peace : & happines to my royall father

King. Thow bringest me happines & peace sonne John
 But health alake w^t youthfull wings is flowne :
 Frome this bare withered trunck : vpon thie sight
 My worldly busines makes a period :
 Where is my lord of Warwicke

Prin. My lord of Warwicke.¹

King. Doth any name particular belonge
 Vnto the lodgeing where I first did sownd :

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem my noble lord

King. Laud be to God euen there my life must end
 It hath bine prophesied to me many yeares
 I should not die : but in Jerusalem :
 We^{ch} vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land :
 But beare me to that chamber : there Ile lye
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

Exeunt

Manet WAR :

¹ A pen has been drawn through this line.

~~ACT: Vth.—SCÆN: 9th.~~ (23)*Enter JOHN, THOMAS & HUMPHRY.*

War. Here comes the heauy issue of dead Harry
 O that the liueing Harry had the temper
 Of he; the worst of these three gentlemen
 How many nobles then should hold theire places
 That must strike saile to spiritts of vile sort:

John. Goodmorrow coosine Warwicke good morrow:

Princes both. Good morrow coosine.

John. We meet like men that had forgott to speake

War. We doe remember, but our argument
 Is all to heauy to admitt much talke

John. Well, peace be w^t hime y^t made us heauy

War. Peace be w^t us lest we be heauier

Clar. Well yo^w must now speake Si^r John Falstafle faire:
 Which swimes against yow^r stream of quality:

~~ACT: Vth.—SCÆN: 10^{ma}.~~*Enter the Prince & BLUNT.* (24)

War. Here comes the Prince
 Good morrowe & God saue yow^r maiesty

Prin. This new & gorgeous garment maiesty
 Sitts not so easie one me: as yo^w thinke:
 Brothers: yo^w mixt yow^r sadnes w^t some feare:
 This is the English, not the Turkish court
 Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds
 But Harry, Harry: yett be sad good brothers
 For by my faith it very well becomes yo^w:
 Sorrowe so royally in yo^w apeares
 That I will deeply put the fashion on
 & weare it in my hart: whie then be sad

But entertaine no more of it good brothers :
 Then a joynt burden : laid vpon vs all
 For me, by Heauen, (I bid yo^w be assur'd)
 Ile be yow^r father : & a brother too :
 Lett me but beare yow^r loue : Ile beare yow^r cares :
 Yett weepe that Harryes dead & so will I
 But Harry liues : that shall conuert those teares
 By number into howers of happines :

Broth. We hope no otherwise from yow^r Majestie :

Prin. Yo^w all looke strangely on me : *well you may*¹
 For princes all : beleue me I beseech yo^w
 My father is gon wild into his graue :
 For in his tombe lye my affections :
 & w^t his spiritts sadly I suruiue
 To mocke the expectation of the world :
 To frustrate prophesies, & to race out
 Rotten opinion : who hath writt me downe
 After my seemig : the tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :
 Now doth it turne, & ebb backe to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle w^t the state of floods
 & flowe hencefoorth in formall Maiesty :
 [Now call we our high court of parlement
 & lett vs chuse such limbes of noble counsaile
 That the great body of our state may goe
 In equall ranke w^t the best gouern'd nation
 That warr : or peace : or both at once may be
 As things acquainted : or familiar w^t us :
 Our coronation done, we will accitte
 (As I before remembred) all our state.²]
 And (God consigning to my good intents)

¹ Added by Sir E. Deryng.

² The eight lines within brackets have a line marked on the margin of the original manuscript, apparently with a view to their omission.

No prince nor peere shall haue just cause to saie
God shorten Harryes happie life on daie.

Exit.

Enter the King & his traine

Fals. God saue thie grace king Hall, my royall Hall :
The Heauens thee gaurd : & keep :
Most royall imp of fame, God saue thee
My sweet boy :

King. [My lord Cheife Justice],¹ speake to that vaine man

Justice. Haue yo^w yowr witts : know yo^w what tis yo^w
speake

Fals. My king : my Joue : I speake to thee my hart :

King. I knowe thee not old man fall to thie praiers
How ill whitt haieres become a foole & Jester
I haue long dreampt of such a kind of man
So surfett swell'd : so old : & so prophane,
But being awake : I doe despice my dreame
Make lesse thie bodie (hence) & more thie grace
Leaue gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape
For thee thrise wider then for other men
Replie not to me w^t a foole-borne jest^r
Presume not that I am the thinge I was,
For God doth know : so shall the world perceiue
That I haue turn'd away my former selfe :
So will I those that keepe me company :
When thow dost heare I am as I haue beene
Approach me & thow shalt be as thow wast
The tutor, & the feeder of my royotts
Till then I banish thee : on paine of death
As I haue done the rest of my misleaders
Not to come neere our person by ten miles :
For competence of life, I will alow yo^w

¹ Instead of this, Deryng writes, "Brother of Clarence." The next speech he gives to Clarence.

That lacke of meanes enforce yow not to euells
& as we heare yow doe reforme yow^r selues
We will according to yow^r strength & qualities
Giue yow^e aduancement [as you shall deserue itt
Now change our thoughtes for honour and renowne
And since y^e royalty and crowne of Fraunce
Is due to vs wee'll bring itt to our awe,
Or breake itt all to peeces—Vanityes farewell
Wee'll now act deedes for chronicles to tell.]¹

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¹ The part between brackets is in the handwriting of Sir Edward Deryng, the original scribe having written the conclusion in two lines, which are completely obliterated.

• FINIS.

NOTES:

Page 4, line 11. And force proude Mahomett from Palestine.] This line is not found in any printed edition. It is not one of Sir E. Deryng's additions, but is written in the same hand with the body of the manuscript, taking the place of the following:

“Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

Page 4, line 20. Now is twelue-month's old.] The printed edition reads, “is a twelvemonth old.”

Page 4, line 23. Sonne of Lancaster.] This is instead of “cousin Westmoreland,” to whom the succeeding speech is given in the other copies. Several changes are made in this scene in the distribution of the speeches.

Page 5, line 13. Like.] The quartos of 1598 and 1599 read *did*, which is adopted by Mr. Collier; but the later editions agree with our text.

Page 5, line 14. Far.] The quarto of 1613, and the folio of 1623, read *farre*, but the earlier editions “for.”

Page 6, line 4. In faith it is.] This of course belongs to the next speech, which is assigned to Westmoreland in the printed copies.

Page 6, line 8. Of.] The early quartos read “to.”

Page 6, line 25. Respects.] Printed eds. “aspects.”

Page 7, line 9. Afternoone.] “In the afternoone,” ed. 1623.

Page 7, line 15. Superfluous.] “So superfluous,” ed. 1598. The other quartos agree with our text.

Page 7, line 18. Seauen stares.] The early quartos read "*the seven stars.*" The edition of 1613, as well as the folio, omits "the."

Page 8, line 22. Long.] "Far," printed ed.

Page 8, line 24. Not.] Omitted in the folio.

Page 8, line 25. Thou wouldst be trusted no more.] In making this addition to the original text, Deryng probably felt how incomplete the sentence was without some similar termination; nor does the pause exactly agree with the context. If we could believe that this was copied from some text of authority, we could hardly question the propriety of admitting it as genuine.

Page 9, line 21. But if thou hadst preferd him to a pulpett thou hadst done better.] The printed editions read, "for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it." I should be somewhat inclined to admit the MS. reading in the text, for it is not one of the later alterations; and if we joined the two passages good sense would result, e.g., "Thou didst well; but if thou hadst preferr'd him to a pulpit, thou hadst done better, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it." The conclusion of the preceding speech seems to warrant this reading.

Page 9, line 24. Vnto.] "Upon," ed. 1598.

Page 10, line 19. Gadshill.] This place was notorious for robberies in Elizabeth's time. A ballad entitled "the robbery at Gads hill" was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company in 1558. See Warton's Hist. Engl. Poet., iii., 322. A poem entitled Clavell's Recantation was printed in 1634. Clavell was a robber, and here recites his own adventures on the highway. His first depredations were on Gads Hill. (*Ib.*) See also a communication by Sir H. Ellis in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, xvi., 432.

Page 10, line 26. Edward.] The printed editions read "Yedward," probably an error. It may have arisen from the word "ye" before it being confused in the writing with "Edward."

Page 11, line 17. Harvay.] Probably one of the names of the actors. In other of the old copies we have *Rossil* for *Peto*. This partial correction is worthy of observation, as it would go towards showing the MS. is not copied from any of the printed editions: but see p. 24.

Page 13, line 8. Prayes.] An error for "payes."

Page 14, line 26. This.] "That," ed. 1623.

Page 15, line 14. The.] "That," eds. 1598, 1599.

Page 16, line 12. Not hime.] "Him not" printed eds.

Page 17, line 6. Yea on his part.] So the quartos. The folio edition reads, "In his behalf," not "*on* his behalf," as quoted by Mr. Collier, who however adopts our reading as of more authority than the former.

Page 17, line 8. Downe-trodd.] "Downfall," ed. 1623.

Page 18, line 21. Put.] "Shook," printed eds.

Page 21, line 6. Yfaith.] The folio reads "in sooth," the reading adopted by Mr. Knight. Mr. Collier follows the quartos, "i' faith." In such cases, there can be no error either way, and yet it is more reasonable to suppose that the latter was Shakespeare's own expression. The continual instances of softening all epithets of the same class which occur in the folio were probably made by the actors or editors, in consequence of the statute mentioned by Mr. Collier.

Page 21, line 35. In.] "By," printed eds.

Page 22, line 2. To Mortimer.] "Lo: Mortimer," ed. 1598. Concerning this reading see Collier's Shakespeare, iv., 223. The reading in the text corresponds with the 4to. of 1639.

Page 22, line 19. What.] "Where's," printed eds.

Page 23, line 23. Goe.] Omitted in eds. 1598 and 1599.

Page 24, line 10. But how many be there of them.] This does not agree exactly with any of the early printed editions. That of 1598 reads, "how many be there of them;" that of 1599, "how many be *they* of them;" and the subsequent quartos have, "But how many be *they* of them?" See Collier's Shakespeare, iv., 254. The folio reads, "But how many be of them?" In the printed editions this passage is assigned to Peto.

Page 25, line 8. Gott with much ease.] This speech is given as prose in all the old copies.

Page 26, line 17. And.] "An," printed eds.

Page 27, line 2. My.] "Thy," eds. 1598, 1599, the reading generally adopted by modern editors.

Page 28, line 13. To tilt w^t lips.] Ben Jonson has a similar image—"Come, you must yield both; this is neither contention for you, nor time fit to contend: there is another kind of *tilting* would become Love better than this; to meet lips for lances, and crack kisses instead of staves:

which, there is no beauty here, I presume, so young, but can fancy; nor so tender, but would venture." Works, ed. Gifford, vii., 233.

Page 28, line 32. What thow dost not knowe.] Alluding to the proverb recorded by Ray, "A woman conceals what she knows not;" Nash having said, in 1587, "who will commit anything to a woman's tatling trust, who conceales nothing but that she knows not?" See Malone's Shakespeare, ed. 1821, xvi., 258.

Page 29, line 26. This.] "Which," printed eds.

Page 30, line 1. The time.] The word "the" is accidentally omitted in the folio of 1623, which is followed even in this instance by Mr. Knight.

Page 30, line 6. Present.] "Precedent," printed eds.

Page 30, line 30. Stay yo^w.] "You stay," printed eds. The quarto of 1598 omits the word *you*.

Page 31, line 13. *Bastard*.] Formerly this term was applied to all mixed and sweetened wines, but in Shakespeare's time it seems to have had a more limited signification. Harrison, in his Description of England, p. 222, speaking of brawn, says, "With us it is accounted a great peece of service at the table from November untill Februarie be ended; but cheefie in the Christmas time; with the same also we begin our dinners ech daie after other: and because it is somewhat hard of digestion, a draught of malveseie, *bastard*, or muscadell, is usuallie droonke after it, where either of them are convenientlie to be had: otherwise the meaner sort content themselves with their owne drinke, which at that season is generallie verie strong, and stronger indeed than in all the yeare beside." See also a curious enumeration of wines in an early poem printed in the *Nugæ Poeticæ*, p. 10,—

"And I will have also wyne de Ryne,
With new maid Clarye, that is good and fyne,
Muscadell, terantyne, and *bastard*,
With Ypocras and Pyment comyng afterwarde."

Page 32, line 8. Night.] The printed copies read "midnight." Why the Prince should say "*twelve o'clock at midnight*" does not seem very clear.

Page 32, line 13. Stayers.] That is, stairs. Not an unusual form of the word in early books, nor would a note have been necessary but for Mr. Knight's observations on it, so amusingly lashed by Mr. Dyce, in Remarks, &c., p. 56.

Page 32, line 19. Drinke.] "Drench," printed eds.

Page 33, line 8. The sacke.] "This sack," printed eds.

Page 33, line 27. I'll take say of yee.] In hunting, to take the *say* is to draw the knife along the belly of the deer, beginning at the brisket, to discover how fat he is. According to Gifford, this was a mere ceremony, but it could scarcely have been so in very ancient times. See his notes to the *Sad Shepherd*, vi., 270. This sentence is not in any of the printed editions, and is most probably an original addition by Sir E. Deryng. The speech itself is given to Poins, and no doubt rightly, in the earlier quartos, the mistake having first occurred in the edition of 1613, and thence carried into the folio of 1623. According to Mr. Collier, the folio was reprinted from the edition of 1613. See his *Shakespeare*, iv., 265.

Page 34, line 3. Villaine.] "Rogue," printed eds.

Page 35, line 6. Pray God.] This speech is given to the Prince in the earlier quartos. See Collier's *Shakespeare*, iv., 267.

Page 35, line 10. Call me horse.] This term of reproach was in use as late as the close of the last century, as appears from the following passage,—“Tell the old rascal that sent you hither, that I spit in his face, and *call him Horse*; that I tear his letter into rags, so; and that I trample upon it as I would upon his own villanous carcase, d'ye see.”—*Peregrine Pickle*, ch. 14. In the same line, “thou knowest my old *word*,” where the printed editions read *ward*. The reading of the MS. appears more intelligible.

Page 36, line 8. Catch.] The emendation of this word to “chest,” which belongs to the original scribe, is worthy of consideration. The term *tallow-catch* has not been satisfactorily explained, and *tallow-keech* is rather a bold alteration.

Page 36, line 19. Reason on compulsion: I.] Why not consider “I” to stand for “aye?” This appears to be best suited to the context. A similar form of speech occurs in *Dido*, p. 59.

Page 36, line 23. Zbloud.] “Away,” printed eds.

Page 37, line 17. Whole.] Omitted in printed eds.

Page 39, line 6. Goe.] Omitted in printed eds.

Page 39, line 9. Welsh hooke.] The Welsh-hook of Owen Glendower is mentioned in Ben Jonson's *Works*, vii., 340.

Page 40, line 27. Tristfull.] This was originally written *trustfull*,

but altered by a contemporary hand. The correction is of some importance, as it verifies Rowe's emendation.

Page 40, line 34. Yett.] The early quartos absurdly read "so;" a blunder which is not consistent with Falstaff's usual style of speaking.

Page 44, line 29. He searches his pocketts, &c.] This stage direction, which is also in the early editions, has been omitted by modern editors, probably on account of the next speech of Poin.

Page 45, line 13. Match.] "March," eds. 1598, 1599.

Page 45, line 22. Hopes.] "Hope," printed eds.

Page 46, line 3. At my nativity.] According to Holinshed, "strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man: for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." Malone says that a comet appeared in 1402, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Phaer mentions Glendower as *seduced by false prophecies* in his ambitious flights—

" And I, while fortune offered me so faire,
Did what I might his honour to appaire,
And tooke on me to be the Prince of Wales,
Entiste thereto by prophecies and tales.
And for to set us hereon more agog,
A prophet came (a vengeance take them all)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whom Merlin doth a mold-warpe ever call,
Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall
By a wolfe, a dragon, and a lion strong,
Which should divide his kingdome them among;
This crafty dreamer made us three such beasts,
To think we weare the foresaid beasts indeed;
And for that cause our badges and our crests
Wee searched out, which scarcely well agreed:
Howbeit the herolds, apt at such a need,
Drew down such issue from old ancestors,
As prov'd these ensignes to be surely ours."

Page 46, line 6. Foundation.] "Huge foundation," ed. 1598.

Page 46, line 19. And the.] "Oft the," printed eds.

Page 54, line 12. Bruscing.] Altered to "brused" in MS.

Page 58, line 8. Right.] "Tithe," printed eds.

Page 58, line 20. Filthie doulas.] The MS. is here somewhat obscurely written. It may be, "filthie doulers."

Page 59, line 15. Prin.] An error in the MS.

Page 63, line 10. Not I.] Mr. Knight, following the folio, reads "not I his mind." The repetition of the two last words is unnecessary, and is probably omitted here with good authority.

Page 64, line 17. Heire.] This word occurs under various forms, and much nonsense has been written on it. Mr. Knight would read *air* in the sense of *appearance*; an absurdity which would have been avoided by any knowledge of the early English language, although *air* may certainly be considered the correct form, as we have seen *ayre* in the sense of *quality* or *condition*. The latter word is here the right explanation. The term is not uncommon in early writers.

A studie thay fonden swyth fayre,

And a stude of good *eeir*.

Seven Sages, ed. Wright, p. 5.

Page 64, line 35. Care.] "Dare," printed eds.

Page 68, line 9. Side.] "Hedge," printed eds.

Page 72, line 8. Huskie.] A mistake for *buskie*.

Page 73, line 2. Protest.] "Do protest," ed. 1623.

Page 75, line 12. Take take.] Sic in MS.

Page 94, line 1. Dost not knowe me.] Omitted in ed. 1623.

Page 111, line 3. Comes.] "Come," printed eds.

EARLY EDITIONS.

1. The History of Henrie the Fovrth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell, 1598. sm. 4to.

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